



W. SHAKSPEARE,

Ob. an. 1616. Ætat. 53.

Published Dec. 1. 1783. as the Act directs by J. Stockdale, Printer.

372
STOCKDALE'S EDITION
OF
SHAKSPEARE:

INCLUDING,
IN ONE VOLUME,

THE
Whole of his Dramatic Works;

WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES

COMPILED FROM
VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

EMBELLISHED WITH
A STRIKING LIKENESS OF THE AUTHOR.

Nature her Pencil to his hand commits,
And then in all her forms to this great Master fits.

L O N D O N :
Printed for JOHN STOCKDALE, opposite Burlington-House,
Piccadilly.

MDCCLXXXIV.



P R E F A C E.

A NEW edition of Shakspeare, and an edition of so singular a form as the present, in which all his plays are comprehended in one volume, will, perhaps, appear surprizing to many readers; but, upon a little reflection, their surprize will, the editor doubts not, be converted into approbation.

Much as Shakspeare has been read of late years, and largely as the admiration and study of him have been extended, there is still a numerous class of men to whom he is very imperfectly known. Many of the middling and lower ranks of the inhabitants of this country are either not acquainted with him at all, excepting by name, or have only seen a few of his plays, which have accidentally fallen in their way.

It is to supply the wants of these persons that the present edition is principally undertaken; and it cannot fail of becoming to them a perpetual source of entertainment and instruction. That they will derive the highest entertainment from it, no one can deny; for it does not require any extraordinary degree of knowledge or education to enter into the general spirit of Shakspeare. The passions he describes are the passions which are felt by every human being; and his wit and humour are not local, or confined to the customs of a particular age, but are such as will give pleasure at all times, and to men of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest.

But the instruction that may be drawn from Shakspeare is equal to the entertainment which his writings afford. He is the greatest master of human nature and of human life that, perhaps, ever existed; so that we cannot peruse his works without having our understandings considerably enlarged. Besides this, he abounds in occasional maxims and reflections, which are calculated to make a deep impression upon the mind. There is scarcely any circumstance in the common occurrences of the world, on which something may not be found peculiarly applicable in Shakspeare; and, at the same time, better expressed than in any other author. To promote, therefore, the knowledge of them, is to contribute to general improvement.

P R E F A C E.

Nor is the utility of the present publication confined to persons of the rank already described. It will be found serviceable even to those whose situation in life hath enabled them to purchase all the expensive editions of our great dramatist. The book now offered to the public may commodiously be taken into a coach or a post-chaise, for amusement in a journey. Or if a company of gentlemen should happen, in conversation, to mention Shakspeare, or to dispute concerning any particular passage, a volume containing the whole of his plays may, with great convenience, be fetched by a servant out of a library or a closet. In short, any particular passage may at all times and with ease be recurred to. It is a compendium, not an abridgement, of the noblest of our poets, and a library in a single volume.

The editor hath endeavoured to give all the perfection to this work which the nature of it can admit. The account of his life, which is taken from Rowe; and his last will, in reality comprehend almost every thing that is known with regard to the personal history of Shakspeare. The anxious researches of his admirers have scarcely been able to collect any farther information concerning him.

The text, in the present edition, is given as it has been settled by the most approved commentators. It does not consist with the limits of the design, that the notes should be large, or very numerous. They have not, however, been wholly neglected. The notes which are subjoined are such as were necessary for the purpose of illustrating and explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, and obscure or distant allusions. In short, it has been the editor's aim to omit nothing which may serve to render Shakspeare intelligible to every capacity, and to every class of readers.

Having this view, he cannot avoid expressing his hope, that an undertaking the utility of which is so apparent, will be encouraged by the public; and his confidence of a favourable reception is increased by the consciousness that he is not doing an injury to any one. The success of the present volume will not impede the sale of the larger editions of Shakspeare, which will still be equally sought for by those to whom the purchase of them may be convenient.

S O M E

SOME
ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE, &c.
OF
Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very clothes he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity

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and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote*; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings: art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but, that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased

* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second*, and *Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

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to see a *genius* arise from amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

—— a fair vestal, throned by the west.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcastle*: some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian fingers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature: Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though at the same time I believe it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Por-

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.

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ter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion, and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: it happened that, in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakspeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakspeare gave him these four verses:

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe*.*

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age†, and was buried on the north-side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

*Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbingdon, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

“ I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought a malevolent

* The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton*, 4to. 1740, p. 223. has introduced another epitaph imputed (on what authority is unknown) to Shakspeare. It is on *Tom-a-Combe*, alias *Thin-beard*, brother to this *John* who is mentioned by Mr. Rowe.

“Thin in beard, and thick in purse;

“Never man beloved worse;

“He went to the grave with many a curse:

“The devil and he had both one nurse.”

† Mr. Malone says, that he died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly completed his fifty-second year.

“ speech.

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“ speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that
 “ circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted : and to jus-
 “ tify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this
 “ side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free
 “ nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions ; wherein
 “ he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stop-
 “ ped : *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own
 “ power : would the rule of it had been so too ! Many times he fell into those things
 “ which could not escape laughter ; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one
 “ speaking to him,

“ *Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.*

“ He replied :

“ *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause—*

“ and such-like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his vir-
 “ tues : there was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.”

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakspeare, there is somewhat like
 it in *Julius Cæsar*, but without the absurdity ; nor did I ever meet with it in any
 edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson. Besides his plays in this edi-
 tion, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never
 seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and
 Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the
 character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal in it : but I believe it
 may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tra-
 gedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them), in his epistle to Augustus.

— *Naturâ sublimis & acer,
 Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet,
 Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.*

As I have not proposed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon
 Shakspeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the
 judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in
 looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those
 which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with
 a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the
 common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English
 taste, that though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of
 our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The
 Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are
 all pure comedy ; the rest, however they are called, have something of both kinds.
 It is not very easy to determine which way of writing he was most excellent in.
 There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours ; and tho'
 they did not then strike at all ranks of people, as the satire of the present age has
 taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguished variety in
 those characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falstaff is allowed by every
 body to be a master-piece ; the character is always well sustained, though drawn out
 into the length of three plays ; and even the account of his death, given by his old
 landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the first act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely
 natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the
 draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a
 thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in short every way vicious, yet he has
 given him so much wit as to make him almost too agreeable ; and I do not know
 whether some people have not, in remembrance of the diversion he had formerly
 afforded

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afforded them, been sorry to see his friend Hal use him so scurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongst other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he has made him a deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow; he has given him very near the same coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there, and makes the Welsh parson delcant very pleasantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well opposed; the main design, which is to cure Ford of his unreasonable jealousy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical steward Malvolio. The parasite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The conversation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Rosalind in *As you Like It*, have much wit and sprightliness all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and I believe Thersites in *Troilus and Cressida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be master-pieces of ill-nature, and satirical snarling. To these I might add that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakspeare's. The tale indeed in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but, taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you Like It*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est propriè communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

——— *All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;*

And

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*And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sams teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

His images are indeed every where so lively, that the thing he would represent stands full before you, and you possess every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; it is an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he says,

— *She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.*

What an image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greatest masters of Greece and Rome to have expressed the passions designed by this sketch of statuary! The stile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and easy in itself; and the wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and some other plays. As for his jingling sometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made use of as an ornament to the sermons of some of the gravest divines of those times, perhaps it may not be thought too light for the stage.

But certainly the greatness of this author's genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire loose, and raises his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the visible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed * three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE, &c.

Mr. Shakspeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatick poetry so far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the first among those that are reckoned the constituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the contrivance and course of the whole; and with the fable ought to be considered the fit disposition, order, and conduct of its several parts. As it is not in this province of the *drama* that the strength and mastery of Shakspeare lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the several faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true history, or novels and romances: and he commonly made use of them in that order, with those incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almost all his historical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and distinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the scene travels over the greatest part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his carelessness in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *the manners of his characters, in acting or speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shewn by the poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many places greatly commended. For those plays which he has taken from the English or Roman history, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one action for a subject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard, &c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our historians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakspeare has drawn of him? His manners are every where exactly the same with the story; one finds him still described with simplicity, passive sanctity, want of courage, weakness of mind, and easy submission to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the same time the poet does justice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by shewing him pious, disinterested, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly resigned to the severest dispensations of God's providence. There is a short scene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Gloucester, is shewn in the last agonies on his death-bed, with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forebore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and

OF MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakspeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Ægysthus for help, and to her son for mercy: while *Electra* her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horrors does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakspeare. *Hamlet* is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper passion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatic writer ever succeeded better in raising *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakspeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the scene where the King is murdered, in the second act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly spirit with which he writ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest motions to our souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have seen this master-piece of Shakspeare distinguish itself upon the stage, by Mr. Betterton's

SHAKSPEARE's WILL.

terton's fine performance of that part ; a man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the esteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakspeare's manner of expression, and indeed he has studied him so well, and is so much a master of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I must own a particular obligation to him, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to this life, which I have here transmitted to the publick ; his veneration for the memory of Shakspeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had so great a veneration *.

* This *Account of the Life of Shakspeare* is printed from Mr. Rowe's second edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himself after its appearance in 1709.

SHAKSPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Vicesimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c,
decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono, Anno Domini 1616.*

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following ; that is to say :

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting ; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following ; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease ; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid : and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them ; but

if

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, and answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve-pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Ruffel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty six-shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt hole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife,
who

SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intrea and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And, I do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlet Sadler,
Robert Whartcott.

Probatum coram Magistro William Eyrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat' reservata potestate et Susanna Hall alt. ex. &c. cui vendit, &c. petitur.

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TEMPEST.

3247

T E M P E S T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, king of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.
ANTHONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.
ADRIAN, } lords.
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, boatswain, and mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, }
CERES, } spirits.
JUNO, }
NYMPHS, }
REAPERS, }

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Mast. BOATSWAIN!

Boat^{sw}. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners:—fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boat^{sw}. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle;—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boat^{sw}. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where's the master, boatswain?

Boat^{sw}. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boat^{sw}. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat^{sw}. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present², we will not handle a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in

your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boat^{sw}. Down with the top-mast; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boat^{sw}. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd³ wench.

Boat^{sw}. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt.

Boat^{sw}. What, must our mouths be cold?

¹ Readily, nimbly. ² Of the present instant, the poet probably means. ³ Incontinent.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

Ger. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're ¹merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gen. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut ²him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—

We split! we split! Farewell my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

[*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

[*Exit.*]

Gen. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; ³long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

The incanted island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere ⁴It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,

(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my dear daughter!) who

Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell ⁵, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know,

Did never meddle ⁶with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magick garment from me. So;

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lye there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely ordered, that there is no foul—

No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—

Pro. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not Out ⁷threeyears old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person? Of any thing the image tell me, that Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants: Had I not

Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else In the dark back-ward and abyss of time?

If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here; How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

[*since,*]

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years Thy father was the duke of Milan, and A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father Was duke of Milan; thou his only heir And prince's, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence? Or blessed was 't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence; But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen ⁸that I have turn'd you to,

Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Anthonio,—

I pray thee mark me,—that a brother should

Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,

Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put

The manage of my state; as, at that time,

Through all the signories it was the first,

And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed

In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,

Without a parallel; those being all my study,

The government I cast upon my brother,

And to my state grew stranger, being transported,

And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—

Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

¹ Absolutely. ² Swallow. ³ Perhaps it should be *ling*, heath, &c. ⁴ Before. ⁵ i. e. a very poor cell. ⁶ Mingle. ⁷ Quite. ⁸ Sorrow, grief, trouble. *Pro.*

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To trash¹ for over-topping; new created [em,
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty, [ing,—
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition grow-
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
So² dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens! [me,

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think³ but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have born bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint⁴,

That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon us; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, fail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have⁵ deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach⁶, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful. [you, sir,
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know, thou canst not choose—

[*Miranda sleeps.*

¹ To trash, Warburton says, is to cut away the superfluities. ² Thirsty. ³ Otherwise than.
⁴ Suggestion. ⁵ Covered. ⁶ i. e. a stubborn resolution.

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point¹ the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precur-
sors

O'the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not: The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair upstarting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.*

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this high shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes², there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote³,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:

What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt fix and now,
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now, moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I pray thee:

Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;

To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier⁴.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir. [child,

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the dam'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,

¹ Performed to the minutest article. ² Bermudas. ³ Flote is wave. ⁴ Algiers.

When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea;
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heavenness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
Come, thou tortoise! when?

[thee:]

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked 'dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

[cramps.]

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins²
Shall for that vast of night³ that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycombs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,

The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave, [thee,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee, [hour
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing more brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy
vild race⁴
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague⁵ rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel, and be quick; thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—

I must obey; his art is of such power, [Aside.
It would controul my dam's god Setebos⁶,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Exit Caliban.]

*Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage,
and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist⁷)
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

The watch-dogs bark;

Eur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.]

Hark, hark! I hear

The strain of strutting Chanticles

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

¹ Baneful.

² Perhaps put here for fairies.

³ The dead waste, or middle of the night.

⁴ Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities.

⁵ The erysipelas.

⁶ We learn from Magellan's voyage, that Setebos was the supreme God of the Patagons.

⁷ Silent.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon [earth?
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.*

[*Burden, ding-dong.*]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd fa-
This is no mortal business, nor no found [ther:—
That the earth owes¹:—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and
hath such senses

As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*] [*See thee*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
prayer

May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

[*of Milan,*

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could controul² thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight

[*Aside to Ariel*

They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a
word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity, move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—

They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

[*Aside.*

Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such
a temple:

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful³.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee.—

What,

An advocate for an impostor? hush!

¹ To owe, signifies here, as in many other places of our author's plays, *to own*. ² Confute thee.
³ Timorous.

Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as
he,

Having seen but him and Caliban: Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day

Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—Come on.
[*To Ariel.*] Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—
Follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, fir,
Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow; Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, and others.*

Gonz. BESEECH you, sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: Our hint¹ of woe
Is common; every-day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his
wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's of-
fer'd, comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed; you have spo-
ken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiser than I meant
you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a
good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and
delicate temperance.²

Ant. ³ Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live,

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush⁴ and lusty the grass looks;
how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny,

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed,
almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were,
drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their
freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than
stain'd with salt water.

¹ Hint is that which recals to the memory.
mon. ² Temperance here means temperature.
children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. ⁴ i. e., of a dark full colour, the opposite to
pale and faint.

The cause that fills our minds with grief is com-
³ In the puritanical times it was usual to christen
children from the titles of religious and moral virtues. ⁴ i. e., of a dark full colour, the opposite to

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak,
would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh
as when we put them on first in Africk, at the
marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to
the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such
a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came
that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas
too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me
sudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous
harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make
easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in
his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the
sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis, at
the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the
first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's mar-
riage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears,
against

The stomach of my sense: Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swollen that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss; [daughter,

That would not bless our Europe with your
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. [otherwise

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost
your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgically.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir;
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows. [do?

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine. [ries

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contra-
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick

Would I admit; no name of magistrate;

Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none; contract, succession,

Bourn², bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:

No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:

No occupation; all men idle, all,

And women too, but innocent and pure:

No sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth for-
gets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce

Without sweat or endeavour: Treason, felony,

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,

Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,

Of its own kind, all foison³, all abundance

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk no-
thing to me.

¹ Or, of my reason and natural affection.

² A limit, a land-mark.

³ A French word signi-
fying plenty.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[Gonz. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I with mine eyes

[find,

Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;

They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke.—What might,

[more:—

Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,

[and

What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee;

My strong imagination sees a crown

Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange repose, to be asleep

With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving;

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st

Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom; you

Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,

Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often, do so near the bottom run,

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim

A matter from thee: and a birth, indeed,

Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,

(Who shall be of as little memory,

When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded,

(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive

'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,

As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,

What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is

Another way so high an hope, that even

Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,

Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

[dwells

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that

Ten leagues beyond man's life: she that from

Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun were post, [chins

(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born

Be rough and razorable; she, from whom [again;

We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast

And, by that destiny, to perform an act,

Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,

In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions

There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*

Measure us back to Naples?—Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no

worse

[Naples,

Than now they are; There be, that can rule

As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo; I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

A chough is a bird of the jack-daw kind,

Ant.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, fir; where lies that? If it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
And melt, e'er they molest. Here lies your bro-
No better than the earth he lies upon, [ther,
If he were that which now he's like, that's¹ dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay² might put
This ancient morfel, this fir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion³, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [They converse apart.

Enter Ariel, with musick and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear,

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-ey'd conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be fudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[They awake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are
you drawn⁴?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, fir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, fir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Tis best we stand upon our
guard;

Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make fur-
ther search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have
done. [Aside.

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: A noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but

For every trifle they are set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that moe⁵ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it singing i' the wind; yond' same black
cloud, yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard⁶
that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder,
as it did before, I know not where to hide my
head: yond' same cloud cannot chuse but fall by
pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish?
Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a
very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of
the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I
in England now, (as once I was) and had but this
fish painted, not a holiday-fool there but would
give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man⁷; any strange beast there makes a
man: when they will not give a doit to relieve
a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose
my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but

¹ i. e. that is, id est. ² For ever. ³ A hint of villany. ⁴ Having your swords drawn. ⁵ Make
mouths. ⁶ Bombard means, in this place, a large vessel for holding drink. ⁷ i. e. make a man's
fortune.

an island, that has lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine¹; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing, a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I dye a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: Well, here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,

The gunner and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch, [Itch:]

Yet a taylor might scratch her where-e'er she did

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort. *[Drinks.]*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? have we devils here?

Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground: and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take it, an ague: Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wifst: He shall taste of my bottle: if he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much² for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling³: Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, ⁴ cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: It should be,— But he is drown'd; and these are devils: O! defend me!

Ste. Four legs, and two voices; a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well

of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—⁵ Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; ⁶ I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou to be the siege⁷ of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke:—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be finethings, an if they be not sprights. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I 'scap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then, how 'scap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

¹ A gaberdine is properly the coarse frock or outward garment of a peasant, and is still worn by the peasants in Suffex. ² i. e. any sum, or ever so much. ³ Tremor is always represented as the effect of being possess'd by the devil. ⁴ Alluding to an old proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. ⁵ Means, stop your draught. ⁶ Alluding to the proverb, A long spoon to eat with the devil. ⁷ Siege signifies stool in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the isle;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy sub-

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear. [Jeet.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink:
An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard. [grow;

Cal. I prythee, let me bring thee where crabs
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young ¹scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go
with me?

Ste. I prythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell master; farewell, farewell.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban

Has a new master—Get a new Man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. **T**here be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but

The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: o, she is

Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a fore injunction: My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such

Had ne'er like executor. I forget: [baseness

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-

Most busy-lefs, when I do it. [bours;

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now I pray you,

Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had

Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father

Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;

He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,

The sun will set before I shall discharge

What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;

I'll carry 't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo,

While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me

As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease; for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

Fer. Poor worm! thou art infected;

This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
with me.

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda:—O my father,

I have broke your heart² to say so!

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil: but you, o you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know.

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

¹ Mr. Steevens supposes, that, by an error of the press, *scamel* has been here substituted for *scamell*, a species of bird mentioned by Willoughby. ² For *behest*, or *command*.

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillful of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer [speak;—
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else in the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow¹
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine with my heart in't: and now
Till half an hour hence. [farewell,

Fer. A thousand, thousand! [Exit.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we
will drink water; not a drop before: therefore

bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink
to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me:
I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou
shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no stan-
dard².

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;
and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; I am
in case to justify a constable: Why, thou debosh'd³
fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that
hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou
tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half
a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again: bite him to death, I
pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your
head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—
The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not
suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to
thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a
tyrant; a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
me of the island.

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou;
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in
his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of
your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.]
Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

¹ Companion. ² Meaning he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand. ³ The
quibble between *standard* an ensign, and *standard* a fruit-tree, that grows without support, is
evident. ⁴ Debauched.

From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not——)

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. patch!—

Cal. What a py'd¹ ninny's this? Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
Where the quick freshes are. [him]

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make
a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats him.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your
wits, and hearing too?—A pox of your bottle!
this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your
monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee
stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
T' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain
Having first seized his books; or with a log [him,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books: for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I war-
And bring thee forth brave brood. [rant,

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee;
but while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [sure;

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of plea-
Let us be jocund: Will you troubl² the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.
Flout'em, and skout'em; and skout'em and flout'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [Ariel plays the tune on

Ste. What is this same? [a tabor and pipe.

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by
the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou bee'st a man, shew thyself in thy
likeness: if thou bee'st a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affear'd³?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affear'd; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments [not.
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again. [where

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd. [story.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
And after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Changes to another part of the island.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, &c.*

Gon. By'r lakin⁴, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! By your pa-
I needs must rest me. [tience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [Aside to Sebastian.] I am right glad that
he's so out of hope.

¹ Alluding to the striped, or fool's coat worn by Trinculo, who, in the ancient *dramatis personæ*
is called a *jestor*, and not a *sailor*. ² Means probably to dismiss it trippingly from the tongue.

³ The provincial mode in Staffordshire and the adjoining counties of pronouncing the word *afraid*.

⁴ i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night; no more.
*Solemn and strange music; and Prospero on the top,
invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing
in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle ac-
tions of salutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to
eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Con. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!]

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were
these?

Seb. A living drollery¹: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Con. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes², these are people of the island).
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [Aside.]

Alon. I cannot too much muse³
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. [Aside.]

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since [machs.—]
They have left their viands behind; for we have sto-
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I. [were boys,

Con. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
Wailets of flesh? or that there were such men, [em
Whose heads stood in their breasts⁴? which now
we find,

Each putter out on five for one⁵, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest
Ye fools! I and my fellows [draw their swords.
Are ministers of fate; the elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock't-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle⁶ that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear⁷ life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then to soft music, enter the
shapes again, and dance with mops and mooves⁸,
and carry out the table.*

Pro. [Aside] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life⁹,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Con. P the name of something holy, sir, why
In this strange stare? [stand you

¹ Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakspeare's time performed by puppets only.
² Certainly. ³ Admire. ⁴ Our author might have had this intelligence from the translation of
Pliny, b. V. ch. 8. "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their
breast." ⁵ This passage alludes to an ancient forgotten custom, now very obscure, when it was
customary for those who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of
receiving great interest for it at their return home. ⁶ Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is
a feather, or rather the single particles of the down. ⁷ Blameless, innocent. ⁸ To *mop* and to
moove seem to have the same meaning, i. e. to make mouths or wry faces. ⁹ With honest alacrity, or
cheerfulness.

Alon.

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did baf¹ my trespass.
Therefore my fon i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
And with him there lie muddled.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,

I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison given to work a great time after, [guilt;
Now 'gins to bite the spirits:—I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy²

[*Exit.* May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you:

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. I F I have too austere¹ punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion³ shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founde'r'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice; and cry, *so, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow:
Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. 'Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, fir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a⁴ corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and perty.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent.

[*Soft music.*]

A masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flower⁵, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy heft betrimms, [groves⁶,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

¹ That is, told it me in a rough baf¹ found. ² *Ecstasy* here signifies *alienation of mind*. ³ *Asper-*
son is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. ⁴ That is, bring more than are sufficient, rather
than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *surplus*. ⁵ *Stover*, from *Esters*, a law word, signi-
fies an allowance in food or other necessities of life. It is here used for provision in general for
animals. ⁶ Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the *willow*, and in these lines *broom groves* are
assigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say
that a husband *hangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a short time; and on such oc-
casions a *broom* before has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from uxorial restraint,
and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom groves* may signify *broom*
hedges.

Being lass-lorn¹; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My² bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
sparrows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. High queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison³ plenty;
Barns, and garner, never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art

I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno, and Ceres, whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring
brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp⁴ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join
with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the
end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks;
after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused
noise, they vanish heavily.*

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more. [*passion.*]

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack⁵ behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. *Mira.* We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. Come with a thought;—I thank thee:—
Ariel, come.

¹ That is, forsaken of his mistress. ² Woody. ³ That is, plenty to the utmost abundance;
foison signifying plenty. ⁴ That is, curling, winding. ⁵ "The winds," (says lord Bacon) "which
move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below, pass without noise."

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to¹: What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with² Caliban. [*Ceres,*

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd, Left I might anger thee. [*varlets?*

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,

Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For³ stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture⁴ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all, lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*

Enter Ariel laden with glistering apparel, &c.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd
the Jack with us⁵.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at
which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I
should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to [softly];
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting:—

Yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'st thou
here,

This is the mouth o' the cell; no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have
bloody thoughts. [*Stephano!*

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; we know what be-
longs to a frippery⁶:—O, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin⁷ under the
line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,
and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't
like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am
king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an
excellent pass of pate; there's another garment
for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our
time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles⁸, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear
this away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters' beard. Enter divers Spirits in
shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and
Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

¹ To cleave to is to unite with closely. ² To meet with is to counteract; to play stratagem against stratagem. ³ Stale is a word in fowling, and is used to mean a bait or decoy to catch birds. ⁴ Education. ⁵ That is, has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. ⁶ A frippery was a shop where old cloaths were sold. ⁷ Shakespeare seems to design an equivocal between the equinoctial and the girdle of a woman. ⁸ Skinner says *barnacle* is an *asfer Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese; a vulgar error, which requires no serious confutation.

Pro. *Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,*
hark!
To Ariel.] Go, charge my goblins that they grind
their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
Than pard, or cat o' the mountain. [them,

Ari. Hark, they roar.
Pro. Let them be hunted soundly; At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey,
and Time

Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, fir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till you release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly
works 'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, fir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch¹, a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion² as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to
the quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
and they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, fir.

[Exit.

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,
and groves;
and ye, that on the sands with printless foot
do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
when he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
moon-shine do the green sour-ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn musick.

*Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonso with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and An-
thonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and
Francisco. They all enter the circle which Pros-
pero had made, and there stand charm'd; whilst
Prospero observing, speaks.*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal fir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh
and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with Se-
bastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)

¹ A touch is a sensation. ² Passion is frequently used as a verb in Shakspeare.

Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding Begins to swell; and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them That yet looks on me, or would know me:—

Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
I will discharge me, and myself present,

[Exit Ariel.]

As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

[Ariel enters singing, and helps to attire him.]

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie;

There I couch when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After summer, merrily:

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so.—

To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,

Being awake, enforce them to this place;

And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return

Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit.]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir King,

The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:

For more assurance that a living prince

Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;

And to thee, and thy company, I bid

A hearty welcome.

Alon. Where's thou be'st he, or no,

Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,

As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse

Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,

The affliction of my mind amends, with which,

I fear, a madness held me: this must crave

(An if this be at all) a most strange story.

Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat, [Prospero]

Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,

[To Gon.]

Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measured, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,

Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste

Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you

Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:

But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

[Aside.]

Pro. No;—

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation;

How thou hast met us here, who three hours since

Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!

My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't², sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience

Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,

You have not fought her help; of whose soft grace,

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,

And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late³; and, supportable

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker

Than you may call to comfort you; for I

Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,

The king and queen there! That they were, I wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,

Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords

At this encounter do so much admire,

That they devour their reason; and scarce think,

Their eyes do offices of truth, their words

Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have

Been jumbled from your senses, know for certain,

That I am Prospero, and that very duke

Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed

To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;

For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;

This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,

And subjects none abroad: pray you look in;

My dukedom since you have given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing;

At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,

As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,

I would not for the world.

[wrangle.]

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should

And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son

¹ To drink the air, is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as to devour the way, in Henry IV.

² That is, I am sorry for it. To be woe, is often used by old writers to signify, to be sorry. ³ Meaning, My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Tho' the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [*Ferdinand kneels.*]
Of a glad father compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

[*play?*]

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's:

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When¹ no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

*Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!

I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—

Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

[*Aside.*]

Pro. My tricky² spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, ginsling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

[*Aside.*]

Alon. This is as strange a maze as ere men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct³ of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infect your mind with beating⁴ on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come

hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free:

[*Aside.*]

[*To Ariel.*]

Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—
Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio!⁵

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my lord Anthonio!

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them

Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be⁶ true:—This mishapen knave—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,

¹ For when perhaps should be read where. ² That is, my clever, adroit spirit. ³ Conduct for conductor. ⁴ Beating may mean hammering, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. ⁵ Coragio is an exclamation of encouragement. ⁶ That is, honest. A true man is, in the language of that time, opposed to a thief. The sense is, Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.

And deal in her command without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows, you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should
Find this grand liquor that hath gild'd them?—[they
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano; but a

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, firrah? [cramp¹.

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape:—Go, firrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage wherd
you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,

And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials

Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—

chick,—

That is thy charge; then to the elements } [Aside.

Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt omnes.

¹ That is, I am all over a *cramp*. Prospero had ordered Ariel to *shorten up their sinews with aged
cramps*. Touch me not alludes to the *soresness* occasioned by them. In the next line, the speaker
confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *forz*.

E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

T W O G E N T L E M E N O F V E R O N A.

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D.

DUKE OF MILAN, *father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the two Gentlemen.*
PROTHEUS, }
ANTONIO, *father to Protheus.*
THURIO, *a foolish rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *agent for Silvia in her escape.*
HOST, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
OUT-LAWS.

SPEED, *a clownish servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Protheus.*
PANTHINO, *servant to Antonio.*

JULIA, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*
SILVIA, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, musicians.

SCENE, *sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.*

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. C E A S E to persuade, my loving Protheus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days [wits:
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, see'st
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partaker in thy happiness, [ger,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy dan-
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots¹.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;

Coy looks, with heart-fore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool!

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love. [provs.

¹ Theobald pronounces this to be a proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, Don't make a laughing-stock of me; don't play upon me. Mr. Steevens, however, is of opinion, that it might take its origin from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapp'd on the breech with a pair of boots. This they call giving them the boots. He also adds, that the boots were an ancient engine of torture.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you ;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly ; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire ?

Once more adieu : my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Protheus, no ; now let us take our
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, [leave.
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend ;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan !

Val. As much to you at home ! and so farewell !

[Exit.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love :
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Protheus, save you : Saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
And if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me : therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep ; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee : therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear ? gav'st thou my letter to Julia ?

Speed. Ay, sir : I a lost mutton¹, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton ; and she, a lac'd mutton², gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray ; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake ; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin ? Fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she ? did she nod. [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I ? why, that's noddy³.

Speed. You mistook, sir ; I said she did nod ; and you ask me, if she did nod ; and I said, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me ?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly ; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief : What said she ?

Speed. Open your purse ; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains : What said she ?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why ? could'st thou perceive so much from her ?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her ; no, not so much as a ducklet for delivering your letter : And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones ; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing ?

Speed. No, not so much as—take this for thy pains. To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have tettern'd⁴ me ; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself : and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, [wreck ;
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore :—

¹ Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Protheus had been proving him a *sheep*. ² Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton* by a *girl of pleasure*. A *lac'd mutton* was so established a name for a courtesan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was formerly call'd *Mutton-lane*. ³ Noddy was a game at cards. ⁴ That is, you have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a fixpence.

I must go send some better messenger ;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love ?

Luc. Ay, madam ; so you stumble not unheed-

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, [fully.]
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love ?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew
my mind

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour ?

Luc. As of a knight well spoken, neat and fine ;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio ?

Luc. Well, of his wealth ; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Protheus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ? what means this passion at his
name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure¹ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ;

I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love
on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know
their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say ; who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think,
from Protheus :

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it ; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker² !
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd ;

Or else return no more into my sight. [*hate.*]

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than

Jul. Will ye be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminate.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view ?

Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that

Which they would have the profligate construe, *Ay*.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a teasy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here !

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile !

My penance is, to call Lucetta back,

And ask remission for my folly past :—

What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time ?

Luc. I would, it were ;

That you might kill your³ stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you

Took up so gingerly ?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :

Give me a note ; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you sing

Jul. And why not you ? [*it.*]

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song :—How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too faucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant⁴ :

There wanteth but a mean⁵ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base⁶ for Protheus.

¹ To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. ² A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for procurer. ³ *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. ⁴ *Descant* is a term in music. ⁵ The *mean* is the *tenor* in music. ⁶ The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base* in music to a country exercise, *Bid the base*: in which some pursue, and others are made prisoners.

Jul.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears it.*]
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be
best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the
same!

Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, [*heal'd*;
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter, [*bear*
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,
To the *sweet* Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father

Jul. Well, let us go. [*stays.*]

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down:

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them¹.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you
see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Antonio's house.

Enter Antonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad² talk was
that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship

Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;

While other men, of slender reputation,

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;

Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities.

For any, or for all these exercises,

He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;

And did request me, to importune you,

To let him spend his time no more at home;

Which would be great impeachment³ to his age,

In having known no travel in his youth. [*that*

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to

Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;

And how he cannot be a perfect man,

Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time:

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well. [*him thither:*

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,

Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;

And be in eye of every exercise,

Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:

And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known;

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court. [*phonse,*

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Al-

With other gentlemen of good esteem,

Are journeying to salute the emperor,

And to commend their service to his will. [*go:*

Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus

And, in good time⁴,—now will we break with him

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!

Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;

Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:

Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

Oh heavenly Julia! [*there?*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or

Of commendation sent from Valentine. [*two*

Deliver'd by a friend that came from him. [*news.*

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he
writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily grac'd by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;

¹ A month's mind was an anniversary in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also a *year's mind*, and a *week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phrases*. ² Sad is the same as *grave* or *serious*. ³ Impeachment is *hindrance*. ⁴ The old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, similar to the French *à propos*.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition¹ thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two. [after thee:]

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [Exeunt *Ant.* and *Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love:
Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is; my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Changes to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours; for this is
but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, firrah?

Speed. She's not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward. [slow.]

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam
Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First,
you have learn'd, like sir Protheus, to wreath your
arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song,
like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one
that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy
that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young
wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like
one that takes diet²; to watch, like one that fears
robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hal-
lowmas³. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to
crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like
one of the lions; when you fasted, it was pre-
sently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was
for want of money: and now you are metamor-

phos'd with a mistress, that, when I look on you,
I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for,
without you were so simple, none else would: but
you are so without these follies, that these follies
are within you, and shine through you like the
water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you,
but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia? [supper?]

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her,
and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-
favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but
her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and
the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair,
that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her
beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was de-
form'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

¹ That is, allowance. ² To take diet was the phrase for being under a regimen. ³ That is, about the feast of All-Saints, when the poor people in *Staffordshire*, and probably in *Warwickshire*, go from parish to parish a *souling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or singing small) for soul-cakes, or any good thing to make them merry. This custom seems a remnant of Popish superstition to pray for departed souls, particularly those of friends.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh, exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant², to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done³. [off;

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—And yet take this again; and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [Aside

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:

But since unwillingly, take them again; Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you: I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour;

And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! [sutor,

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being the scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning⁴ with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom? [figure.

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: But did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end⁵.

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—

All this I speak in print⁶, for in print I found it.—Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[Exeunt.

¹ Motion, in Shakspeare's time, signified puppet, or a puppet-show. ² This was the language of ladies to their lovers in Shakspeare's time. ³ That is, like a scholar. ⁴ That is, discoursing, talking. ⁵ i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter. ⁶ In print means with exactness.

S C E N E II.

*Julia's house at Verona.**Enter Protheus and Julia.*

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner :
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.*[Giving a ring.]*Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here,
take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erflows me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:*[Exit Julia.]*Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.*Enter Pantbino.*

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.*[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

*A street.**Enter Launce, leading a dog.*Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping: all the kind of the Launces have this very
fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the pro-
digious son, and am going with sir Protheus to the
imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the
sourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping,
my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid
howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our
house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very
pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a
dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our part-
ing: why, my grandam having no eyes, look you,
wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show
you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—
no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left
shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so nei-
ther;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole:
This shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and
this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now,
sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as
white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is
Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is
himself, and I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me,
and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my
father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the
shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss
my father; well, he weeps on: now come I tomy mother;—oh that she could speak now like a
wood woman!—well, I kiss her;—why there
'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now
come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes:
now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor
speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with
my tears.*Enter Pantbino.*Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master
is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars.
What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away,
afs; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost; for
it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood;
and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in
losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing
thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy ser-
vice,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the
master, and the service, and the tide? Why, man,
if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my
tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the
boat with my sighs.Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to
call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

*M I L A N.**An apartment in the duke's palace.**Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.*

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote¹ you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

¹ That is, crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. *Wood*, or crazy women, were anciently supposed to be able to tell fortunes.² To quote is to observe.

Thu.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire; sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset, Sir Valentine, your father's in good health; What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son? [serves]

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves the honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy We have convers'd, and spent our hours together: And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time, To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection; Yet hath sir Protheus, for that's his name, Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old; His head unmellow'd, but his judgement ripe; And, in a word, (for far behind his worth Come all the praises that I now bestow) He is complete in feature, and in mind, With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, sir, but, if he make this good, He is as worthy for an empress' love, As meet to be an emperor's counsellor. Well, sir! this gentleman is come to me, With commendation from great potentates; And here he means to spend his time a-while: I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have with'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:— For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship, Had come along with me, but that his mistress Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still. [blind,

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself; Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Serv.] Come, sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome; I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia and Thurio.]

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know, you joy not in a love discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;

I have done penance for contemning love;

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And

And made them watchers of mine own heart's for-
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord; [row.
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love:
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep.
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship to?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be ¹a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swalling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone ².

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou see'st me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth;
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;

And then I'll presently attend you,

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[Exit *Val.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire ³,
Bears no impression of the thing it was,
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice ⁴,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

A street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to
Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I
am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a
man is never undone till he be hang'd; nor never
welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid,
and the hostels say, Welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-
house with you presently; where, for one shot of
five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes.
But, firrah, how did thy master part with madam
Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they
parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with
him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee
not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not?
My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but
lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

¹ The first or principal of women. ² That is, there is none to be compar'd to her. ³ This alludes
to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy.
⁴ With more prudence, with more discretion.

Speed.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog; if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the alehouse with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:

¹ O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!

At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;

And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,

Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd

With twenty thousand foul-confirming oaths.

I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;

If I lose them, this find I by their loss,

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend;

For love is still more precious in itself;

And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!

Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembring that my love to her is dead;

And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself,

Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;

Myself in counsel, his competitor²:

Now presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising, and pretended³ flight;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:

But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross

By some fly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Julia's house in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!

And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—

Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—

To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,

How, with my honour, I may undertake

A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,

Of such divine perfection, as sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's

Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [*food?*]

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;

But qualify the fire's extreme rage,

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason. [*burns:*]

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,

Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:

But, when his fair course is not hindered,

He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,

With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Then let me go, and hinder not my course:

I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,

And make a pastime of each weary step,

Till the last step have brought me to my love;

And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent

The loose encounters of lascivious men;

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds

As may besem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl: I'll knit it up in silken strings,

¹ To suggest is to tempt, in our author's language.

² Competitor is confederate, assistant, partner.

³ Pretended flight is proposed or intended flight.

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:

To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your-farthingle?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on. [pin,

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?

I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.

If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone;
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,

And instances as infinite of love,

Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!

But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,

To furnish me upon my longing² journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.

Come, answer not, but to it presently;

I am impatient of my tarriance.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. **S**IR Thurio, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit Thur.*]

Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;

And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim³ might err,

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)

I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,

That my discovery be not aimed at⁴;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence⁵.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.

[*Exit Pro.*]

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

¹ This interjection is still used in the North. ² That is, wish'd or desired journey. ³ Aim means guess, in this instance. ⁴ That is, be not guessed. ⁵ That is, of this claim made to your daughter, Pretence implies design.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have fought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of her's,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my possessions, she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents
Send her another; never give her o'er; [her:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets¹, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? what's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads,*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,

Because myself do want my servant's fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord would be.
What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee:*

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son)

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.

Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit.*
Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself!
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,

Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?

What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,

And feed upon the shadow of perfection.

¹ That is, what hinders. ² For is the same as for that, since.

Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no musick in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom¹:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Proteus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find: there's not an hair
On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom would'st thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear. Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Sylvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news? [*vanish'd.*]

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are

Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for woe: [*them,*]
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there. [*speak't.*]

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou can'st not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou can'st not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom² of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I
have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a
knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave³.
He lives not now, that knows me to be in love:
yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not
pluck that from me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet
'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell
myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a
maid, for she hath had gossips⁴; yet 'tis a maid, for
she is her master's maid, and serves for wages.—
She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—
which is much in a bare christian⁵. Here is the
cat-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions.—
Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*. Why, a horse
can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but
only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade.—
Item, *She can milk*, look you; a sweet virtue in a
maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news
with your mastership?

Laun. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the
word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

¹ The phrase of, *to fly his doom*, used here for *by flying*, or *in flying*, is a gallicism. The sense is, By avoiding the execution of his sentence I shall not escape death. ² Before the meaning of this address of letters to the bosom of a mistress can be understood, it should be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their itays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love-tokens, but even their money and materials for needle-work. In many parts of England the country girls still observe the same practice. ³ One knave may signify a knave on only one occasion, a single knave. We still use a double villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. ⁴ Gossips not only signify those who are sponsors for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. ⁵ Bare has two senses; mere and naked. Launce uses it in both, and opposes the naked female to the water-spaniel cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness.

Speed. Why, man, how black?
Laun. Why, as black as ink.
Speed. Let me read them.
Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'st not read.
Speed. Thou lyest, I can. [thee?]
Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot
Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.
Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy
 grandmother¹: this proves, that thou can'st not
 read.
Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.
Laun. There; and St. Nicholas² be thy speed!
Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*
Laun. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*
Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—
 Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.
Speed. Item, *She can sew.*
Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. Item, *She can knit.*
Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a
 wench, when she can knit him a stock³.
Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*
Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not
 to be wash'd and scour'd.
Speed. Item, *She can spin.*
Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels,
 when she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*
Laun. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues;
 that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
 have no names.
Speed. Here follow her vices.
Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. Item, *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in re-
 spect of her breath.*
Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a
 breakfast: Read on.
Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth⁴.*
Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.
Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*
Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in
 her talk.
Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*
Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices!
 To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I
 pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief
 virtue.
Speed. Item, *She is proud.*
Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy,
 and cannot be taken from her.
Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*
Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love
 c usts.
Speed. Item, *She is curst.*
Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to
 bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*
Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she
 will not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Speed. Item, *She is too liberal⁵.*
Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ
 down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not;
 for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she
 may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.
Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and
 more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*
Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,
 and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article:
 Rehearse that once more.
Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*
Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll
 prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and
 therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that
 covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the
 greater hides the less. What's next?
Speed. —And more faults than hairs—
Laun. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were
 out!
Speed. —And more wealth than faults.
Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gra-
 cious⁶: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a
 match, as nothing is impossible;—
Speed. What then?
Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy
 master stays for thee at the north-gate.
Speed. For me?
Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath
 staid for a better man than thee.
Speed. And must I go to him?
Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid
 so long; that going will scarce serve the turn.
Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on
 your love-letters!
Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my
 letter; an unmannerly slave, that will thrust him-
 self into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's
 correction. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio, and Protheus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will
 love you,
 Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most,
 Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
 That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
 Trenched⁷ in ice; which with an hour's heat
 Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
 A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
 And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
 How now, sir Protheus? Is your countryman,
 According to our proclamation, gone?

¹ It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. *Launce* probably infers, that if he could read, he must have read this well known observation. ² St. Nicholas presided over scholars, who were therefore call'd *St. Nicholas's clerks*. ³ That is, a *stocking*. ⁴ Dr. Johnson is of opinion that *sweet mouth* implies the same with what is now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats; while Mr. Steevens believes, that by a *sweet mouth* is meant that she *sings sweetly*. ⁵ *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. ⁶ *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful*. ⁷ That is, cut, carv'd in ice.

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe, but Thurio thinks not so.—
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
 (For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert)
 Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
 Let me not live to look upon your grace. [effect]

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would
 The match between fir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
 How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perverts so.
 What might we do to make the girl forget
 The love of Valentine, and love fir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
 With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
 Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
 By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
 'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
 Especially, against his very¹ friend. [him,

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
 Your slander never can endamage him;
 Therefore the office is indifferent,
 Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
 By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
 She shall not long continue love to him.
 But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
 It follows not that she will love fir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
 Left it should ravel, and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me²:
 Which must be done, by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise fir Valentine.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this
 Because we know, on Valentine's report, [kind;
 You are already love's firm votary,
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access,
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
 Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—

But you, fir Thurio, are not sharp enough;

You must lay lime³, to tangle her desires,

By wailful sonnets, whose compos'd rhimes

Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:

Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,

That may discover such integrity:—

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans

Forake unfounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet concert: to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump⁴; the night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her⁵. [love.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:

Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,

Let us into the city presently

To fort⁶ some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:

I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,

To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen. [per,

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after sup-

And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon⁷ you.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* **F**ELLOWS, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but
 down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, fir, and throw us what you have
 about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rise you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
 That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, fir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
 For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose;
 A man I am, cross'd with adversity:

¹ Very is immediate. ² The meaning of this allusion is, As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The women's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a bottom of thread. ³ That is, birdlime. ⁴ A dump was the ancient term for a mournful elegy. ⁵ To inherit, is here used for to obtain possession of, without any idea of acquiring by inheritance. ⁶ That is, to chuse out. ⁷ That is, I will excuse you from waiting.

My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;

But yet I slew him manfully in fight,

Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable. [frar,

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: first, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take [to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful¹ men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stab'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)

And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality² much want,—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
comfort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we
have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided, that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips³,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Protheus? are you crept
before us? [love

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's cloath.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the gen-
tleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

S O N G.

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heavens such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

¹ Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates.
hasty passionate reproaches and scotis.

² Quality is nature relatively considered. ³ That is,

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.*

Hof. How now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Hof. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Hof. How, out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Hof. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Hof. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Hof. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite. [thing.]

Hof. You would have them always play but one

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, hof, doth this fir Protheus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Hof. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her out of all nick¹.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Hof. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead, that you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and music.]

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:

Who is that, that spake? [truth,

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceited,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night, I swear, I am so far from granting thy request, That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit; And by and by intend to chide myself, Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady: But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside.] 'Twere false, if I should speak it; For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, Survives; to whom, thyself art witness, I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave, Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence; Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be so obdurate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber; To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep; For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow: And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside.] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it: And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er-night, That wait for execution in the morn.

[Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.]

Jul. Hof, will you go?

Hof. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies fir Protheus?

Hof. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavieft.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind; There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-morrow,

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.

According to your ladyship's impose², I am thus early come to know what service

¹ Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies.
² Impose is injunction, command.

It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful¹, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
² Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match, [plagues.
Which heaven, and fortune, still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows, as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your³ grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you;
⁴ Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good beforsure you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exit.

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's servant shall play the cur with
him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought
up of a puppy; one that I sav'd from drowning,
when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters
went to it! I have taught him—even as one would
say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was
sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia,
from my master; and I came no sooner into the
dining chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,
and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing,
when a cur cannot keep⁵ himself in all compan-
ies! I would have, as one should say, one that
takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I
think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I
live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He

thrusts me himself into the company of three or
four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table:
he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing
while⁶, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with
the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another;
Whip him out, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the
duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell
before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the
fellow that whips the dogs: *Friend*, quoth I, *you
mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he.
You do him the more wrong, quoth I; *'twas I did
the thing you wot of*. He makes no more ado, but
whips me out of the chamber. How many masters
would do this for their servant? nay, I'll be sworn
I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen,
otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on
the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he
had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!
—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when
I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid
thee still mark me, and do as I do? When did'st
thou see me heave up my leg, and make water
against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever
see me do such a trick?

Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
son peasant, [To Launce.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and
tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stol'n from
me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and
then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big
as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end⁸, turns me to shame.

[Exit Launce.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

¹ Remorseful is pitiful. ² It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make
vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. ³ Sorrows. ⁴ To reck is to care
for. ⁵ That is, restrain himself. ⁶ A proverbial expression of those times. ⁷ This appears to
have been part of the office of an usher of the table. ⁸ That is, in the end, at the conclusion of every
business he undertakes.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia;

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love:

You doat on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary,

And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Protheus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now I am (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that, which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refus'd;

To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

[*Enter Silvia.*]

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean

To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia:

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,

Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

—Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd

Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;

This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:

I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,

And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,

As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;

For, I have heard him say a thousand times,

His Julia gave it him at his departure:

Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:

To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Protheus hath for-
sook her. [fellow.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at Pentecost,

When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a-good¹,

For I did play a lamentable part:

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth:—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Farewell.

[*Exit Silvia.*]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.

I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of her's:

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

¹ That is, in good earnest.

Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig¹.
 Her eyes are grey as glass : and so are mine ;
 Ay, but her² forehead's low ; and mine's as high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective³ in myself,
 If this fond love were not a blinded god ?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd ;
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so ; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. THE sun begins to gild the western sky ;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail ; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time ;
 So much they spur their expedition.
 See, where she comes : Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen ! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall ;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
 If we recover that, we are sure⁴ enough. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little. [rounder.]

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it
 loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
 "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
 For I had rather wink, than look on them. [Aside.]

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. [peace ?]

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your
 peace. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my valour ?

Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.]

Thu. What says she to my birth ?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True ; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.]

Thu. Considers she my possessions ?

Pro. O, ay ; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore ?

Jul. That such an ass should owe⁵ them. [Aside.]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus ? how now,
 Thurio ?

Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late ?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter ?

Pro. Neither. [Valentine ;]

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true ; for friar Laurence met them both,
 As he in penance wander'd through the forest :
 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she ;
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it :

Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even ; and there she was not :
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently ; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled :
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit Duke.]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her :
 I'll after ; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[Exit.]

¹ It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before wigs were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were call'd periwigs. ² A high forehead was in Shakspeare's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. ³ That is, respectful or respectable. ⁴ Sure means safe. ⁵ Own them,

S C E N E III.

*The Forest.**Enter Silvia and Out-laws.**Out.* Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.*2 Out.* Come, bring her away. [*her?*]*1 Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with*3 Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moses, and Valerius, follow him.Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.*1 Out.* Come, I must bring you to our cap-
tain's cave:

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee![*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*The Out-laws' cave in the forest.**Enter Valentine.**Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record¹ my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Left, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

What hallooing, and what stir is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chace:

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?

[*Val. steps aside.*]*Enter Protheus, Silvia and Julia.**Pro.* Madam, this service have I done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,

That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me for my meed² but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* O miserable, unhappy that I am!*Pro.* Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came:
But, by my coming, I have made you happy. [*py.*]*Sil.* By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhap-*Jul.* And me, when he approacheth to your
presence. [*Aside.*]*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
would have been a breakfast to the beast,

I

¹ To record anciently signified to sing. Record is also a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing. ² That is, reward.

Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.

Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?

Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,

When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,

For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths

Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,

And that's far worse than none; better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.*Pro.* Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,

I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end;

And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven!*Pro.* I'll force thee yield to my desire.*Val.* Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine![*love;*]*Val.* Thou common friend, that's without faith or

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!

Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,

I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most curst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest:

Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,

Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy![*Faints.*]*Pro.* Look to the boy.[*the matter?*]*Val.* Why, boy! why wag! how now! what is.

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me

To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;

Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

[*Gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see:

Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shows another ring.*]

Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia?

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths, And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?

Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!

Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me

Such an immodest rayment; if shame live

In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,

Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: oh heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy clove;

'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven,

I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

[*duke.*]

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say; it is my lord the

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,

Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Tbu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine. [*death;*]

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy

Come not within the measure¹ of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,

Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,

Take but possession of her with a touch;—

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Tbu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger

His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.

Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, what'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reform'd, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include² all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes. [*boy.*]

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Protheus: 'tis your penance, but to hear

The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt owners.*]

¹ That is, the reach of my anger. ² To include is to shut up, to conclude.

M E R R Y W I V E S

O F

W I N D S O R.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country justice.

SLENDER, cousin to Shallow.

MR. PAGE, { two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

MR. FORD, }

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch parson.

DR. CAIUS, a French doctor.

HOST OF THE GARTER.

BARDOLPH.

PISTOL.

NYM.

ROBIN, page to Falstaff.

WILLIAM PAGE, a boy, son to Mr. Page.

SIMPLE, servant to Slender.

RUGBY, servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. ANN PAGE, daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the parts adjacent.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. SIR Hugh², persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber³ matter of it; if he were twenty sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and ⁴ *custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratalorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white laces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The lace⁵ is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

¹ Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in the *Two Parts of Henry IV.* that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakspeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. Gildon says, he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. ² This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *sir*; upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. ³ The *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of *rouls* and *riots*. ⁴ Probably intended for a corruption of *Custos Rotulorum*. ⁵ The lace is a pike or jack. This passage is also supposed to point at Sir Thomas Lucy, who was the cause of Shakspeare's leaving Stratford.

Shal.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one: If sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments¹ in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slén. Mistress Anne Page? she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Eva. It is that very person for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and silver, is her grandfire, upon his death's-bed; (Got deliver to a joyful resurrection!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slén. Did her grandfire leave her seven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slén. I know the young gentléwoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page: Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for master Page. What, ho! Got plesys your house here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and justice Shallow: and here is young master Slender, that, peradventures, shall tell you another

tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: Much good do it your good heart! I wish'd your venison better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slén. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was out-run on Cotswold².

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slén. You'll not confes, you'll not confes.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confes it.

Shal. If it be confes'd, it is not redres'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me;—Robert Shallow, esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council³: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verbi*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts⁴! good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slén. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching⁵ rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bar. You Banbury cheese⁶!

Slén. Ay, it is no matter.

¹ *Advise*ment is now an obsolete word. ² He means *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*; where in the beginning of the reign of James the First, by permission of the king, Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in *Warwickshire*, instituted on the hills of *Cotswold* an annual celebration of games, consisting of rural sports and exercises. These he constantly conducted in person, well mounted, and accoutred in a suit of his majesty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for sixty miles round, till the grand rebellion abolished every liberal establishment. The games were, chiefly, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courting the hare with greyhounds. ³ Falstaff here probably quibbles between *council* and *counsel*; the latter signifies *secrecy*; and his meaning seems to be, 'Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends. ⁴ *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. ⁵ A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. ⁶ This alludes to the thin carcase of Slender.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus ?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say ! *pauca, pauca* ; slice ! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man ?—can you tell, cousin ?

Eva. Peace, I pray you ! Now let us understand : There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand : that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page ; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself ; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot : I will make a prief of it in my note-book ; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam ! what phraze is this, *He hears with ear* ? Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse ?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences², and two Edward shovel-boards³ ; that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol ?

Eva. No ; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner !—Sir John, and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilboe⁴ :

Word of denial in thy labra's here⁵.

Word of denial : froth and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good humours : I will say, *marry trap*⁶, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour⁷ on me ; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it : for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John ?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses : fie, what the ignorance is !

Bard. And being sap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd ; and so conclusions pass'd the careires⁸.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too ; but 'tis no matter : I'll never be drunk whilst I live again,

but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick : if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters deny'd, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Mistress Anne Page with wine ; mistress Ford and mistress Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in ; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*]

Slen. O heaven ! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford ?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met : by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*]

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome :—Come, we have a hot venison patty to dinner ; come, gentlemen, I hope, we shall drink down all unkindneis. [*Exe. all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.*]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here :—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple ; where have you been ; I must wait on myself, must I ? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you ?

Sim. Book of riddles ! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas ?

Shal. Come, coz ; come, coz ; we stay for you. A word with you, coz ; marry this, coz : There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by fir Hugh here ;—do you understand me ?

Slen. Ay, fir, you shall find me reasonable ; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, fir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender : I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says : I pray you, pardon me ; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question ; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, fir.

Eva. Marry is it ; the very point of it ; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman ? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips ; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is

¹ The name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *Joan Faust*, and in those times a cant phrase of abuse. ² *Mill'd-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money.

³ These were the broad shillings of Edward VI. and at that time used at the play of *shovel-board*.

⁴ Mr. Theobald is of opinion, that by *latten bilboe* Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal which is called *latten* ; whilst Mr. Steevens thinks, that *latten bilboe* means no more than *a blade as thin as a lath*. ⁵ That is, *hear the word of denial in my lips*. *Thou ly'st*. We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*.

⁶ Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adversary. ⁷ When a man was caught in his own stratagem, the exclamation of insult probably was *marry, trap* ! ⁸ *Nuthook* was a term of reproach in cant strain ; and, *if you run the nuthook's humour on me*, is in plain English, *if you say I am a thief*. ⁹ A military phrase.

parcel of the mouth: Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a very discretion answer; save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. O!s pleased will! I will not be absence at the grace. *[Ex. Shal. and Evans.]*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, firrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: *[Exit Simple.]* A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruise'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys¹ for a dish of stew'd prawns; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do

your dogs bark so! be there bears? the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerfon² loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cry'd and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd³:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye⁴, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la; I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Dr. Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is better yet:—give her this letter; for it is a woman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keifar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector?

¹ That is, three different set-to's, *bouts*, a technical term from the French, *venue*. ² The name of a bear. ³ Meaning, that it passed all expression. ⁴ A popular adjuration of those times. *Cock* is no more than a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from *cock's wounds*, *cock's bones*, and *cock's mother*, and some other exclamations which occur in the old Moralities and Interludes. The *pye* is a table in the old Roman offices, shewing how to find out the service which is to be read on each day.

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Hof. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth, and lime¹; I am at a word; follow.

[Exit Hof.]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[Exit Bard.]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight²! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest³.

Pist. Convey, the wife it call; Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, firs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food⁴.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourfes, she carves⁵, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated⁶ her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain⁷; and, *To her, boy*, say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good

eyes too; examin'd my parts with most judicious eyliads⁸; sometimes the beam of her view gildeth my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention⁹, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater¹⁰ to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West-Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, firrah, bear you these letters tightly¹¹; Sail like my pinnace¹² to these golden shores.

[To Robin.]

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of this age, French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[Exit Falstaff and Boy.]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam¹³ holds;

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:

Tetter I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness¹⁴, for the revolt of mien¹⁵ is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exit.]

¹ This alludes to the tricks of *frothing* beer and *liming* sack, practised in the time of Shakspeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass. ² This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays. ³ Nym means to say, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible. ⁴ A proverb. ⁵ In those times the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. ⁶ That is, explained. ⁷ The old quarto reads: As many devils attend her! ⁸ Probably from *oeillades*, French. ⁹ That is, eagerness of desire. ¹⁰ By this is meant *escheatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. ¹¹ Perhaps we should read *rightly*. ¹² A pinnace anciently seems to have signified a small vessel or sloop, attending on a larger. At present it signifies only a man of war's boat. ¹³ *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. *Gourd* was another instrument of gaming. ¹⁴ That is, jealousy. ¹⁵ *Revolt of mien* means *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy.

SCENE IV.

*Dr. Caius's house.**Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.*

Quic. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire¹. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate²: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish³ that way: but no body but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a Glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee⁴ face, with a little yellow beard; a⁵ Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands⁶, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?—oh, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quic. We shall all be shent⁷: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, a-down-a⁸, &c.

[*Sings.*]

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier*⁹ verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

[*Aside.*]

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! *ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depechez, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:—Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublie?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mid.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—*Villaine, Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*]

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue: Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh fend-a you?—Rugby, *baillies* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy;—but notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, drefs meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that,—I know Anne's mind,—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his

¹ That is, when my master is in bed. ² Bate is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention. ³ Foolish. ⁴ Wee, in the northern dialect, signifies very little. ⁵ Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with yellow beards. ⁶ Probably an allusion to the jocky measure, *so many hands high*, used by grooms when speaking of horses. ⁷ That is, scolded. ⁸ To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work. ⁹ *Boitier*, in French, signifies a case of surgeons instruments.

throat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:—you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stönes; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. *[Exit Simple.]*

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do you not tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I will kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Farterre* to measure our weapon;—by gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the goujere?

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me:—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of door:—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Ex. Caius and Rugby.]

Quic. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quic. In truth, fir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quic. Troth, fir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you:—Have not your worship a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But indeed she is given too much to allicholly and musing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.]

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does: Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mistress Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for 't' though love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I: Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me.

By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night³,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might,

For thee to fight.

John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could

¹ That is, *morbus Gallicus*. ² The meaning is, though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.—By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. ³ Meaning, at all times.

show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispende with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry¹.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light²:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; praise'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*³. What tempest; I throw, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the ⁴ prefs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very fame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with

a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him that may not fully the chariness⁵ of our honesty. Oh, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a ⁶ curtail-dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. [*poor,*]

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and Both young and old, one with another, Ford; He loves thy gally-mawfry⁷; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou, Like Sir Aetxon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*Speaking to Page.*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym: I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true;—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian⁸, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

¹ To *hack*, is an expression used in another scene of this play, to signify *to do mischief*. The sense of this passage may therefore be, These knights are a riotous, dissolute sort of people, and on that account thou shouldst not wish to be of the number. ² That is, we have more proof than we want. ³ A popular ballad of those times. ⁴ *Prefs* is used here ambiguously, for a *press* to print, and a *press* to squeeze. ⁵ That is, the caution which ought to attend on it. ⁶ A *curtail-dog* was a dog whose tail, by the *laws of the forest*, was cut off, from his belonging to an unqualified person. ⁷ A medley. ⁸ By a *Cataian*, some kind of sharper was probably meant.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth: And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues¹, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How, now, mine host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How, now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook!

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between

fir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aside.*

Shal. [*To Page.*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regrefs; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go anheirs²?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, fir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword³, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow & Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty⁴, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to found Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster⁵, which I with sword will open. I will retort the sum in equipage⁶.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, fir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen,

¹ That is, *cheats*. ² This passage is evidently obscure. Mr. Steevens proposes to read, *Will you go on, hearts?* in confirmation of which conjecture, he observes, that the Host calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts*. ³ Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length. Shallow here censures the innovation of lighter weapons. ⁴ *To stand on any thing*, signifies *to insist on it*. To Ford, who is jealous, all *chastity* in women appears as *frailty*. ⁵ Dr. Gray supposes Shakspeare to allude to an old proverb, "The mayor of Northampton opens oysters with his dagger:" that is, to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. ⁶ Dr. Warburton conjectures the meaning of this to be, I will pay you again in stolen goods; and his opinion is confirmed by that of Mr. Farmer.

my friends, you were good foldiers, and tall ¹ fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan ², I took 't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a thong,—to your manor of Picket-hatch ³, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce ⁴ your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice ⁵ phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pis. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quic. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries ⁶, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rustling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners ⁷; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot ⁸ of;—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold ⁹ life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home;

¹ A tall fellow, in the time of our author, meant, a stout, bold, or courageous person. ² Fans, in Shakspeare's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, (or others of equal length and flexibility) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. The sum of forty pounds was sometimes given for a fan in the time of queen Elizabeth. ³ A noted place for thieves and pickpockets. *Picket-hatch* probably is derived from the *picks* placed upon the *hatches* of the doors of the bawdy-houses of those times; a precaution which perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age might render necessary. ⁴ A *seconce* is a petty fortification: to *ensconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. ⁵ Your ale-house conversation. *Red lattice* at the doors and windows, were formerly the external insignia of an ale-house. Hence the present chequers; and it is very remarkable, that shops, with the sign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. ⁶ This is the name of a brisk light dance, and not therefore improperly used in vulgar language for any hurry or perturbation: perhaps, however, it is not improbable, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*. ⁷ A *pensioner*, in those times, meant a gentleman always attendant upon the person of the prince. ⁸ To *wot* is to know. ⁹ Ray says, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *stoward*.

but she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the att action of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for 't.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves¹; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a pay-word², that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[Exit Quickly and Robin.]

Pist. This pink³ is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights⁴; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean overwhelm them all!

[Exit Pistol.]

Fal. Say't thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the experience of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in: [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? go to; via⁵!

Re-enter Bardolph with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir; Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you⁶; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith⁷ you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed⁸, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues,
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

¹ Of all loves, signifies no more than to send him by all means. ² That is, a watch-word. ³ A pink is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier for merchants. ⁴ Fights are cloaths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and close-fights are bulk-heads, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords. ⁵ A cant phrase of exultation common in the old plays. ⁶ Meaning, not with a view of putting you to expence. ⁷ That is, since. ⁸ That is, reward.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose; You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance¹, authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd² for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had³ instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward⁴ of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittoly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made:—Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbasen, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself; then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Windfor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

¹ Meaning, admitted into all, or the greatest companies. ² Allowed is approved. ³ Instance is example. ⁴ Meaning, the defence of it.

Rug. He is wife, fir; he knew, your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, fir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-morrow, fir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin¹, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock², thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder³? ha! is he dead, bully Stale⁴? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian⁵ king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you bear vitnefs that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair⁶ of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and fir Hugh hath shewn himself

a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur mock-water⁷.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, medo look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farmhouse a feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game⁸, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [Exeunt.]

¹ To foin, was the ancient term for making a thrust in fencing, or tilting. ² Stock is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow, are also adopted. ³ We must remember, to make this joke relish, that the elder tree has no heart. Probably this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, heart of oak. ⁴ The reason for calling Caius bully Stale, and afterwards Urinal, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader. ⁵ Castilian and Ethiopian, like Cataian, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. ⁶ This is a proverbial phrase, and is taken from stroking the hair of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows, and is of similar import with that now in use, against the grain. ⁷ Perhaps by mock-water, is meant counterfeit. The water of a gem is a technical term. ⁸ Dr. Warburton thinks it should be read thus, CRY AIM, said I well? i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good proposal? for to cry aim signifies to consent to, or approve of any thing. The phrase was taken originally from archery, Mr. Steevens defends, however, the present reading, and conjectures, that cry'd game might mean in those days—a profess'd buck, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by proclamation.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Frogmore.**Enter Evans and Simple.*

Eva. I PRAY you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Simp. Marry, fir, the Pitty-wary¹, the Parkward, every way; old Windfor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, fir.

Eva. 'Plefs my foul! how full of cholers I am, and tremping of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'plefs my foul!

[Sings.]

*By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand vragrant posies.*

By shallow—

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals;—**When as I sat in Babylon—**And a thousand vragrant posies.**By shallow—*

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, fir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:—

By shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, fir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good fir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. Ah sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good fir Hugh!

Eva. 'Plefs you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by some per-

son, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slender. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cog-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch, foul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my fir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs, and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial: so.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—

¹ The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors, the *Pitty-wary*. There are now no places answering to either of these names at Windfor.

Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Sbal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Sbal. Slen. Page, and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de fot of us? ha! ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-fog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scald¹, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles:—Pray you follow.

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

[*Enter Mistress Page and Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see, you'll be a courtier.

[*Enter Ford.*]

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of; What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he! I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination;

he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming² mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim³. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

[*Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.*]

Sbal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Sbal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Sbal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good-will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me; my nurf-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holy-day⁴, he smells April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons⁵; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having⁶: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.

Sbal. Well, fare you well:—we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

¹ Scall was an old word of reproach, as scab was afterwards. ² Seeming is specious. ³ That is, shall encourage. ⁴ That is, in an high-flown, fustian style. It was called a holy-day style, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. ⁵ This alludes to an old custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant whose flowers resemble a coat-button) in their pockets; and they judged of their good or bad success, by their growing, or their not growing there. ⁶ Having is the same as estate or fortune.

Ford.

Ford. *[Aside.* I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine¹ first with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Ford's house.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and servants with a basket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:—What, Robin, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiffers in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd. *[Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket²? what news with you?

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent³, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so: Gotell thy master, I am alone.

Mistress Page, remember you your cue. *[Exit Robin.*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. *[Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;—we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance⁴.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor⁵ to say so; thou would'st make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklers-bury⁶ in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. *[Within.]* Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will enconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman.— *[Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Mistress Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you're sham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

¹ Pipe is known to be a vessel of wine, now containing two hogheads. Pipe wine is therefore wine, not from the bottle, but the pipe; and the text conflicts in the ambiguity of the word, which signifies both a cask of wine, and a musical instrument. ² Eyas-musket is the same as infant Lilliputian. ³ A Jack o' lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. ⁴ The speaker here tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head-dresses in fashion. ⁵ That is, to thy own merit. ⁶ Bucklers-bury, in the time of Shakspeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you!—how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey him, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *bad rather*, and you *bad rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble¹: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox:—Let me stop this way first:—So, now uncape².

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid, he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the rest at a distance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:—You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

¹ Look how you drumble, means, how confused you are. In the North, *drumbled ale*, means muddy, *disturb'd ale*. ² This alludes to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncap* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. Every one has heard of a *bag-fox*.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a bad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Gaius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Gaius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Gaius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And, that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*]

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afraid.

Quic. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

[*Aside.*]

Quic. And how does good master Fenton? pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, 'come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why how now! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient. [*child.*]

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my Page. She is no match for you.

¹ That is, come poor, or rich, to offer himself as my rival. The phrase is derived from the forest laws, according to which, a man who had no right to the privilege of chase, was obliged to cut or law his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called a cut, or curt-tail, and by contraction cur. Cut and long-tail therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. ² A proverbial expression.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to mistress Page. [daughter]

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good-will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips¹.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good
master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now:—Nay, said I, will
you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
Look on, master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to-
night² give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for
thy pains. [*Exit.*]

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A
kind heart he hath: a woman would run through
fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I
would my master had mistress Anne; or I would
master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would
master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for
them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be
as good as my word; but speciously³ for master
Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir
John Falstaff from my two mistresses: What a
beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't.
[*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a
basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be
thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd
such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out,
and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new-
year's-gift. The rogues slighted me into the river
with as little remorse as they would have drown'd
a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and
you may know by my size, that I have a kind of
alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as
hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but
that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death
that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what

a thing should I have been, when I had been swell'd?
I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Now, is the sack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, sir: there's a woman below would
speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the
Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had
swallow'd snow-balls for pills to cool the reins.
Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give
your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: Go brew me a
pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my
brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from
mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I
was thrown into the ford; I have my belly-full of
ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her
fault: she does so take on with her men; they mis-
took their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish wo-
man's promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would
yern your heart to see it. Her husband goes this
morning a birding; she desires you once more to
come to her between eight and nine: I must carry
her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I
warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and
bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his
frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook; he
sent me word to stay within: I like his money
well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, master Brook? you come to know
what hath pass'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was
at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, master Brook.

Ford. How, sir? Did she change her deter-
mination?

Fal. No, master Brook: but the peaking corn-
uto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a
continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the in-
stant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd,
kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the pro-

¹ A common proverb in the Southern counties of England. ² That is, *some time to-night*.

³ She intends to say *specially*.

logue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his distemper, and forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket: ramm'd me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who ask'd them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffer'd the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bellwether: next, to be compass'd, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking cloaths that fretted in their

own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney³—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my fake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me⁴ to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, left the devil that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: If I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. [S] he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school: Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, firrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

¹ With was sometimes used for of. ² A bilbo is a Spanish blade, of which the excellence is flexibleness and elasticity. ³ Kidney in this phrase now signifies kind or qualities; but Falstaff means, a man whose kidneys are as fat as mine. ⁴ That is, make myself ready.

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pálcher*.

Quic. Poul-cats! there are fairer things than poul-cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. *Accusative, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusative, hunc, hanc, hoc*.

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. *O—vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *carer*.

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, eorum, eorum, eorum*.

Quic. 'Vengeance of Giney's case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art a foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kæis*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches¹. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag² memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but my own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [Aside.]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes³ again: he so takes on⁴ yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, ⁵ Peer-out, peer-out! that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

¹ Sir Hugh means to say, You must be breech'd, i. e. flogg'd. To breech is to flog. ² This word is still in use, and signifies ready, alert, sprightly: it is pronounced as if it was written—sprack. That is, lunacy, frenzy. ⁴ To take on, now used for to grieve, seems to be used by our author for to rage. ⁵ That is, appear horns.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word.—Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract¹ for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John; unless you go out disguis'd—How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrum² hat, and her muffler³ too: Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page, and I, will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come drefs you straight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go drefs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draugh.*

Mrs. Ford. Go, sir, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*]

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 Serv. Come, come, take up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!—Oh, you pandarary rascals!—there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd.—What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes⁴! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*]

Page. This passes⁴.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs⁵ you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your brain.

¹ That is, a list, an inventory. ² The thrum is the end of a weaver's warp, and was probably used for making coarse hats. ³ A muffler was some part of dress that cover'd the face. ⁴ To pass means here, to go beyond bounds. ⁵ Meaning, this is below your character.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman¹. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery² as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband;—good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in women's cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poucat, you ronyon³! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail⁴, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:—Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is sure, fear'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means, if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will be still the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period⁵ to the jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then, shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: they must come off⁶; I'll sauce them: come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, [*stand,* Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission,

As in offence;

But let our plot go forward; let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,

Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,

Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park

At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Eva. You say, he hath been thrown into the rivers; and hath been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him,

¹ Lover. Lemman is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. ² Dauberics are disguises. ³ Ronyon, applied to a woman, imports much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man. ⁴ This expression is borrowed from hunting. Trail is the scent left by the passage of the game. To cry out, is to open or bark. ⁵ Meaning, there would be no proper catastrophe. ⁶ That is, they must pay.

that he should not come: methinks, his flesh is punish'd, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes ¹ the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
In a most hideous and dreadful manner: [chain
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld ²
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;—
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him
thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought
upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins ³, oushes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused ⁴ song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazement will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread.
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do 't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;

and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burri the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [Aside.
And marry her at Eaton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook!
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us pro-
And tricking ⁵ for our fairies. [perties ⁶

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to fir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.]

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
her. [Exit

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would't thou have, boor? what,
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, fir, I come to speak with fir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed ⁷; 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and
new; Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an
Anthropopaginian ⁸ unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, fir,
'till she come down: I come to speak with her,
indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robb'd: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully fir John!
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there?
it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar ⁹ carries the

¹ To take, here means to seize or strike with a disease. ² Meaning, age. ³ Urchin is a hedgehog; but is here used to signify any thing little and dwarfish. *Ouph* is a fairy or goblin. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, this signifies a song that strikes out into wild sentiments beyond the bounds of nature, such as those whose subject is fairy land. ⁵ Properties are incidental necessities to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. ⁶ To trick, is to dress out. ⁷ The usual furniture of chambers in those times consisted of a standing-bed, under which was a truckle, or running bed. In the former lay the master, and in the latter the servant. ⁸ That is, a Cannibal. The Host uses this high-sounding word to astonish Simple; an effect which he probably likewise means to produce by the word *Ephesian*, which follows. ⁹ See the preceding note.

coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, mussel-shell¹; What would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hof. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, sir?

Fal. To have her—or no: Go; say the woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, sir Tike; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. *[Exit Simple.]*

Hof. Thou art clerkly², thou art clerkly, sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Hof. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Hof. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin-germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of

¹ Falstaff probably calls Simple mussel-shell, from his standing with his mouth open. ² That is, scholar-like. ³ A game at cards.

horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. *[Exit.]*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de *Fartours*?

Hof. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke de *Jamary*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know, to come: I tell you for good-vill: adieu. *[Exit.]*

Hof. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I'm undone! *[Exit.]*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transform'd, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*³. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now! whence came you?

Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd! I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Hof. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I
will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both: For sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image¹ of the jest

[*Showing a letter.*]

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine

host;

[*one,*

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here²; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton. [*For,*
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now,
Her mother, even³ strong against that match,
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to devote⁴ her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint⁵ in green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or
mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me;
And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,

To give our hearts united ceremony. [*vicar:*

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I'll make a present recompence. [*Exeunt,*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. P R Y T H E E, no more prating;—go.—
I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they
say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in na-
tivity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what
I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your
head, and mince⁶.

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the
matter will be known to-night, or never. Be
you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak,
and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you
told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see,
like a poor old man: but I came from her, mas-
ter Brook, like a poor old woman. That same
knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad de-
vil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever
govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me
grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the

shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath
with a weaver's beam; because I know also,
life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with
me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I
pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I
knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately.
Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this
knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be re-
veng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.
—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook!
follow.— [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Windfor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-
ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remem-
ber, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and
we have a nay-word: how to know one another.
I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries,
budget; and by that we know one another.

Sbal. That's good too: But what needs either
your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher
her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will

¹ That is, the representation. ² In the letter. ³ Even here means as. ⁴ Perhaps we should
read denote. ⁵ As quaint signifies fantastical, the meaning may be, fantastically dress'd in green.
⁶ To mince is to walk with affected delicacy. ⁷ That is, a watch-word.

become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely. [*Lechery,*

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their Thofe that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, 't the forest: Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes²; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-cornfits³, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my fides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk⁴, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*The women run out.*]

Mrs. Page. }
Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr; Quickly, and others, dress'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.— Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys, Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap; Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths un- There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry⁵; [Sweet, Our radiant queen hates fluts, and flutters. [die; *Fal.* They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall I'll wink and couch: No man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said, Rein up the organs of her fantasy⁶; Sleep she as sound as careless infancy: But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins, [shins. Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and

Quic. About, about; Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out: Strew good luck, ouches, on every sacred room; That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome⁷, as in state 'tis fit; Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm, and every precious flower: Each fair instatement coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!

¹ A technical phrase spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men. ² Potatoes, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives. ³ Sugar-plums perfum'd to make the breath sweet. ⁴ That is, for the keeper of this district. By custom, the shoulders and humbles were a perquisite of the keeper's. ⁵ The whortleberry. ⁶ That is, elevate her ideas above sensual desires and imaginations. ⁷ Wholesome here signifies entire or perfect.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their character¹.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget. [order set:]

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle² earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Left he transform me to a piece of cheese! [birth.

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy

Quic. With trial-fire touch me his finger end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.—

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed, he is full of lecheries
and iniquity.

THE SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy!

Fie on lust and luxury³!

Lust is but a bloody fire⁴,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

[*During this song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius comes
one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slen-
der another way, and he takes away a fairy in
white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs.*

Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within.

*All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his
buck's head, and rises.]*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have
watch'd you now;

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest
no higher:—

Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave: here
are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook,
he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-
basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money;
which must be paid to master Brook; his horses
are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we
could never meet. I will never take you for my
love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an
ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are
extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or
four times in the thought they were not fairies:
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden sur-
prise of my powers, drove the grossness of the
foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despite of the
teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fai-
ries. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-
lent⁵, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave
your desires, and fairies will not pinse you,

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh,

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till
thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried
it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-
reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat
too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize⁶? 'tis time I
were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese⁷ is not good to give putter; your
pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in
the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?—
this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-
walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think,
though we would have thrust virtue out of our
hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given
ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the
devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable
entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns,
and sacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to
drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles
and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the
start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to an-

¹ Or the matter with which they make letters. ² Spirits being supposed to inhabit the ætherial regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station. ³ *Luxury* here signifies incontinence. ⁴ That is, the fire in the blood. ⁵ A Jack o' Lent was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks. ⁶ That is, a fool's cap made out of Welch cloth.

swer the Welch flannel¹; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me²: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windfor, to one master Brook, that you cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar; over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. [amends:]

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife.

[*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; If it had not been i' the church, I would have fwing'd him, or he should have fwing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl; If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly: Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cry'd *mum*, and she cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry poys?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart; What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am co-

zen'd; I ha' married *un garcon*, a boy; *un paifan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windfor. [Exit Caius.]

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me:—Here comes master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy, that she hath committed: And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious curst hours, [her. Which forced marriage would have brought upon

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:— In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—

Good husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John,

To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

¹ Flannel was originally the manufacture of Wales. ² On the meaning of this difficult passage commentators are greatly divided. Dr. Farmer's conjecture, that we should read, "Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me," appears to be the most intelligible.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.

CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.

LUCIO, a Fantastick.

Two other like Gentlemen.

VARRIUS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.

Provost.

THOMAS, } two Friars.

PETER, }

A Justice.

ELBOW, a simple Constable.

FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.

Clown, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.

ABHORSON, an Executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a Nun.

Mrs. OVERDONE, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

Duke. ESCALUS,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know¹, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the limits² of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains,

But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work³. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant⁴ in,
As art and practice hath enrich'd any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
I say, bid come before us Angelo.— [hither,
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul⁵
Elected him our absence to supply;

¹ The story of this play is taken from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578, and which was probably originally borrowed from *Cinthio's Novels*. ² Meaning, I am obliged to acknowledge. ³ Limits. ⁴ This passage has much exercised the sagacity of different editors. Theobald is of opinion, that either from the impertinence of the actors, or the negligence of the copyists, it has come mutilated to us by a line being accidentally left out, and proposes to read thus:

Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency you add
Due diligence, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

Sir Tho. Hamner endeavours to supply the deficiency as follows:

Then no more remains,
But that to your sufficiency you join
A will to serve us, as your worth is able.

Dr. Warburton is for reading, instead of *But that*, *Put to your sufficiency*, which he says here means authority, and then the sense will be as follows: *Put your skill in governing (says the duke) to the power which I give you to exercise it, and let them work together.* Dr. Johnson, however, approves neither of Theobald's conjecture, nor of Warburton's amendment. ⁵ That is, ready, or knowing. ⁶ That is, of special favour or affection.

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper¹, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth with us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues²: nor nature never³ lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise⁴:
Hold therefore Angelo⁵:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question⁶, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:

We have with a leaven'd⁷ and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concerns shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know:
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope⁸ is as mine own;
So to enforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes;

Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ang.*'s vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed. [*Enter,*

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw toge-
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary,
why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten command-
ments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to com-
mand the captain and all the rest from their func-
tions; they put forth to steal: There's not a sol-
dier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,
doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion⁹, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy. As for example: Thou thyself
art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers
between us¹⁰.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lute
and the velvet: Thou art the lute.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good vel-
vet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I
had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd,
as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak
feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine

¹ That is, are not so much thy own property. ² To great consequences. ³ Two negatives not used to make an affirmative, are common in Shakspeare's plays. ⁴ That is, one that can inform himself of that which otherwise it would be my part to tell him. ⁵ That is, continue to be Angelo. ⁶ That is, first appointed. ⁷ A leaven'd choice means a choice not hasty, but con- siderate. ⁸ That is, Your fullness of power. ⁹ There are metrical graces in the Primers, which probably were used in Shakspeare's time. ¹⁰ That is, in any form. ¹¹ Meaning, we are both of the same piece.

own confession, learn to begin thy health; but; whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars¹ a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown² more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases itil me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the proclamation.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.—How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation; have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. [city]

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the

Clown. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wife burgher-put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistrefs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Clau. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,

But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Clau. Thus can the demi-god, authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Clau. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,

(Like rats that ravin⁶ down their proper bane)

A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Clau. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

¹ A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. ² Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that venereal scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. ³ Alluding probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. ⁴ The verb *to do*, here used in a sense now obsolete, but which the reader will easily guess at from the modern application of the phrase of "*undoing a woman*," or "*a woman's being undone*." Hence the name of *over-done*, which Shakspeare has in this play appropriated to the *bawd*. ⁵ Meaning all bawdy-houses. *Ravine* is an obsolete word for *prey*.

Clau.

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after? [tract,

Claud. Thus stands it with me.—Upon a true con-
I got possession of Julietta's bed;

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends;

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,

With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness¹;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, let's it straight feel the spur:

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties, [wall,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so
tickle² on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she
be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke,
and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;

I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone³ and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encour-
agement of the like, which else would stand un-
der grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy
life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly
lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that
thought;—

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd⁴;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps,
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture⁵, and firm abstinence)

My absolute power and place here in Vienna,

And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,

And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,

You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting

(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds)

Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,

That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use; in time the rod

Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;

And liberty plucks justice by the nose;

The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace

To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'T would be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass, [father,

And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,

And yet, my nature never in the fight

To do it slander: And to behold his sway,

I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me

How I may formally in person bear me

Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,

At our more leisure shall I render you;

Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;

Stands at a guard⁶ with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite

¹ That is, whether it be the seeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority.

² That is, ticklish.

³ Prone here seems to mean *humble*.

⁴ Meaning a life of retirement.

⁵ Stricture is probably here used for *strictness*.

⁶ That is, stands on terms of defiance.

Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Ifab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Ifab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Ifab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
But in the presence of the prioress: [men,
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[Exit Franc.]

Ifab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Ifab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister. [greets you:]

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Ifab. Woe me! For what? [judge,

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Ifab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my
familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and fainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a faint.

Ifab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness¹ and truth, 'tis
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd: [thus:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
² That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison³; so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry. [Juliet?

Ifab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin

Lucio. Is she your cousin? [names,

Ifab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Ifab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action⁴; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings-out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line⁵ of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo: A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty⁶,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace⁷ by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith⁸
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Ifab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd⁹ him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Ifab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Alas! the power you have.

Ifab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe¹⁰ them.

Ifab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Ifab. I will about it strait;

No longer staying but to give the mother¹¹
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Ifab. Good sir, adieu.

¹ That is, in few words. ² For that, we should probably read *doth*; and instead of *brings*, *bring*. ³ That is, plenty, abundance. ⁴ The meaning is, he kept many gentlemen in expectation and dependance. ⁵ That is, full extent. ⁶ That is, to intimidate practices long countenanced by custom. ⁷ That is, the power of gaining favour. ⁸ The principal part of my message. ⁹ That is, has sentenced him. ¹⁰ To owe, here signifies, to possess, to have. ¹¹ The abbess.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Angelo's house.**Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Provost¹, and Attendants.**Ang.* **W**E must not make a scare-crow of the law;Setting it up to fear² the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.*Escal.* Ay, but yetLet us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue)That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place; or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him³,
And pull'd the law upon you.*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
That justice seizes. What know the laws, [justice,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant⁴,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
⁵ For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.*Ang.* Where is the provost?*Prov.* Here, if it like your honour.*Ang.* See that ClaudioBe executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.*[Exit Provost.]**Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice⁶, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.*Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.**Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be goodpeople in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses; I know no law:
bring them away.*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and
what's the matter?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's
constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon
justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good
honour two notorious benefactors.*Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
they? are they not malefactors?*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well
what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world,
that good christians ought to have.*Escal.* This comes off well⁷; here's a wise officer.*Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is
your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?*Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow⁸.*Ang.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; a parcel-bawd⁹; one
that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as
they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she
professes a hot-house¹⁰, which, I think, is a very
ill house too.*Escal.* How know you that?*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
and your honour,—*Escal.* How! thy wife?*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest
woman;—*Escal.* Dost thou detest her, therefore?*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as
she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is
pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
been a woman cardinally given, might have been
accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness
there.*Escal.* By the woman's means?*Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:
but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.*Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou ho-
nourable man, prove it.*Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?*[To Angelo.]**Clown.* Sir, she came in great with child; and
longing (saving your honour's reverence) for
stew'd prunes¹¹; sir, we had but two in the house,
which at that very distant time stood as it were,
in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your

¹ The provost is usually the executioner of an army. ² To affright, to terrify. ³ That is, for which you now blame him. ⁴ Pregnant here means plain. ⁵ That is, because. ⁶ That is, from the thorny paths of vice. ⁷ Comes off well, when seriously applied to speech, imports a story or tale to be well told or delivered. Escalus, however, here uses the phrase ironically. ⁸ The Clown quibbles on the word *elbow*; meaning, he is out at the word *elbow*, and out at the elbow of his coat. ⁹ The meaning is, he is half tapster, half bawd. ¹⁰ That is, she keeps a bagnio. ¹¹ A dish of stewed prunes in the window, was the ancient mark or characteristic, as well as the constant appendage of a brothel.

honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the forefaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was 't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good-morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his

honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wifer here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes; and 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master

Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you ac-

¹ This probably alludes to two personages well known to the audience by their frequent introduction in the old Moralities. ² A mistake for Cannibal.

quainted with tapsters; they will draw¹ you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth:—Farewell.—Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster; Are you not? Come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three-pence a bay²: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.

What's a clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio: But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Angelo's house.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd, Desires access to you.

¹ Draw includes here a variety of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it means, to drain, to empty; as it refers to hang, it implies to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle. In Froth's answer, it imports the same as to bring along by some motive or power. ² Dr. Johnson says, a bay of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, for the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three bays. In Staffordshire, it is applied to the two open spaces of a barn on each side the threshing-floor.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay yet a while.—[*To Isab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice:
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

Lucio. [*To Isab.*] Give't not o'er so: to him
again, intreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

[*To Isab.*]

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,

You would have slept, like him; but he, like you,

Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were², were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made³.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare
him, spare him;

He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass⁴ that shews what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent [tence;
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting⁵, petty officer [thunder.—
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but
Merciful heaven!

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split't the unwedgeable and gnarled⁶ oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,

¹ That is, pity. ² Perhaps we ought to read *are*. ³ Meaning, that he would be quite another man. ⁴ This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. ⁵ Paltry. ⁶ That is, knotted.

(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal¹.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive it.

Prov. Pray heaven he win him!

Ifab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucia. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Ifab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Ifab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not found a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To Ifab.*]
Fare you well.

Ifab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Ifab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord,
Ang. How! bribe me? [*turn back.*]

Ifab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share

Lucio. You had marr'd all else. [*with you.*]

Ifab. Not with fond² shekels of the test'd³ gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls⁴,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to Isabel.*] away.

Ifab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*]
Where prayers cross⁵.

Ifab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Ifab. Save your honour! [*Ex. Lucio and Ifab.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—

What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,

That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense [nough,
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground e-
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority, [her,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd
how. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Prison.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will,
good friar? [*order,*]

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly. [*needful.*]

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws⁶ of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report⁷: She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To Juliet.*]
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

¹ Dr. Warburton assigns the following meaning to this passage: That if the angels possessed that peculiar turn of the human mind, which always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen. ² Fond here means, valued or prized by folly. ³ That is, cupelled, brought to the test, refined. ⁴ That is, preserved from the corruption of the world. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks, that instead of where we should read, which your prayers cross. The meaning of the passage will then be, The temptation under which I labour is that which thou hast unknowingly thwarted with thy prayer. ⁶ Perhaps it were better to read flames. ⁷ That is, has disfigured her fame or reputation.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do repent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,— Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven;

Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it, But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, 'as it is an evil; And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow, And I am going with instruction to him:

Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [Exit.]

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love, That respites me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words; Whilst my intention², hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabel: Heaven is in my mouth, As if I did but only chew its name; And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read, Crown'd fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity, Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, Could I, with boot³, change for an idle plume Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form! How often dost thou with thy case⁴, thy habit, Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art but blood: Let's write good angel on the devil's horn, 'Tis not the devil's crest⁵.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Solus.] Oh heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making both it unable for itself, And dispossessing all my other parts Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons; Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive: and even so The general⁶, subject to a well-wish'd king, Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me, [live.]

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [Going.]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted, That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen A man already made, as to remit Their sawcy sweetness⁷, that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put metal in restrained means, To make a false one⁸.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly. Which had you rather, That the most just law Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him, Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness, As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for account.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this,— I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life; Might there not be a charity in sin, To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul, Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven, let me bear it! You granting of my suit, If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer

¹ That is, repent not on this account. ² Intention here signifies eagerness of desire. The old folio, however, reads *invention*, by which the poet might mean *imagination*. ³ Profit, advantage. ⁴ Case is here put for *outside*, or external shew. ⁵ The meaning is, Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. Thus if we write *good angel on the devil's horn*, 'tis not taken any longer to be the *devil's crest*. ⁶ This phrase of *the general*, means the *people* or *multitude* subject to a king, &c. ⁷ That is, saucy indulgence of the appetite. ⁸ The sense of this passage is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication; and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer ¹.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily: and that's not good.

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield² beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accounted to the law upon that pain ³.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe⁴ not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Ifab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Ifab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Ifab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Ifab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what
we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he ⁵,
⁶ Owe, and succeed by weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Ifab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make ⁷ forms.
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them ⁸. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints ⁹.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Ifab. I have no tongue but one: gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Ifab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Ifab. I know your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-
ing ¹⁰!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch ¹¹ against you, and my place in the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

¹ Meaning, the faults of mine answer are the faults which I am to answer for. ² That is, a beauty covered as with a shield. *These masks* probably mean, the *masks of the audience*. ³ Pain here means *penalty, punishment*. ⁴ To *subscribe*, here signifies, to *agree to*. ⁵ Dr. Warburton observes, this passage is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one who in the times of vassalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, "we are all frail." "Yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit and service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. ⁶ To *owe*, in this place, signifies to *own*, to have possession. ⁷ Perhaps we should read, *take forms*. ⁸ That is, in imitating them. ⁹ That is, take any impression. ¹⁰ That is, Hypocrisy, hypocrisy. ¹¹ *Vouch* is the testimony one man bears for another.

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him : As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.

Isab. To whom should I complain ? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me ? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval !
Bidding the law make court'ry to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws ; I'll to my brother :

Though he hath fallen by prompture¹ of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhor'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and brother, die :
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I

The Prison.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. SO, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo ?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope :

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death² ; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing, [life :—
That none but fools would keep³ : a breath thou
Servile to all the skyey influences [art,

That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still⁴ : Thou art not
noble ;

For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness : Thou art by no means
valiant ;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm⁵ : Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself ;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust : Happy thou art not ;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
And what thou hast, forget'st : Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects⁶,
After the moon : If thou art rich, thou art poor ;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee : Friend hast thou none ;

For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo⁷, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner : Thou hast nor youth,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, [nor age ;
Dreaming on both : for all thy blessed youth⁸
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld⁹ ; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life ? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths¹⁰ : yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;

And, seeking death, find life : Let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho ! Peace here ; grace and good
company ! [a welcome.

Prov. Who's there ? Come in : the wifh deserves

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's

Duke. Provost, a word with you. [your sister.

Prov. As many as you please. [ceal'd,

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be con-
Yet hear them. [Exeunt Duke and Provost.

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good in
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, [deed :
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger¹¹ : [speed ;
Therefore your best appointment¹² make with
To-morrow you set on.

¹ That is, temptation, instigation. ² Meaning, be determined to die, without any hope of life.
³ Keep in this place signifies to care for. ⁴ In the old farces called *Moralities*, the fool of the piece,
in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid
him ; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the fool at every turn into his very jaws. ⁵ Worm is
here substituted for any creeping thing or serpent. ⁶ For effects we should read affects ; that is,
affections. ⁷ A kind of tetter. ⁸ The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age
can be said to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—We have neither youth nor age.
⁹ Eld is here used for old age, or persons worn out with years. ¹⁰ Meaning a thousand deaths besides
those which have been mentioned. ¹¹ Leiger is the same with resident. ¹² Appointment means
preparation.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Ifab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Ifab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Ifab. In such a one as (you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Left thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. [grave]

Ifab. There spake my brother; there my father's
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth in the head, and follies doth emmew,
As falcon doth the fowl¹,—is yet a devil:
His filth within being cast², he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Ifab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards³! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be. [offence]

Ifab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Ifab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it⁴, sure it is no sin:
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably⁵ fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Ifab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed life a hateful. [where;

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted⁶ spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Ifab. Oh, you beast!
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life [think]
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness?⁷
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance⁸:
Die; perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade⁹:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Ifab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
would by and by have some speech with you: the
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own
benefit.

Ifab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must

¹ To *emmew* is a term in falconry. The meaning of the passage is, In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to shew themselves. ² To *cast* a pond is to empty it of mud. ³ That is, in the ornaments of royalty. ⁴ That is, transgress or violate, sure it is no sin in me. ⁵ Lastingly. ⁶ That is, the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. ⁷ *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*. ⁸ *Defiance* is *refusal*. ⁹ An established habit.

be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio aside.*] Son, I have overheard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death:—Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claudia. Re-enter Provost.*]

Duke. Hold you there! Farewell. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.²

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd;

was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate³ husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is wash'd with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can the avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in court, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled⁴. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange⁵ resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ Persevere in that resolution. ² i. e. Very well. ³ Combine means betrothed. ⁴ To scale means, to disconcert, to put into confusion. ⁵ A grange is a solitary farm-house.

SCENE II.

*The Street.**Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard¹.

Duke. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, fir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, fir?

Elb. Marry, fir, he hath offended the law; and, fir, we take him to be a thief too, fir; for we have found upon him, fir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou caufest to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, fir: but yet, fir, I would prove— [sin,

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, fir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist², a cord, fir.

Clown. I spy corafort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is

there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made with man, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? What say'st thou, trot³? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, fir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub⁴.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so: Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, fir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewell: go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born, Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, fir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear⁵. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, fir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, fir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, fir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia: other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to

¹ A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue. ² Meaning, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. ³ Trot is a familiar address to a man, among the provincial vulgar. ⁴ Dr. Warburton says, the author here alludes to the *lues venerea*, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions; and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and left, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. "The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very marrow himself was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they use a tub for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. A person under cure for a venereal complaint, is now grossly said to be in the pickling or powdering tub. ⁵ That is, it is not the fashion.

steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—some, that he was got between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true:—and he is a motion ungenerative¹; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducklet in her clack-dish²: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward³ of his: A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand,—The greater file⁴ of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed⁵, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light:—Would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrusting. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays⁶. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though the smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:

¹ The meaning of this passage is, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more use of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. ² A wooden-dish with which beggars, in those times, used to make known their poverty, by clacking its moveable cover to shew that it was empty. ³ Inward means intimate. ⁴ The greater number. ⁵ That is, steered through. ⁶ Meaning, would have a wench, which was called a *laced mutton*. See note ², p. 94.

—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

[now

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, lately come from the see, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister

measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Peace be with you!

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may that likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall I see
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana and Boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take, those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mis-lead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,

bring again,

Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,

seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: tho' musick oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after; I have
sat here all day,

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly¹ believe you:
The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd² with brick, Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planched gate³, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other doth command a little door, Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise to call on him, Upon the heavy middle of the night. [way?]

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't: With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept⁴, he did shew me The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark; And that I have possess'd him⁵, my most stay Can be but brief: for I have made him know, I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me; whose persuasion is, I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear;
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabel.*]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false⁶ eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests⁷
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream, [agreed?
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How

Re-enter Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,

Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish⁸ the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner:

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abbor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abbor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery⁹.

Prov. Go to; sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour¹⁰ you have, but that you have a hanging look) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abbor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abbor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abbor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

¹ Certainly. ² That is, walled round. ³ That is, a gate made of boards or planks. ⁴ That is, direction given not by words, but by mute signs. ⁵ Meaning, I have made him clearly and longly comprehend. ⁶ Traiterous. ⁷ Different reports. ⁸ That is, ornament. ⁹ Dr. Warburton observes, that the word *mystery*, when used to signify a trade or manual profession, should be spelt with an *i*, and not a *y*. ¹⁰ *Favour* signifies countenance.

Clown.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare¹: for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. *[Exit.]*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: One has my pity; not a jot the other, Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour When it lies starkly² in the traveller's bones: He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. *[Exit Claud.]* But, hark, what noise? *[Knock within.]*

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by;—I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve, For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd Even with the stroke and line of his great justice; He doth with holy abstinence subdue That in himself, which he spurs on his power To qualify³ in others: were he meal'd⁴ With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.

[Knock. Provost goes out.]

This is a gentle provost; seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? what noise! that spirit's possess'd with haste, *[strokes.]*

That wounds the unresisting poſtern with these

Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer Arise to let him in; he is called up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet, But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is, You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes No countermand; no such example have we: Besides, upon the very siege⁵ of justice, Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. *[Exit Messenger.]*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, *[Aside]*

For which the pardoner himself is in:

Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

When it is borne in high authority:

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.

Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you;—Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely! for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may bear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus sail not to at your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore

¹ Handy. ² Stiffly. ³ That is, to temper, to moderate. ⁴ That is, defiled. ⁵ Seat.

And the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint-whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke: You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding ear calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head:

I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninecore and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd fatten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lucky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.²

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. *[Within.]* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. *[Within.]* Away you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

¹ That is, — *here writ* — the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. ² That is, to beg for the rest of their lives. *Barnar.*

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, fir, you must: and therefore I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will I not to-day. [Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!—After him, fellows; bring him to the block,

[Exit *Abhorson* and *Clown*.]

Prov. Now, fir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him¹ in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Perseuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit *Provost*.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him, I am near at home; And that, by great injunctions, I am bound To enter publicly: him I'll desire. To meet me at the consecrated fount, A league below the city; and from thence, By cold gradation and weal-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return; For I would commune with you of such things, That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabella:—She's come to know If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:

But I will keep her ignorant of her good, To make her heavenly comforts of despair, When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man. Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabella, from the world; His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:

[*Isab.* Silence.] Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close passion.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabella!

Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot: Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven. Mark, what I say; which you shall find By every syllable a faithful verity:

[*Isab.* Eyes.] The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can pace—your wisdom

In that good path, that I would wish it go;

And you shall have your bosom² on this wretch,

Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,

And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;

'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:

Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you

Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,

I am combin'd³ by a sacred vow,

And shall be absent. Wend⁴ you with this letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart; trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, fir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine

heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be patient

I am fain to dine and sup with water and bread:

I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitless

meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will

be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabella, I love

thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark

corners had been at home, he had liv'd.

[Exit *Isabella*.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding

to your report; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well

as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou takest

him for.

¹ That is, to remove him out of this world to the other. ² That is, your wish. ³ That is, I am bound. ⁴ That is, go.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner.—His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit¹, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unhapes me quite, makes me unpreg- And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforce'd The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might the tongue me? Yet reason dares her? no:

For my authority bears a credent³ bulk,

That no particular⁴ scandal once can touch, [liv'd, But it confounds the breather. He should have Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense, Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge; By so receiving a dishonour'd life, [liv'd! With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

[Giving letters.

The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench⁵ from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him, where I stay: give the like notice Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth; I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part; yet I am advis'd to do it; He says, to vail full purpose⁶.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick, That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets The generous⁷ and gravest citizens [founded; Have hent⁸ the gates, and very near upon The duke is entering; therefore hence, away.

[Exit.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A public place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens, at several doors.

Duke. MY very worthy cousin, fairly met:— Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made enquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks, Fore-running more requital.

¹ Meaning, of figure and rank. ² That is, unprepared. ³ That is, creditable. ⁴ That is, viva c. ⁵ That is, fly off. ⁶ Meaning, to conceal the full extent of our design. ⁷ That is, noble. That is, seized.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail¹ your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom?
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice; [be brief:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd, [here.
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me,

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion [fible
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impos-
sible that which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute²,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings³, characters⁴, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad [say?
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd⁵ me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse⁶ confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like⁷, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond⁸ wretch, thou know'st
not what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art stubborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice⁹: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, [on;
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

¹ To vail means to let fall, or to lower. ² i. e. As perfect, as exact in the performance of his duty.

³ His appearance of virtue. ⁴ Characters. ⁵ Refused. ⁶ Pity. ⁷ Probable. ⁸ Foolish. ⁹ Straggle.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up [woe,
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—an officer—
To prison with her:—shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.²
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: Who knows that
Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a faucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or foil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary³ meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented. First, for this woman,
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I will be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter Mariana, veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then:—

Neither maid, widow, nor wife? [them

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid: [not,

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows
That ever he knew me. [better.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert

Lucio. Well, my lord. [so too.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? You say, your husband. [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse⁴. Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, [Unveiling.
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house,
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of
marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition⁵; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince, [breath,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

¹ i. e. In partial favour. ² An artifice. ³ Perpetual. ⁴ Abuse here signifies deception. ⁵ That is, her promis'd fortune fell short of the agreement.

Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
These poor informal¹ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think't thou thy

oaths, [faint,
Though they would swear down each particular
Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.—
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for. [indeed,

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth²,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement; I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lo-
dowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in
nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: We shall
find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I
would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give
me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle
her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she should sooner confess; perchance,
publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. Isa-
bella is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewo-

man denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke
of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to
him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on
to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you
did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are? [devil

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you
Look, you speak justly. [speak:

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal³,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him: We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose: What? unjust!

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial⁴: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop⁵,
As much in mock as mark. [prison.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Is this the man, that you did tell us of? [Lucio!

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good-
man bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice: I met you at the prison, in the ab-
sence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke²

¹ Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes this passage, and assigns the meaning of *not competent to in-
formal*. ² That is, from beginning to end. ³ Meaning, to refer your appeal against Angelo to Angelo
himself. ⁴ That is, not belonging to his province. ⁵ Dr. Warburton gives the following expla-
nation of this passage: Formerly the better sort of people went to the barber's shop (who then practised
the under parts of surgery) to be trimmed, so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay
there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be
perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy this, he supposes, there was placed up against
the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would
long preserve its authority.

flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison:—Where is the provost?—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots¹ too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*]

Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage, with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and must have a word anon:—lay hold on him. [*you*]

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.— [*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? If thou hast, Rely upon it till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive, your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passes²: Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession. Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord. [*stantly.*—]

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her into you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it. [*honour,*]

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:—Your friar is now your prince: As I was then Adverting and holy³ to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free⁴ to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart: And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself, Labouring to save his life; and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power, Than let him be so lost. Oh, most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd⁵ my purpose. But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, [fort, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, happy is your brother.

[*Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.*]

Isab. I do, my lord. [*here,*]

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him For Mariana's sake: But as he adjudg'd your brother, (Being criminal in double violation Of sacred chastity; and of promise-breach, Therton dependant, for your brother's life) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper⁶ tongue, An Angelo for Claudio, death for death. Hasten still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; [tag 7: Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vanity: We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—

Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord, I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come: for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do entate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling.*]

Duke. You do but lose your labour;—

Away with him to death.—Now, sir, to you.

[*To Lucio.*]

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you, all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense⁸ you do importune her; Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

¹ Giglot means a wanton girl. ² That is, my transactions. ³ Attentive and faithful. ⁴ That is, generous, by pardoning us also. ⁵ Meaning, which defeated it. ⁶ Meaning, Angelo's own tongue. ⁷ That is, takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. ⁸ Sense here means reason and justice.

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Ifabel,

Sweet Ifabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad; so may my husband.
Oh, Ifabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Ifab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling.]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intent, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provoost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private mes-
sage.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me after more advice:¹
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provoost.]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Re-enter Provoost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide

For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake

[To Ifab.]

Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits² you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.—

I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[To Lucio.]

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I deserved fo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according
to the trick³: if you will hang me for it, you
may, but I had rather it would please you, I
might be whipp'd.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—

Proclaim it, provoost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore! Your highness said, even now, I
made you a duke; good my lord, do not recom-
pense me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slander I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits⁴:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing
to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more gratefull⁵.—
Thanks, provoost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Ifabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace; where we'll shew
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know.

[Exeunt.]

¹ That is, consideration. ² That is, requites. ³ That is, according to my custom. ⁴ Meaning, carnal offences. ⁵ That is, more to be rejoiced in.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus.

ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLIS of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers and
ANTIPHOLIS of Syracuse, } Sons to Ægeon and
 } Emilia, but un-
 } known to each other.

DROMIO of Ephesus, } Twin Brothers & Slaves to
DROMIO of Syracuse, } the two Antipholis's.

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror.

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, Sister to Adriana.

LUCE, Servant to Adriana.

A Courtesan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. **P**ROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,

And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more; If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, if any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words
are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been im-
posed, Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable: [pos'd,
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuse was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnus, till my factor's death;
And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse;
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

H 4

Unwilling

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
 We came aboard:
 A league from Epidamnium had we fail'd,
 Before the always-wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
 But longer did we not retain much hope;
 For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
 Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
 Weeping before, for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
 And this it was,—for other means were none.—
 The sailors fought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us;
 My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
 To him one of the other twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
 Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
 At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
 And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
 The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
 But, ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more!
 Gather the sequel by that went before.
 * Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
 For we may pity, though not pardon thee.
 Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
 Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
 For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
 We were encountred by a mighty rock;
 Which being violently borne upon,
 Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
 So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
 Fortune had left to both of us alike
 What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
 Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
 With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
 Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;
 And in our sight they three were taken up
 By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
 At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
 And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
 Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
 And would have rest the father of their prey,
 Had not their bark been very slow of sail, [course.—
 And therefore homeward did they bend their
 Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
 That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
 To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.
 Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
 What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.
 Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
 At eighteen years became inquisitive
 After his brother; and importun'd me,
 That his attendant (for his case was like,
 Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
 Might bear him company in the quest of him;
 Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
 I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
 Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
 Roaming clean¹ through the bounds of Asia,
 And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
 Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unfought,
 Or that, or any place that harbours men.
 But here must end the story of my life;
 And happy were I in my timely death,
 Could all my travels warrant me they live. [mark'd
 Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
 To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
 Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
 Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
 Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
 My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
 But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
 And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
 But to our honour's great disparagement,
 Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
 Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
 To seek thy help by beneficial help:
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
 Jailor, take him to thy custody. [Ex. Duke and train.
 Jail. I will, my lord. [wend²,
 Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon
 But to procrastinate his lifeless end,
 [Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.

SCENE II.

Changes to the streets.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, a Merchant, and
 Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnium,
 Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here;
 And, not being able to buy out his life,
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
 And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a means.
 [Exit Dromio.

¹ Clean is still used in the North of England instead of quite, fully, completely. ² That is, go.

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[Exit Merchant.]

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there, to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit; [late;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—[late,
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
And strike you home without a messenger. [clock,

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your
foolishness,

And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from
the mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a christian, answer me,

In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sconce¹ of yours,

That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:

Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.

If I should pay your worship those again,

Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou? [Phoenix;

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my
face,

Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake,
hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit Dromio.]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,

The villain is o'er-raught² of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye;

Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind;

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The House of Antipholus of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. **N**EITHER my husband, nor the slave
return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:

A man is master of his liberty;

Time is their master; and, when they see time,

They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

¹ That is, head.

² That is, over-reached.

Adr.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,

Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear
some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other
where?

Luc. Till he come home, again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she
pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right hereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and
that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st
thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine
ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not
feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too
well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that
I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prythee, is he coming home?
It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain? [mad.]

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure,
he's stark mad:

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Your meat doth burn, quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Will you come? quoth I: My gold, quoth he:

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he:

My mistress, sir, quoth I: Hang up thy mistress;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress;—

So that my errand due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there. [home.]

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that crosses with other
beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head. [home.]

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master

E. Dro. Am I so round³ with you, as you with me,

That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:

Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?

If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,

Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures⁴: My decayed fair

A funny look of his would soon repair:

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale⁵.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dis-

I know his eye doth homage other-where; [pensive.]

Or else, what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!

I see, the jewel, best enamelled,

Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,

That others touch; yet often touching will

Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,

But falsehood and corruption doth it thame⁶.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }

[Exit.]

¹ Meaning, some other place. ² Meaning, stand under them. ³ That is, plain, free in speech.

⁴ Meaning, my change, or alteration of features. ⁵ That is, his pretence, his cover. See a preceding note in the *Tempest*.

⁶ The sense is, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often touching will wear even gold; just so the greatest character, though as pure as gold itself, may, in time, be injured by the repeated attacks of falsehood and corruption."

S C E N E II.

*The Street.**Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.*

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such
a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

[Beats Dro.]

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake, now your jest
Upon what bargain do you give it me? *[is earnest:]*

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your fauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.¹
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use
these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
and insconce² it too, or else I shall seek my wit in
my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
every why hath a wherefore. *[fore,—]*

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, where-
For urging it the second time to me. *[of reason,—]*

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
rhime nor reason?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you
gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you no-

thing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I
have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Left it make you cholerick, and purchase
me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: There's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were
so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his
hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and re-
cover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being,
as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath
given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit
to lose his hair³.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain
dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet
he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falling.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends
in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not
drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there
is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to
recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why
there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald,
and therefore to the world's end, will have bald fol-
lowers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion:
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown;
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

¹ Meaning, And break in, or intrude upon them when you please. The allusion is to those tracts of
ground called commons. ² That is, fortify it. ³ This alludes to the effects of the venereal disease,
one of which, on its first appearance in Europe, was the loss of hair.

The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst
That never words were musick to thine ear, [vow
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-favour'd in thy taste, [thee.
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd, to
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst, and therefore see, thou do it.
I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed:
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with
When were you wont to use my sister thus? [you;
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt¹,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle² moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion. [theme:

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights!—

We talk with goblins, owls³, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue, [blue.
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st
not? [for!

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou

S. Dro. I am transform'd, master, am I not?

Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my

Ant. Thou hast thine own form. [thape.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be, [grafs.
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive⁴ you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister: Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.
[Exeunt.

¹ That is, separated. ² That is, unfruitful, and therefore *useless* or *idle*. ³ Dr. Warburton says, it was an old popular superstition, that the scritch-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously bent against children, *strega*, from *strix*, the *scritch-owl*. ⁴ That is, confess.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The street before Antipholus's house.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. **G**OOD signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet¹,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this? [I know:]

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to
show: [gave were ink,
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I
think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that
pass, [an ass.

You would keep from my heels, and beware of
E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray
god, our cheer [here.

May answer my good-will, and your good welcome
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your
welcome dear. [fish,

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty
dish. [affords.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's
nothing but words. [merry feast.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing
guest: [part;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good
Better cheer may you have, but not with better
heart. [in.

But, soft: my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian,
Ginn!

S. Dro. [within.] Mome², malt-horse, capon,
cox-comb, idiot, patch³! [hatch:
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the
Doth thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for
such store, .

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my
master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came,
lest he catch cold on's feet. [door.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll
tell me wherefore. [not din'd to-day.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come
again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out
from the house I owe⁴?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my
name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine of-
fice and my name; [blame.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name,
or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [within] What a coil is there! Dromio,
who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:— [staff

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my

Luce. Have at you with another: that's—
When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou
hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let
us in, I trow⁵?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there
was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down. [in the town?

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks

Adr. [within] Who is that at the door, that
keeps all this noise? [unruly boys.

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have
come before. [door.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave
would go fore.

¹ A carkanet is said to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. ² That is, blockhead, stock, post. Sir T. Hanmer says, *Mome* owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade, the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence. ³ That is, fool. ⁴ That is, *I own*. ⁵ To *trow* signifies to think, to imagine, to conceive.

- Ang.* Here is neither cheer, fir, nor welcome ;
we would fain have either.
- Bal.* In debating which was best, we shall part
with neither ¹.
- E. Dro.* They stand at the door, maffer ; bid
them welcome hither.
- E. Ant.* There is something in the wind ; that
we cannot get in. [ments were thin.]
- E. Dro.* You would say so, maffer, if your gar-
Your cake here is warm within ; you stand here
in the cold : [bought and sold ².]
- It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so
- E. Ant.* Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope
the gate. [knave's pate.]
- S. Dro.* Break any thing here, and I'll break your
- E. Dro.* A man may break a word with you, fir ;
and words are but wind ; [behind.]
- Ant.* and break it in your face, so he break it not
- S. Dro.* It seems, thou wantest breaking : Out
upon thee, hind !
- E. Dro.* Here's too much, out upon thee ! I
pray thee, let me in. [fish have no fin.]
- S. Dro.* Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and
- E. Ant.* Well, I'll break in ; Go borrow me a
crow. [you so ?]
- E. Dro.* A crow without feather ; maffer, mean
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a
feather ; [gether.]
- If a crow help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a crow to-
- E. Ant.* Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron
crow.
- Bal.* Have patience, fir ; oh, let it not be so ;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ;
And doubt not, fir, but she will well excuse,
Why at this time the doors are made ³ against you.
Be rul'd by me ; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner :
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :
For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hous'd, where 't gets possession.
- E. Ant.* You have prevail'd ; I will depart in
quiet,
And, in despite of mirth ⁴, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty ; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine : this woman that I mean ;
My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
- Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain ; by this, I know, 'tis made ;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine ;
For there's the house ; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife)
Upon mine hostess there : good fir, make haste :
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.
- Ang.* I'll meet you at that place, some hour, fir,
hence.
- E. Ant.* Do so ; this jest shall cost me some ex-
pence. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.**Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuse.*

- Luc.* And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office ? shall, Antipholis, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with
more kindness ;
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ; [nefs:]
Muffle your false love with some shew of blind-
Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger :
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret false ; What need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attain ?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well manag'd ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact ⁵ of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve ;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife :
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain ⁶,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
- S. Ant.* Sweet mistress, (what your name is else,
I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you
show not, [divine.]
Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field ?
Are you a god ? would you create me new ? [yield.]
Transform me then, and to your power I

¹ Meaning, we shall share with neither. ² A proverbial phrase. ³ To make the door, is a provincial expression, signifying to bar or fasten the door. ⁴ The meaning is, I will be merry, even if of spite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the most unpleasing to me. ⁵ Compact here means made up. ⁶ Vain here signifies not true.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid¹, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink!
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated²; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun,
being by.
Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear
your sight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look
on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.
S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.
Luc. That's my sister.
S. Ant. No;

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart:
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life:
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, fir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Exit Luc.*
Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st
thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, fir? am I Dromio?
am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou
art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and
besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides
thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, besides myself, I am due to a
woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me,
one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, such a claim as you would lay
to your horse; and she would have me as a beast:
not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but
that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim
to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as
a man may not speak of, without he say, fir-reve-
rence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet

is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, she's the kitchen-weach, and
all greafe; and I know not what use to put her to,
but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by
her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow
in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives 'till
doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the
whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept: For why, she sweats, a man
may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, fir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could
not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, fir;—but her name and three
quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will
not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from
hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could
find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, fir, in her buttocks; I found it
out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in
the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted,
making war against her hair³.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could
find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in
her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France
and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in
her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, upon her nose, all o'er embel-
lish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining
their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who
sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted at
her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, fir, I did not look so low. To con-
clude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me;
call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assur'd to her;
told me what privy marks I had about me, as the
mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the
great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran
from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast
had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel,
she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made
me turn i' the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, bid thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

¹ That is, sweet syren. ² That is, confounded. ³ This alludes to her having the French disease.

⁴ That is, affianced to her.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it
for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times
you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you
well. *[Exit.]*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot
tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;

If any ship put out, then strait away. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. **Y**OU know, since pentecost the sum is
due,

And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders¹ for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing² to me by Antipholis:

And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:

Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

*Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus,
as from the Courtesan's.*

Off. That labour you may save; see where he
comes. *[thou]*

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy
a rope! *[Exit Dromio.]*

E. Ant. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:

Belike, you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:

I pray you see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you. *[self?]*

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her your-

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not
time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain
about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman, *[chain?]*

And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:

I should have chid you for not bringing it,

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the
chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your
money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even
now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

¹ A coin worth from eighteen-pence to two shillings. ² That is, accruing to me.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath!

Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:

Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—

Either consent to pay the sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—

But, firrah, you shall buy this sport as dear

As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,

To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the Bay.

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium,

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,

Then, sir, she bears away: our freightage, sir,

I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought

The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.

The ship is in her trim; the merry wind

Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

E. Ant. How now! a madman! why, thou peevish¹ sheep,

What ship of Epidamnium stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope; And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon: You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure, And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee strait;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;

Tell her, I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave, begone:

On, officer, to prison, till it come. *[Exeunt.]*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd, Where Dowdabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their master's minds fulfil. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

The house of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austere in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face²?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he

Luc. Then pleaded I for you. *[were.]*

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere³,

Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every-where;

Vicious, ungente, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making⁴, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away: *[curse.]*

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting⁵ garment hath him,

One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff; *[termends]*

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that coun-

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot

well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell⁶.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

¹ That is, silly. ² Alluding to those meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. ³ That is, dry, withered. ⁴ That is, branded or marked with some token of infamy. ⁵ A quibble on *everlasting*, which is the name of a kind of durable stuff. ⁶ That is, a dungeon, for which *hell* was the cant term.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.
S. Dro. I know not at whose-suit he is arrested, well!

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell:

Will you send him, mistress; redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,
 [Exit Luciana.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell: 'tis time that I were [gone.]
 It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
 That Time comes stealing on by night and day?

If Time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

[Enter Luciana.]

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, hear it strait;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The Street.

[Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.]

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute
 As if I were their well-acquainted friend; [me]

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy:

Even now a taylor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And Lapland forcerers inhabit here.

[Enter Dromio of Syracuse.]

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
 What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise,
 but that Adam, that keeps the prison; he that goes
 in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal;
 he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and
 bid you forsake your liberty.

¹ A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*. A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance, we believe, the humour of the passage turns. ² A *morris-pike* was a pike used in a *morris* or military dance, and is mentioned by our old writers as a formidable weapon. ³ Or here means *before*.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a bass-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of distance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike².

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest!*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there

Any ships puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
 And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

[Enter a Courtesan.]

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:

Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day? [not]

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam;
 and here she comes in the habit of a light wench:
 and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn: Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
 Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat,
 or³ bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil. [supping]

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of
 Thou art, as you are all, a forcerers:

I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
 Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
 And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils

Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,

A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,

A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,

Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;

I hope, you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exe. Ant. and Dro.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad; Else would he never so demean himself: A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promis'd me a chain; Both one, and other, he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, (Besides this present instance of his rage) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner, Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away: This course I fittest chuse; For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, with a Tailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away; I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for. My wife is in a wayward mood to-day; And will not lightly trust the messenger, That I should be attach'd in Ephesus: I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's-end. Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them

E. Ant. But where's the money? [*all.*]

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[*Beats Dromio.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it, by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-

com'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtesan, with a schoolmaster called Pinch, and others.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's-end*.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dro.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— [*mad?*]

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this To yield possession to my holy prayers, [*man,* And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven. [*mad.*]

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your cuffs? Did this companion with the saffron face [*tomers?*]

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I deny'd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home,

Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou? [*home.*]

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out? [*shut out.*]

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revild you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes¹, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity you did; my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein, And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you, [*me.* By Dromio here, who came in haste for it. [*might,*

E. Dro. Money by me? Heart and good-will you But, surely, master, not a rag of money. [*ducats?*]

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

¹ That is, certainly. Obsolete.

E. Dro. God, and the rope-maker, bear me wit-
That I was sent for nothing but a rope! [nefs]

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold? [to-day,

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out. [both.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,

To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come
near me. [in him.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong with-

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he
looks! [thou,

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor,
I am thy prisoner; wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish¹ officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Doon rage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor.

[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy² strumpet! [you.

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou
mad me?

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry, the devil.— [talk!

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they

Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, Dromio, &c.*

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at? [him?

Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know

Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it
not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn,
and Dromio of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call
more help,

To have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [They run out.
Manant Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran
from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff
from thence:

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will
surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair,

give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle na-
tion, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that

claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to
stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,

Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,

Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,

Second to none that lives here in the city;

His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.

Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholis, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble;

And not without some scandal to yourself,

With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny

This chain, which now you wear so openly:

Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,

You have done wrong to this my honest friend;

¹ Foolish. ² Unhappy here signifies mischievous.

Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day:
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee:

Eye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtesan, and others.

Adri. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is
mad;—

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take
a house.

This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you
hither?

Adri. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the
man?

Adri. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

[*See?*]

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adri. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adri. Why, so I did.

Abb. But not rough enough.

Adri. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adri. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adri. It was the copy¹ of our conference:

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanc'd at it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraid-

Unquiet meals make ill digestions, [ings:]

Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adri. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adri. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,

Till I have brought him to his wits again,

Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adri. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office;

And will have no attorney but myself;

And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,

With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal² man again:

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adri. I will not hence, and leave my husband

And ill it doth beseem your holiness, [here;]

To separate the husband and the wife. [him.]

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*]

Adri. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers

Have won his grace to come in person hither,

And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale;

The place of death and sorry³ execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,

Beheaded publickly for his offence. [death.]

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his

¹ That is, the theme, or subject. ² i. e. a regular, sober man. ³ Sorry here means vile, worthless, vexatious.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the
 abbey.

*Enter the Duke, and Egeon bare-headed; with the
 breadman and other officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
 If any friend will pay the sum for him,
 He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
 abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
 It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my
 husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
 At your important¹ letters,—this ill day
 A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
 That desperately he hurry'd through the street,
 (With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
 Doing displeasure to the citizens,
 By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
 Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
 Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
 Whilst to take order² for the wrongs I went,
 That here and there his fury had committed.
 Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
 He broke from those that had the guard of him:
 And, with his mad attendant and himself,
 Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
 Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
 Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,
 We came again to bind them: then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them;
 And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for
 help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my
 And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.—
 Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
 And bid the lady abbess come to me;
 I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shut and save yourself!
 My master and his man are both broke loose!
 Beaten the maids a-row³, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him [fire;
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool.
 And, sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer. [here;

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are
 And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
 I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
 He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

[*Cry within.*
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress; fly, be gone,

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
 with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
 That he is borne about invisible:

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;

And now he's there, past thought of human reason,

Enter Antipholis, and Dromio of Ephesus.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
 me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,

When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took

Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood

That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me
 I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio. [dote,

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that wo-
 man there.

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;

That hath abused and dishonour'd me,

Even in the strength and height of injury!

Beyond imagination is the wrong,

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
 upon me,

Whilst she with harlots⁴ feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault; Say, woman, didst
 thou so? [sister,

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my
 To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
 As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
 But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both for-
 In this the madman justly chargeth them. [sworn.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advis'd what I say;
 Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
 Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
 Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
 This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
 That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
 Could witness it, for he was with me then,
 Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
 Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
 And in his company, that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
 Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey; and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By the way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates;

¹ Perhaps we should read *importunate*. ² i. e. to take measures. ³ i. e. one after another. ⁴ Har-
 lots here means cheats.

Along with them [lain,
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd vil-
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead-man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in funder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;

That he din'd not at home, but was look'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me;
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;

I think you are all mated¹, or stark mad.

[Exit one to the Abbess.]

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak
Haply, I see a friend, will save my life, [a word;
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?

And is not that your bondman Dromio? [sir,

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man,

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound. [me.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
For lately we were bound, as you are now. [you;
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you
know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you
saw me last;

And careful hours, with time's deformed² hand
Have written strange defeatures³ in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir?

But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever

A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's ex-
tremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

Though now this grain'd⁴ face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wailing lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:

All these old witnessses (I cannot err)

Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in
Can witness with me that it is not so; [the city,
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years

Have I been patron to Antipholis,

During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:

I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan, and
Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd: [All gather to see him.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound
him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?

Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

¹ i. e. wild, foolish. ² For deforming. ³ i. e. strange alteration of features. ⁴ i. e. furrow'd.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right :
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Egeon. If I dream not, thou art Emilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnium, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnium:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first?

S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
which. [lord.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious

E. Dro. And I with him. [mous warrior

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most fa-
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother: What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for
my good cheer. [pains

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—

And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.—

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered:—

The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go¹ with me;

After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt.

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
ship-board? [imbark'd]

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not
my brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw

Cuts for the senior; till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [Exeunt.

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read, and *gaude*; that is, *rejoice* with me.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon,
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
DON JOHN, Bastard Brother to Don Pedro.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence, Favourite to Don Pedro.
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua, favoured likewise by Don Pedro.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
ANTONIO, Brother to Leonato.

BORACHIO, Confident to Don John.
CONRADE, Friend to Borachio.
DOGBERRY, } two foolish Officers.
VERGES, }
HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
BEATRICE, Niece to Leonato.
MARGARET, } two Gentlewomen attending on
URSULA, } Hero.

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.
SCENE, Messina in Sicily.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before Leonato's house.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Messenger.

Leon. I LEARN in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort², and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness: There are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto³ return'd from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any fort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina⁴, and challenged Cupid at the flight⁵: and my uncle's fool

¹ Mr. Pope was of opinion, that the story of this play is taken from Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, b. v. Mr. Steevens, however, supposes, that a novel of Belleforest, copied from another of Bandello, furnished Shakspeare with his fable. ² That is, of any rank. ³ Montante, in Spanish, is a huge two-handed sword, given, with much humour, to one, the speaker would represent as a boaster or bravado. ⁴ This alludes to the custom of fencers, or prize-fighters, setting up bills, containing a general challenge. ⁵ To challenge at the flight, was a challenge to shoot with an arrow of a particular kind, with narrow feathers.

reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt¹.—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you², I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good foldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good foldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits³ went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new-sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith⁴ but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block⁵.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books⁶.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁷ now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balisazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble; the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but, when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge⁸ too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is Courtesy a turn-coat:—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, as 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend

¹ The bird-bolt is a short thick arrow without point, and spreading at the extremity so much, as to leave a flat surface, about the breadth of a shilling. They are used at present to kill rooks with, and are shot from a cross-bow. ² That is, "he will be even with, or a match for, you." ³ The five senses probably gave rise to the idea of a man's having five wits. ⁴ Not religious profession, but *profession of friendship*. ⁵ A block is the mould on which a hat is formed. ⁶ To be in a man's books, originally meant to be in the list of his retainers. ⁷ That is, no young, choleric, quarrelsome fellow. ⁸ Charge here signifies *incumbrance*.

Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays, some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her; that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st, I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband; have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance,

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part:—mark, how short his answer is;—With Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be lov'd, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceiv'd me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead¹, or hang my bugle² in an invisible baldrick³, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam⁴.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign,—*Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

¹ A recheat is a particular lesson upon the horn, to call dogs back from the scent. ² Bugle-horn. ³ Belt or girdle. ⁴ This probably alludes to one Adam Bell, who at that time of day was of reputation for his skill at the bow.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid hath not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my house, (if I had it.)—

Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments; and the guards¹ are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience; and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good. [how,

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord, When you went onward on this ended action, I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand Than to drive liking to the name of love: But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts Have left their places vacant, in their rooms Come thronging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently, And tire the hearer with a book of words: If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; And I will break with her, and with her father, And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end, That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love's grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity: Look, what will serve, is fit; 'tis once, thou lov'st; And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know, we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart, And take her hearing prisoner with the force And strong encounter of my amorous tale; Then, after, to her father will I break; And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine: In practice let us put it presently.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my cousin, your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover, they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleach'd² alley in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of mine: The prince discover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow; I will send for him, and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [Several Servants cross the stage here.] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill:—Good cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good-jer, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art born) under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am; I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw³ no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob

¹ Guards were ornamental laces or borders, ² Thick-pleach'd means thickly interwoven. ³ That is, flatter.

love from any : in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog ; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage : If I had my mouth, I would bite ; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking : in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent ?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.—
Who comes here ? what news, Borachio ?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper ; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato ; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on ? What is he for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness ?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who ? the most exquisite Claudio ?

Bora. Even he !

John. A proper squire ! and who, and who ? which way looks he ?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick ! How come you to know this ?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoaking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad¹ conference :—I whipt me behind the arras ; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, come, let us thither ; this may prove food to my displeasure : that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow ; if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way : You are both sure², and will assist me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper ; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdu'd : 'Would the cook were of my mind !—Shall we go prove what's to be done ?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Leon. WAS not count John here at supper ?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks ! I never can see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick : the one is too like an image, and says nothing ; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore rattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst : I shall lessen God's sending that way : for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns* ; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband ; for the which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening : Lord ! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face ; I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him ? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman ? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth ; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man : and he that is more than a youth, is not for me ; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him : Therefore I will even take six-pence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into hell ?

Beat. No ; but to the gate : and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven ; here's no place for you maids* : so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens ; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be rul'd by your father.

[*To Hero.*]

Beat. Yes, faith ; it is my cousin's duty to make a curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please you* :—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fel-

¹ i. e. Serious ; ² i. e. To be depended on.

low, or else make another curtsy, and say, *Father, as it please me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make merit of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marble? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too important¹, tell him, there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar; Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and others mask'd.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Bene. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answer'd.

Urf. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true; I counterfeit him.

Urf. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand² up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urf. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum; you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible flanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy³; for he both pleaseth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do; he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing say'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders. [*Musick within.*]

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing⁴.

John. Are you not signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

¹ Important here, as in many other places, means *importunate*. ² A dry hand was in those times considered as the sign of a cold constitution. ³ By which she means his malice and impiety. By his impious jests, she insinuates, he *pleased* libertines; and by his *devising flanders* of them, he angered them. ⁴ i. e. His carriage, his demeanour.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues: Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell therefore, Hero.

[*Re-enter Benedick.*]

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so; I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

[*Re-enter Don Pedro.*]

Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might

have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me: She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgress'd: she would have made Hercules turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Atë in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither: so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

[*Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.*]

Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud.

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained; name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin: or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care:—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world¹ but I, and I am sun-burn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working days; your grace is too costly to wear every day:—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. *[Exit Beatrice.]*

Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness², and wak'd herself with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him; he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—And I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so; the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

¹ To go to the world was a phrase then in use, signifying, to be married. ² Unhappiness here signifies, a wild, wanton, unlucky trick.

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince; to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: Offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation over-thrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wife; yet I am well:

another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wife, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love? I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the musick ended, We'll fit the ¹ kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection:—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing: Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos; Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come: Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

S O N G.

*Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.*

*Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.*

Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift.

Bene. [*Aside.*] An he had been a dog, that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him:

¹ Kid means discovered.

and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry;—Dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Ex. Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, stalk on, the fowl sits¹. [*Aside to Pedro.*] I did never think that lady would have lov'd any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection:—it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will fit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [*Aside.*] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: Shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him: for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there she will sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper:—my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice be-

tween the sheet?

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence²; rail'd at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit*; for, *I should flout him, if he writ to me*; yea, though I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, fobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—*O sweet Benedick! God give me patience.*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do desperate outrage to herself; It is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd³ all other respects, and made her half myself: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not; and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible, he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for

¹ This alludes to the practice of shooting with a *stalking-horse*; by which the fowler anciently concealed himself from the sight of the game. ² That is, into a thousand pieces of the same bigness. ³ To daff, like to daff, means to do off, to put aside. ⁴ i. e. contemptuous.

your niece: Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation. [*Aside.*]

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him to dinner. [*Aside.*] [*Exeunt.*]

Benedick advances from the arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was sadly¹ borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and

virtuous;—'tis so, I cannot reprove it:—and wife—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age:—Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message?

Beat. Yea, just as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! *Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me*—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. **G**OOD Margaret, run thee into the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her,

To listen our propose.²: This is thy office, Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin,

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urf. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now

¹ That is, seriously held.

² That is, our discourse.

Is couched in the woodbine coverture:

Fear you not my part of the dialogue. [nothing]

Hera. Then go we near her, that her ear lose
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

No, truly, *Urfula*, she is too disdainful;

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild

As haggards of the rock.

Urf. But are you sure,

That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so entirely?

Hera. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urf. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hera. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:

But I persuaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,

To wish him wrestle with affection,

And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Urf. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman

Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed¹,

As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hera. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve

As much as may be yielded to a man:

But nature never fram'd a woman's heart

Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising² what they look on; and her wit

Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection,

She is so self-endear'd.

Urf. Sure, I think so;

And therefore, certainly, it were not good

She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hera. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,

But he would spell him backward³: if fair-fac'd,

She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antic⁴,

Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;

If low, an aglet⁵ very vilely cut:

If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;

If silent, why, a block moved with none.

So turns the every man the wrong side out;

And never gives to truth and virtue, that

Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urf. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hera. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,

As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable:

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,

She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me

Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let *Benedick*, like cover'd fire,

Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;

It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urf. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hera. No; rather I will go to *Benedick*,

And counsel him to fight against his passion:

And, truly, I'll devise some honest flanders

To stain my cousin with; one doth not know,

How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urf. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.

She cannot be so much without true judgement,

(Having so swift and excellent a wit,

As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse

So rare a gentleman as signior *Benedick*.

Hera. He is the only man of Italy,

Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Urf. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,

Speaking my fancy; signior *Benedick*,

For shape, for bearing, argument⁶, and valour,

Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hera. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urf. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—

When are you marry'd, madam?

Hera. Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in,

I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow..

Urf. She's lim'd⁷, I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

Hera. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beatrice advancing.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears⁸? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, *Benedick*, love on; I will requite thee;

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Leonato's House.

Enter *Don Pedro*, *Claudio*, *Benedick*, and *Leonato*.

Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claudio. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a foil in the

new glofs of your marriage, as to shew a child his

new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be

¹ Meaning, as rich a wife. ² That is, despising. ³ This alludes to the received notion of witches saying their prayers backwards. ⁴ The antic was a buffoon in the old English farces, with a blacked face, and a patch-work habit. ⁵ An aglet was the tag of those points, formerly so much in fashion. These tags were either of gold, silver, or brass, according to the quality of the wearers; and were commonly in the shape of little images; or at least had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them *aiguillettes*. And, as a tall man is before compared to a lance ill-headed; so, by the same figure, a little man is very aptly liken'd to an aglet ill-cut. ⁶ Argument here seems to mean the powers or gift of reasoning well. ⁷ That is, entangled. ⁸ Alluding to a proverbial saying, that people's ears burn when others are talking of them.

bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as found as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks, you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What, sigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all stops¹; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings: What should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, The sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself; for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.— Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied

eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not bear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so: Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

[*Enter Don John.*]

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be marry'd to-morrow?

[*To Claudio.*]

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill-spent, and labour ill-bestow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue shew itself.

¹ That is, all breeches.

Pedro. O day untowardly turn'd!
Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!
John. O plague right well prevented!
 So you will say, when you have seen the sequel.

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Outcake, fir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, fir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Watch. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, fir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and,

for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by 'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellows' counsels, and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,——

Watch. Peace, stir not. [Aside.]

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mafs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

† A bill was the old weapon of the English infantry.

Conr.

Conr. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou should'st rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirmed¹:—Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief these seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's foldiers in the reechy painting²; sometime, like god Bel's priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd³ worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club?

Conr. All this I see; and see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable:—We have here recovered the most dangerous piece

of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, matters—

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit Ursula.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato⁴ were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the dutchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, underborne with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking so rourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband? an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; other-wise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good-morrow, coz.

Beat. Good-morrow, sweet Hero.

¹ That is, unpractised in the ways of the world. ² i. e. painting discoloured by smoke.

³ Smirch'd is soiled, obscured. ⁴ Rabato, from the French *rabat*, signifies a neckband; a ruff.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*¹; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns².

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk³, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral⁴ in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love; nay, hy'r-lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o' thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter Ursula.

Urf. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John; and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula.

[*Exeunt.* well.]

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little of the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows⁵.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honefter than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*⁶, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking; as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see⁷!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worshipp'd: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch have, indeed, comprehended two suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

¹ An old dance tune so call'd. ² A quibble between *barns* and *bairns*. ³ i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion. ⁴ i. e. some secret meaning. ⁵ A proverbial expression. ⁶ A Spanish phrase, signifying, few words. ⁷ Meaning, it is wonderful to see.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exit Leonato.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that *[touching his forehead]* shall drive some of them to a *non-com*: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. COME, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what

Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he! *[leave]*

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would not you swear, All you that see her, that she were a maid, By these exterior shews? But she is none: She knows the heat of a luxurious¹ bed: Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my soul To an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord,

If you in your own proof², Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth, And made defeat of her virginity,—

Claud. I know what you would say; if I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband, And so extenuate the forehead sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to his sister, shew'd

Bathful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals

That rage in savage sensuality. *[wide?]*

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial. *[true.]*

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And by that fatherly and kindly³ power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

¹ i. e. A lascivious bed. ² i. e. your own experiment or trial of her. ³ i. e. Natural power.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how I am beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry, you must hear; Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal¹ villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are

Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eye-lids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why, how now, cousin, wherefore sink
you down? [*Hero swoons.*]

John. Come, let us go: these things come thus
Smoother her spirits up. [*to light,*

[*Exit Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—

Hero! why Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!—
friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be with'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore should she not? [*thing*

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?²—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think, thou would'st not quickly die,

Thought I, thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Child I for that, at frugal nature's frame³?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who sin'd thus, and mir'd with infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her; why, she—O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow. [*made.*]

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady: I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions

To start into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth:—Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observation,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenour of my book; trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou seest, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That, which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know

If I know more of any man alive, [*none;*

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

Prove you that any man with me convers'd

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the
princes. [*now;*

Bene. Two of them have the very bent⁴ of her
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,

¹ *Liberal* here signifies, *frank, free, open.* ² Meaning, the story which is too plainly discovered
by her blushing. ³ *Frame* here signifies, *scheme, order, or disposition of things.* ⁴ Meaning, the
highest degree.

The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her, ho-
The proudest of them shall well hear of it. [mour;
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead;
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation¹;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. [this do?

Leon. What shall become of this? What will
Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her
behalf

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that, dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack² the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio;
When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed:—Then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver)
And wish he had not so accus'd her:
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Beat. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,

Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly, and justly, as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The finest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away:
For to strange foresh strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience,
and endure. [Exeunt.

Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. 'Tis a man's office, but not yours. [you;

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie
not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am
sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and
I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it: I
protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I
was about to protest, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here;—There
is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a vil-
lain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my
kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What,

¹ Ostentation here signifies show or appearance.
[Exeunt.]

² That is, raise it to its utmost value, alluding to

bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour.—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Beat. Hear me, Beatrice!

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and swears it:—I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him;—I will kiss your hand, and so leave you:—By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, so think of me. Go comfort your cousin! I must say, she is dead; and so farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, firrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, fir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but

God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly: How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, fir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, firrah; a word in your ear, fir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the effect² way:—Let the watch come forth: Masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 Watch. This man said, fir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, suddenly dy'd.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:—Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No,

¹ County, from the French *Comte*, was anciently used to signify a nobleman. ² i. e. the quickest or readiest way.

thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wife fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him:—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass!— [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. IF you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine, And let it answer every strain for strain; As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; And, Sorrow wag! cry; hem, when he should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk With candle-wafers; bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience.

But there is no such man: For, brother, men Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it, Their counsel turns to passion, which before Would give preceptual medicine to rage, Fetter strong madness in a silken thread, Charm ach with air, and agony with words: No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience To those that wring under the load of sorrow; But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, To be so moral, when he shall endure The like himself: therefore give me no counsel; My griefs cry louder than advertisement.¹

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood; For there was never yet philosopher, That could endure the tooth-ach patiently, However they have writ the style of gods, And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; Make those that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so. My soul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;

And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince, And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one. [man.]

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, Some of us would lye low.

Claud. Who wrongs him? [bler, thou!]

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me, thou dissem-Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:

In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword. [me;]

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;

As, under privilege of age, to brag

What I have done being young, or what would do,

Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,

Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child, and me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;

And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,

Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.

I say, thou hast bely'd mine innocent child, [heart,

Thy slander hath gone through and through her

And she lyes bury'd with her ancestors:

O, in a tomb where scandal never slept,

Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;

Despight his nice fence, and his active practice,

His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daffe² me? Thou hast kill'd my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—

¹ That is, than admonition. ² That is, canst thou so put me off?

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, sir boy, follow me;
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining¹ fence,
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—— [niece;

Ant. Content yourself; God knows, I lov'd my
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—— [them, yea,

Ant. Hold you content; What, man! I know
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling², out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,——

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this. [patience.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard.——

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it. [Exeunt ambo.

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see,

Here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior!

What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome, signior:

You are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'st
thou? had we fought, I doubt, we should have been
too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee:
for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain
have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: Shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have
been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we
do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale:—
Art thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care
kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill
care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if
you charge it against me:—I pray you, chuse ano-
ther subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last
was broke cross³.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more;
I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his
girdle⁴.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will
make it good how you dare, with what you dare,
and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will pro-
test your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady,
and her death shall fall heavy on you:—Let me hear
from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a
calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve
most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not
find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit
the other day: I said, thou hadst a fine wit; *True*,
says she, *a fine little one*; No, said I, *a great one*;
Right, said she, *a great gross one*; Nay, said I, *a good*
wit; *Just*, says she, *it hurts no body*; Nay, said I, *the*
gentleman is wise; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentle-*
man; Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*,
said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night,*
which he forswore on Tuesday morning; *there's a double*
tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she, an hour
together, trans-snape thy particular virtues; yet, at
last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the pre-
perest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said,
she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an
if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him
dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when*
he was bid in the garden.

Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's
horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Be-*
nedick the married man?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I
will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you
break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God
be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many
courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your
company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from
Messina; you have, among you, kill'd a sweet
and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there,
he and I shall meet; and till then, peace be with
him! [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

¹ A *foin* is a thrust or push with a weapon. ² That is, *scrambling*. A *scambler* is one who
visits about among his friends to get a dinner. ³ An allusion to *tilting*. ⁴ This is similar to a
proverb now still in use, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle*; the meaning of which is
If he is in an ill humour, let him continue so till he is in a better.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be sad: Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord!

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verily'd unjust things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceiv'd even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reform'd signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes; That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he? [me.

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath Mine innocent child? [hast kill'd

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself; Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it:—

I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;

Record it with your high and worthy deeds:

'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,

Yet I must speak: Chafe your revenge yourself;

Impose me to what penance your invention

Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,

But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul, nor I;

And yet, to satisfy this good old man,

I would bend under any heavy weight

That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,

That were impossible; but, I pray you both,

Possess the people in Messina here

How innocent she dy'd; and, if your love

Can labour aught in sad invention,

Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,

And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—

To-morrow morning come you to my house;

And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,

And she alone is heir to both of us;

Give her the right you should have given her cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,

Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!

I do embrace your offer; and dispose

For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man

Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,

Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,

Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;

Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,

In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under

¹ Dr. Warburton says, it was esteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, to go in the doublet and hose, and leave off the cloak, to which this well-turned expression alludes. The thought is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and exposes him as naked as being in the doublet and hose without a cloak. ² That is, put into many modes, or shapes.

white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me afs; I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment: And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it¹; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake: Pray you examine him on that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship to correct yourself, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well; God restore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. *[Exeunt.]*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over² me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers³.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. *[Exit Margaret.]*

Bene. And therefore will come. *[Sings.]*

The god of love;

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leader the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *born*, a hard rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.—

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkniss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love him which my friend hates.

¹ Dr. Warburton comments on this passage as follows:—"There could not be a pleasanter ridicule on the fashion, than the constable's descant on his own blunder. They heard the conspirators satyrize the *fashion*, whom they took to be a man surnamed, *Deformed*. This the constable apes with exquisite humour to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of the time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favorite lock of hair which was braided before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Against this fashion William Prynne wrote his treatise, called, *The Unloveliness of Love-Locks*." ² To come over probably means here the same as to overcome, in its most significant sense, when applied to a woman. ³ Meaning, I yield.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peace-ably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty, that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours¹; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question²?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praise-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claudio reads.

Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero, that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life, that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now music sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

¹ That is, when men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. ² That is, what a question's there, or what a foolish question do you ask!

L

Leon.

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good-morrow, masters; put your torches out: *[day,*

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey: Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good-morrow, masters; each his several way. *[weeds;*

Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speeds, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

SCENE IV.

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you she was innocent? *[her,*
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things fort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd:

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour

To visit me:—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio. *[Exit Ladies.]*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour. *[true.]*

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis most

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, *[will?]*

From Claudio and the prince; But what's your

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But for my will, my will is, your good will

May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the estate of honourable marriage;—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow,
Claudio;
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar
ready. *[Exit Antonio.]*
Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why, what's
That you have such a February face, [the matter,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?
Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull:—
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.
*Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret,
and Ursula, mask'd.*
Claud. For this I owe you: here come other
reck'nings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?
Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.
Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me
see your face. *[hand]*
Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her
Before this friar, and swear to marry her.
Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[Unmasking.]
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander
liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beat. I answer to that name; What is your will?
Bene. Do not you love me?
Beat. Why, no, no more than reason.
Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince,
and Claudio,
Have been deceived; they swore you did.
Beat. Do not you love me?
Bene. Troth, no, no more than reason.
Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and
Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore, that you were almost sick
for me. *[for me.]*
Beat. They swore, that you were well-nigh dead
Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then, you do not
love me?
Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the
gentleman.
Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.
Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against
our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but, by this
light, I take thee for pity.
Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good
day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to
save your life, for I was told, you were in a con-
sumption.
Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.—
[Kissing her.]
Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?
Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of
wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour:
Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?
No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall
wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since
I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any
purpose that the world can say against it; and
therefore never flout at me for what I have said
against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is
my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think
to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to
be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cou-
sin.
Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have
denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee
out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer;
which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cou-
sin do not look exceedingly narrowly to thee.
Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have
a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten
our own hearts, and our wives' heels.
Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.
Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, mu-
sick.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee
a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one
tippt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Messina.
Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll
devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up
pipers. *[Dance.]*
[Exeunt omnes.]

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON, } *three Lords, attending upon the*
LONGAVILLE, } *King in his retirement.*
DUMAIN, }

BOYET, } *Lords, attending upon the Princess of*
MERCADÉ, } *France.*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, } *a fantastical Spaniard.*

NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Don Adriano de Armado.*
A Forester.

Princess of France.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHERINE, } *Ladies, attending on the Princess.*

JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, Attendants upon the King and Princess.

SCENE, *the King of Navarre's Palace, and the Country near it.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. **L**ET fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live registred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spight of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.

Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes,
That are recorded in this schedule here:

Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names;
That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:

Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, To live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:

As, not to see a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beside;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, nor sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say, no, my liege, an if you please;
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know:

As thus,—To study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid:

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, And train our intellects to vain delight. [vain,

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book,

To seek the light of truth; while truth the while, Doth falsely¹ blind the eyesight of his look:

Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye:

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed²,

And give him light that was it blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with fauzy looks;

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name. [ing!

King. How well he's read, to reason against read-

Dam. Proceeded³ well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a-breeding.

Dam. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dam. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

Long. Biron is like an envious sneaping⁴ frost, That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am? why should proud summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than with a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing, that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late, [gate.

That were to climb o'er the house t' unlock the

King. Well, fit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can sav,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years' day.

Give me the paper, let me read the same;

And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame!

Biron. "Item, That no woman shall come with-
"in a mile of my court."—[Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.—"On pain of
"losing her tongue."—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why? [penalty.

Long. To fright them hence with that dread

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

"Item, [Reading.] If any man be seen to talk

"with a woman within the term of three years,

"he shall endure such public shame as the rest of

"the court can possibly devise."—

This article, my liege, yourself must break;

For, well you know, here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—

About surrender-up of Aquitain

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:

Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshoot;

While it doth study to have what it would,

It doth forget to do the thing it should;

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,

'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;
She must lye here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years

For every man with his affects is born; [space,

Not by might matter'd, but by special grace:

If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,

I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name:

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,

Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions⁶ are to others, as to me:

¹ That is, treacherously. ² Heed here means his direction or lead-star. ³ Proceeded must here be understood in the academical sense of taking a degree: the meaning of the passage then will be, "He has taken his degree on the art of stopping the degrees of others." ⁴ i. e. Checking. ⁵ Meaning, against politeness and urbanity. ⁶ i. e. Temptations.

But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation¹ granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know,
is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the musick of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements², whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain and he shall be our
sport:

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter Dull, and Costard, with a letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'st?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I
am his grace's thuriborough³: but I would see his
own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme,—commends you.
There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you
more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching
me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in
God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having⁴:—God
grant us patience.

Biron. To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh mode-
rately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the stile shall give us
cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir; as concerning Ja-
quenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with
the manner⁵.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all
those three; I was seen with her in the manor-
house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken
following her into the park; which, put together,
is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for
the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak
to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; And
God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken af-
ter the flesh.

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the welkin's
"vice-gerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my
"foul's earth's God, and body's fostering pa-
"tron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet:

King. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is,
in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not
fight!

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with fable-colour'd
"melancholy, I did commend the black oppressing
"humour to the most wholesome physick of thy
"health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman,
"betook myself to walk. The time, when?
"About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze,
"birds best peck, and men sit down to that nour-
"ishment which is called supper. So much for
"the time when: Now for the ground which;
"which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is cyleded,
"thy park. Then for the place where: where,
"I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most
"preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-
"white pen the ebony-colour'd ink, which here
"thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest:—
"But to the place, where,—It standeth north-
"north-east and by east from the west corner of
"thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see
"that low-spirited swain, that base minnow⁶ of thy
"mirth," (Cost. Me.) "that unletter'd smali-
"knowing soul," (Cost. Me.) "that shallow vaf-
"sal," (Cost. Still me.) "which, as I remember,
"hight Costard," (Cost. O me!) "sorted and
"conforted, contrary to thy established proclaimed
"edict and continent canon, with,—with,—O
"with,—but with this I passion to say where-
"with—"

Cost. With a wench.

King. "with a child of our grandmother Eve, a
"female; or, for thy more sweet understanding,
"a woman. Him, I (as my ever esteemed duty
"pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the
"meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's offi-
"cer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute,
"carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Anthony
Dull.

King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vas-
"tel called which I apprehended with the afore-

¹ i. e. lively sport, or sprightly diversion. ² Complement, in Shakspeare's time, not only signified verbal civility, but the external accomplishments or ornamental appendages of a character. ³ i. e. Third-borough, a peace-officer equal in authority to a headborough or a constable. ⁴ i. e. a low possession, or acquisition. ⁵ A phrase then used to signify, taken in the fact. ⁶ Meaning, that contemptibly little object of thy mirth.

"said (wain) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's
"fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice,
"bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments
"of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I look'd for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst. But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Coff. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coff. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaim'd a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Coff. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Coff. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coff. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Coff. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce sentence; You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Coff. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Sirrah, come on.

Coff. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the four cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Armado's House.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp!

Moth. No, no: O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough signior.

Arm. Why tough signior? why tough signior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough signior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name, tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What: that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers:—Thou heat'st my blood.

Moth. I am answer'd, sir.

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses³ love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the vantage of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse⁴ will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so I am in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner; and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'fy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy; What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

¹ *Imp* was formerly a term of dignity. ² i. e. my tender youth. ³ *Crosses* here mean money. ⁴ This alludes to a horse belonging to one *Banks*, which played many remarkable pranks, and is frequently mentioned by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare.

Moth. Sampson, master : he was a man of good carriage, great carriage ; for he carried the town gates on his back, like a porter : and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Sampson ! strong-jointed Sampson ! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampson's love, my dear Moth ?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion ?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two ; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion ?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions ?

Moth. As I have read, sir ; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers : but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir ; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are mask'd under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me !

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child ; most pretty, and pathetic !

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known ;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shown :
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know ;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar ?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since : but, I think, now 'tis not to be found ; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression¹ by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard ; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd ; and yet a better love than my master. [*Aside.*]

Arm. Sing, boy ; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep

Costard safe : and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance ; but a' must fast three days a-week : For this damsel, I must keep her at the park ; she is allow'd for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—*Maid.*

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are !

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face ?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you !

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain ; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave ; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir ; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir ; that were fast and loose : thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of defolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see ?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be silent in their words ; and, therefore, I will say nothing : I thank God, I have as little patience as another man ; and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard.*]

Arm. I do affect² the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I love : And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted ? Love is a familiar ; love is a devil : there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampson was so tempted ; and he had an excellent strength : yet was Solomon so seduced ; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be call'd boy ; but his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit ; write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*]

¹ Digression here signifies the act of going out of the right way. ² That is, love.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. **N**OW, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you. [mean,

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's¹ tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending thus your wit in praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and, in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-vifag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted² in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only foil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any foil)

Is a sharp wit match'd³ with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will will
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know. [grow.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they
Who are the rest? [youth,

Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little, of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal;
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest:
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnish'd
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd⁴ to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too
high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields
too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me
thither.

¹ Cheap or cheping was anciently the market; chapman therefore is marketman. ² i. e. well qualified. ³ i. e. joined. ⁴ i. e. were prepared.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wife, Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. I hear, your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping: 'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, And sin to break it:

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseecheth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming, And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner, that I were away; For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know, you did.

Ros. How needfuls was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spur me with such questions. [tire.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen; so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate The payment of a hundred thousand crowns; Being but the one half of an entire sum Disbursed by my father in his wars. But say, that he, or we, (as neither have) Receiv'd that sum; yet there remains unpaid A hundred thousand more, in surety of the which One part of Aquitaine is bound to us, Although not valu'd to the money's worth. If then the king your father will restore But that one half which is unsatisfy'd, We will give up our right in Aquitaine, And hold fair friendship with his majesty. But that, it seems, he little purposeth, For here he doth demand to have repaid An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands, On payment of a hundred thousand crowns, To have his title live in Aquitaine; Which we much rather had depart¹ withal, And have the money by our father lent, Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is. Dear princess, were not his requests so far From reason's yielding, your fair self should make A yielding, 'gainst some reason in my breast, And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name, In so unseemingly to confess receipt

Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;

And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back, Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,

For such a sum, from special officers

Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

[come,

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not

Where that and other specialties are bound;

To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me; at which interview,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,

As honour, without breach of honour, may

Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,

As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deny'd fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell;

To-morrow we shall visit you again.

[grace!

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires comfort your

King. Thy own wish, with I thee in every place!

[Exit.

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own

Ros. I pray you, do my commendations; [heart.

I would be glad to see it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack, let it bleed.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physick says, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Ros. Non poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[Exit.

Long. I beseech you, a word; What is she in the white?

[light.

Boyet. A woman sometimes, as you saw her in the

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Faulconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be. [Ex. Long.

¹ Depart is here synonymous to part with.

Biron. What's her name in the cap?
Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.
Biron. Is she wedded, or no?
Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.
Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!
Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[Exit Biron.]
Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
 Not a word with him but a jest.
Boyet. And every jest but a word. [word.]
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry! [board.]
Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
 No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.
Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [the jest?]
Mar. Not so, gentle beast;
 My lips are no common, though several¹ they be.
Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me. [agree:]
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,
 The civil war of wits were much better used
 On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abused.
Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom lyes)
 By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reason? [retire]
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:

His heart, like an agat, with your print impressed,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride exprest:
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tendering their own worth, from whence
 they were glais'd,
 Did point out to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
 I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is dispos'd—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his
 eye hath disclos'd:
 I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.
Ref. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak't
 skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
 of him.
Ref. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ref. Ay, our way to be gone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*The Park; near the Palace.**Enter Armado and Motb.*

Arm. **W**ARBLE, child; make passionate my
 sense of hearing.

Motb. Concolinel—[Singing.]

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years;
 take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring
 him festinately² hither; I must employ him in a
 letter to my love.

Motb. Master, will you win your love with a
 French brawl³?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Motb. No, my compleat master: but to jig off
 a tune at the tongue's end, canary⁴ to it with your

feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids;
 sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through
 the throat, as if you swallow'd love with singing
 love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuff'd
 up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-
 house-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your
 arms cross'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a
 rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket,
 like a man after the old painting; and keep not
 too long in one tune, but a snip and away: These
 are complements⁵, these are humours: these be-
 tray nice wenches—that would be betray'd with-
 out these; and make the men of note, (do you
 note men?) that are most affected to these⁶.

Arm. How hast thou purchas'd this experience?

Motb. By my penny of observation.

¹ This word, which is provincial, and ought to be spelt *severell*, is said to mean those pieces of
 land in large open uninclosed countries, which bear corn and grafs, in contradistinction to the
 common field, which always lay fallow for the purpose of grazing cows and sheep. ² That is, hastily.
³ A kind of dance. ⁴ Canary was the name of a sprightly nimble dance. ⁵ i. e. accomplishments.
⁶ The meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young girls, but make the men taken notice
 of too, who affect them.

Arm. But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot¹.

Arm. Call'st thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt²; and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart; and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: By heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathis'd; a horse to be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha; what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:

Is that lead slow, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he: I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!

[face:

By thy favour, sweet welkin³, I must sigh in thy Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place. My herald is return'd.

Re-enter *Moth* and *Costard*.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard⁴ broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy *Penvey*⁵;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *Penvey*; no falve in the male, sir: O sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no *Penvey*, no *Penvey*, or falve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy folly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take falve for *Penvey*, and the word *Penvey* for a falve?

Moth. Doth the wise think them other? is not *Penvey* a falve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said. I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *Penvey*.

Moth. I will add the *Penvey*; say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *Penvey*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *Penvey*, ending in the goose;—Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your goose be To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *Penvey*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying, that a *Costard* was broken in a shin: then call'd you for the *Penvey*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain; thus came your argument in:

Then the boy's fat *Penvey*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*; I will speak that *Penvey*:—

¹ In the celebration of May-day, besides the sports now used of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dressed up representing maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby-horse, with bells jingling, and painted streamers. After the Reformation took place, and Precisians multiplied, these latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganism; and then maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horse, were turned out of the games. Some who were not so wisely precise, but regretted the disuse of the hobby-horse, no doubt, satirized this suspicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now *Moth*, hearing *Armado* groan ridiculously, and cry out, *But oh! but oh!*—humourously pieces out his exclamation with the sequel of this epitaph. ² Meaning, a hot, mad-brain'd, unbroken young fellow; or sometimes an old fellow with juvenile desires. ³ *Welkin* is the sky. ⁴ i. e. a head. ⁵ The *Penvey*, which is a term borrowed from the old French poetry, appeared always at the head of a few concluding verses to each piece, and either served to convey the moral, or to address the poem to some particular person. ⁶ The head was anciently called the *costard*, as observed above.—A *costard* likewise signified a crab-stick.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely within,
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one Frances;—I smell
some *senoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee
at liberty, enfranchising thy person; thou wert
immur'd, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my pur-
gation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-
rance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing
but this: Bear this significant to the country maid
Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him
money.*] for the best ward of mine honour, is, re-
warding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*]

Moth. Like the sequel, I. Signior Costard,
adieu. [*Exit.*]

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony¹
Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remune-
ration! O, that's the Latin word for three far-
things: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's
the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you
a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remunera-
tion!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown.
I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly
well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon
may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthing-worth of
filk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark,
slave, it is but this:

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady; [*name.*]
When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her
And Rosaline they call her: ask for her;
And to her sweet hand see thou do commend
This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*]

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon²! better than
remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:—
Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.
—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*]

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that
have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humourous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled⁴, whining, purblind, wayward boy;

This signior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malecontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpiece,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors⁵,—O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop⁶!

What? what? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all:

And, among three, to love the worst of all:

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might. [*groan.*]

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [*Exit.*]

¹ *Incony*, or *kony*, in the north, signifies fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. ² i. e. re-
ward. ³ i. e. with the utmost nicety. ⁴ The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face.
⁵ An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the bishop's court, who carries out citations for fornication
and other matters cognizable in his court. ⁶ That is, hanging on one shoulder, and falling upon
the opposite arm.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. WAS that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, then again
say, no?

O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

[Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-love-
reignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the

head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest

that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest. *[truth.]*

Cost. The thickest and the tallest! 'tis so; truth is

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One of these maids' girdles for your waist should

be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest

here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one

lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend

of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up this capon¹.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. *[Reads.]* "By heaven, that thou art fair,

"is most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous;

"truth itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer

"than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than

"truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical

"vassal! The magnanimous and most illustre²

"king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and

"indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was

"that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which

"to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure

"vulgar!) *videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame:

"He came, one; saw, two; overcame, three.

"Who came? the king; Why did he come? to

"see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom

"came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the

"beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The

"conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's:

"the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the

"beggar's: The catastrophe is a nuptial; on

"whose side? the king's?—no; on both in one,

"or one in both. I am the king; for so stands

"the comparison: thou the beggar; for so wit-

"nesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy

"love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could:

"Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt

"thou exchange for rags? robes; For titles? titles;

"For thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply,

"I prophane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy

"picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

¹ That is, Open this letter. Our poet uses this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*, which signifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. ² *Illustrate* for *illustrious*.

Prin.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter? [hear better?]

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever
Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile. [while?]

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er¹ it ere

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; [sport]

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you, my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine, To a lady of France, that he called Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [Exit Princess attended.]

Boyet. Who is the shooter? who is the shooter?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off! [marry,

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry. Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer? [near.]

Ros. If we chuse by horns, yourself; come not Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it, [Singing.]

Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,

An I cannot, another can. [Exit Ros. & Kat.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady! [may be.]

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I' faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout⁴.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in. [pin.]

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the

Mar. Come, come, you talk greafily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir;— challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing: Good night, my good owl. [Exit all but Cost.]

Cost. By my foul, a fwain! a most simple clown! Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down! [wit!]

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armato o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man! To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan! To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit! Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola! [Sbouting within. Exit Cost.]

SCENE II.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *fanguin*, in blood, ripe as a pomewater⁶, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of Cælo,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: But, fir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *baud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *baud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explanation; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather *ostentare*, to shew, as it were, his inclination—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unletter'd, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *baud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *baud credo*; 'twas a pricket⁷.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as I were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

¹ A pun upon the word *stile*. ² i. e. a little while ago. ³ Shooter here means *suitor*. ⁴ i. e. the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail which upheld it. ⁵ Dr. Warburton says, that by Holofernes was designed a particular character, a pedant and a schoolmaster of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London. ⁶ A species of apple. ⁷ A *buck* is the first year, a *saton*; the second year, a *pricket*; the third year, a *forel*; the fourth year, a *stave*; the fifth year, a *buck of the first head*; the sixth year, a *complete buck*.

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So were there a patch¹ set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men; Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more; [five-score.

And raught not² to five weeks, when he came to The allusion holds in the exchange³.

Dull. 'Tis true, indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the prince's kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the prince's kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate feurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful prince's pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, 'till now made sore with shooting; [thicket;

The dogs did yell; put L. to sore, then sorel jumps from Or pricket, sore, or else sorel, the people fall a booting. [sore L. 4!

If sore be sore, then L. to sore makes fifty sores; O Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent⁴ be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the

gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mebercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir sapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a foul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good-morrow, master parson.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi* person. And if one should be pierc'd,⁵ which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master school-master, he that is likeliest to a hoghead.

Hol. Of piercing a hoghead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter: it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armatho: I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fausse, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

—*Vinegia, Vinegia,*

*Cibi non te vide, ei non te pregia*⁶.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underitandeth thee not, loves thee not,—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse; *Leges, domine*.

Nath. "If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?" [sow'd!

"Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty"

"Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful"

"prove;

"Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like"

"o'ers bowed.

"Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine"

"eyes; [comprehend:

"Where all those pleasures live, that art would"

"If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall"

"suffice; [commend:

"Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee"

"All ignorant that foul, that sees thee without"

"wonder; [admire)

"(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts"

"Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dread-

"ful thunder, [fire.

"Which, not to anger bent, is musick, and sweet"

¹ Patch here means a silly, foolish fellow. The term is supposed to have been adopted from a celebrated fool named Patch, and who wearing, perhaps in allusion to his name, a party-colour'd dress, all stage fools have ever since been distinguish'd by a motley coat. ² I. e. reach'd not. ³ I. e. the riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam, as when you use the name of Cain. ⁴ Alluding to L. being the numeral for 50. ⁵ Baptista Spagnolus (surnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flourished towards the latter end of the 15th century. His *Elogues* were translated before the time of Shakspeare. ⁶ That is, "O Venice, Venice, he who has never seen thee, has thee not in esteem."

"Celestial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
"That sings the heaven's praise with such an earthly
"tongue!"

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesie, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired¹ horse his rider. But damofella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous lady "Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:

"Your Ladyship's in all desired employment,
"BIRON."

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king: and here he hath fram'd a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously: and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours². But, to return to the verses: Did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither favouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull*] you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Biron with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am

toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep: it kills me, I a sheep: Well prov'd again on my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady!—By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He stands aside.*]

Enter the King.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith, secrets.—

King. [*Reads.*] "So sweet a kiss the golden sun
"gives not

"To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,

"As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have
"smote [*flows:*]

"The night of dew that on my cheeks down

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright

"Through the transparent bosom of the deep,

"As doth thy face through tears of mine give
"light;

"Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:

"No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

"So ridest thou triumphing in my woe;

"Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

"And they thy glory through my grief will
"shew:

"But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
"My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

"O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

"No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—"

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper; Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

[*The King steps aside.*]

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [*Aside.*] Why, he comes in like a perjuror, wearing papers³.

King. [*Aside.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [*Aside.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

¹ Tired here means attired, alluding to Banks's horse, mentioned in a former note p. 150. ² That is, specious appearances. ³ Convicted perjurers, when punished, always wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime.

Long. [*Aside.*] Am I the first, that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [*Aside.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society, The shape of love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to O sweet Maria, empress of my love! [*move:* These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [*Aside.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop¹.

Long. This same shall go.—[*He reads the sonnet.*

"Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

"('Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

"Persuade my heart to this false perjury? [*ment.*

"Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punish-

"A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

"Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

"My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

"Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace

"in me.

"Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

"Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth

"dost shine,

"Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:

"If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

"If by me broke, What fool is not so wise,

"To lose an oath to win a paradise?"

Biron. [*Aside.*] This is the liver vein², which makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry. God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay. [*Stepping aside.*

Biron. [*Aside.*] All hid, all hid, an old infant play: Like a demy-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

More facks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most prophane coxcomb! [*Aside.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal³; there you lie. [*Aside.*

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted⁴.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aside.*

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child. [*Aside.*

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine. [*Aside.*

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aside.*

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aside.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why then incision Would let her out in sawcers; Sweet misprision! [*Aside.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aside.*

Dumain reads his sonnet.

"On a day, (alack the day!)

"Love, whose month is ever May,

"Spy'd a blossom, passing fair,

"Playing in the wanton air:

"Through the velvet leaves the wind,

"All unseen, 'gan passage find;

"That the lover, sick to death,

"Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

"Air, (*quoth he*) thy cheeks may blow;

"Air, would I might triumph so!

"But, alack, my hand is sworn,

"Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn;

"Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

"Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

"Do not call it sin in me,

"That I am forsworn for thee:

"Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,

"Juno but an Ethiopie were;

"And deny himself for Jove,

"Turning mortal for thy love.—"

This will I send; and something else more plain, That shall express my true love's fasting⁵ pain.

O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,

Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,

Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;

For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society: [*coming forward.*

You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,

To be o'er-heard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, you blush; as his, your case

is such; [*coming forward.*

You chide at him, offending twice as much:

You do not love Maria? Longaville

Did never sonnet for her sake compile?

Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart

His loving bosom, to keep down his heart?

I have been closely shrouded in this bush,

And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guilty rhimes, observ'd your passion;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;

Her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:

¹ Slops are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in fashion in our author's days, as we may observe from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and sea-faring men. ² The liver was supposed to be the seat of love. ³ Corporal here means corporal. ⁴ To cote, is to outstrip, to overpass. ⁵ Fasting here signifies longing, wanting.

You would for paradise break faith and troth :

[To Long.]

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

[To Dumain.]

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap¹, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me :

[Coming forward.]

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears,
There is no certain prince that appears;
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonnetting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-shot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a knot²!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic³ Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain!
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men, of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me⁴? When shall you hear, that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft; Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parson misdoubts it; it was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [He reads the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost
thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs
not fear it. [let's hear it.]

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead, you were
born to do me shame.— [To Costard.]

Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to
make up the mefs.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four:—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, fir; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors
stay. [Exe. Costard and Jaquenetta.]

Biron. Sweet kords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace!

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven will shew his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love
of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the
heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty? [now?]

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!

Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

¹ To leap means in this place, to exult. ² Some critics have conjectured, that Shakspeare here alludes to the *Knot*, a Lincolnshire bird of the snipe kind, which, from the easiness with which it was ensnared, was deemed foolish even to a proverb. Mr. Steevens, however, thinks that our author alludes to a true lover's knot; meaning, that the king remained so long in the lover's posture, that he seemed actually transformed into a knot. ³ Critic and critical are often used by Shakspeare in the same sense as cynic and cynical. ⁴ A bird is said to prune himself when he picks and sleeks his feathers.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—

Fye, painted rhetorick! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a feller's praise belongs; [blot.

She passes praise; then praise too short doth
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:

Beauty doth varnish age, as if new born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O, 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,

If that she learn not of her eye to look?

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;

And beauty's crest¹ becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits

O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt, [of light.

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,

Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days;

For native blood is counted painting now:

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers
black. [bright.

Long. And, since her time, are colliers counted

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion
crack. [light.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, sir, to tell
you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day
here. [she.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her
face see. [Shewing his shoe.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were too much dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. Nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron,
now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—some flattery for this

Long. O, some authority how to proceed; [evil.
Some tricks, some quilllets², how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some falve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms³:

Consider, what you first did swear unto;—

To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman;—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the book, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisoners up

The nimble spirits in the arteries⁴;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The finewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books;

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers⁵, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain:

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce shew a harvest of their heavy toil:

But, love, first learned in a lady's eyes,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power;

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye,

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious⁶ head of theft is stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;

¹ In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakspeare therefore uses it here in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*. ² Dr. Warburton says, that *quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane; and imagines the original to be this: In the French pleadings, every several allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every distinct plea in the defendant's answer, began with the words *qu'il est*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to signify a false charge or an evasive answer. ³ That is, 'ye soldiers of affection. ⁴ In the old system of physic they gave the same office to the *arteries* as is now given to the *nerves*. ⁵ Alluding to the discoveries in modern astronomy, at that time greatly improving, in which the ladies' eyes are compared, as usual, to *stars*. ⁶ That is, a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a thief (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey.

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus grofs in taste;
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as sphinx; as sweet and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair¹;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony².
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;
 Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:
 Then fools you were, these women to forswear;
 Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love;
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women;
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
 Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
 It is religion, to be thus forsworn:
 For charity itself fulfils the law;

And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd, In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these gloses by: Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us devise Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand Of his fair mistress: in the afternoon We will with some strange pastime solace them, Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours, Fore-run fair love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn³;

And justice always whirls in equal measure: Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn; If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exit.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. SATIS quod sufficit⁴.

Nath. I praise God for you, Sir: your reasons⁵ at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection⁶, audacious⁷ without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrafonical. He is too picked⁸, too iprude, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

[Draws out his table-book.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such phantastical phantasms, such infociable and point-devise companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t: not d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable) it insinuateth me of insanie: Ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatick?

Nath. Laus deo, bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone?—bone, for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Vide ne quis venit?

Hol. Video & gaudeo.

¹ Apollo, as the sun, is represented with golden hair; so that a lute strung with his hair means no more than strung with gilded wire. ² This passage has been very fully canvassed by all the various commentators upon our author: the following explanation, however, strikes us as the most simple and intelligible: "When love speaks, (says Biron) the assembled gods reduce the element of the sky to a calm, by their harmonious applauses of this favoured orator." ³ This proverbial expression intimates that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood. ⁴ That is, enough as good as a feast. ⁵ Reason here, as in other passages of our author's plays, signifies discourse. ⁶ That is, without affectation. ⁷ Audacious is used for spirited, animated; and opinion imports the same with obstinacy or opiniatreté. ⁸ Meaning, too nicely dressed; alluding probably to a bird picking out or pruning its feathers; a metaphor which our author has before used in this play.

Arm. Chirra!

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not firrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military fir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stoln the scraps. [*To Costard aside.*]

Cost. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon².

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u³.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick renew⁴ of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gegg.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: A gegg of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard! what a joyful father wouldst thou make me? Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. Oh, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *ungum*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house⁵ on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, fans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the after-

noon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it pass:—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder;—and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement⁶, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable; some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or firework. Now, understanding t at the curate, and your sweet self, are good at such eruptions, and sudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be render'd by our assistance,—at the king's command; and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Juda; Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge⁷ not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*⁸, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

¹ That is, the very offal, or refuse of words. ² A *slap-dragon* is a small inflammable substance, which toppers swallow in a glass of wine. ³ By o, u, *Moth* would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the sheep still, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. ⁴ A *renew* is the technical term at the fencing-school for a *bout*. ⁵ Mr. Steevens supposes the *charge-house* to mean the *free-school*.

⁶ Meaning, his beard. ⁷ That is, *suit* not. ⁸ An Italian exclamation, signifying, *Courage! come on!*

Dull. Nor understood none neither, fir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance or so; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter Princess and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be richer ere we depart, If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ref. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, [rhime, Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all; That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ref. That was the way to make his god-head wax¹; For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ref. You'll ne'er be friends, with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she dy'd: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ref. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark. [out.

Ref. We need more light to find your meaning.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff²;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ref. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ref. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Ref. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ref. I would, you knew:

An if my face were but as fair as yours,

My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ref. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ref. 'Ware pencils³! How? let me not die your My red dominical, my golden letter: [debtor, O, that your face were not so full of O's⁴!

Kath. Pox of that jest! and I beshrew all shrows.

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:

A huge translation of hypocrisy,

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity. [ville;

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longa- The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less; Dost thou not wish in heart, The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ref. They are worse fools, to purchase mocking so. That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week⁵!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek;

And wait the season, and observe the times,

And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhimes;

And shape his service all to my benefits:

And make him proud to make me proud that jest!

So portent-like would I o'erthrow his state⁶,

That he should be my fool, and I his fate. [catch'd,

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,

Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ref. The blood of youth burns not with such As gravity's revolt to wantonness. [except,

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;

Since all the power thereof it doth apply,

To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's

Prin. Thy news, Boyet? [her grace?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm!—encounters mounted are

Against your peace; Love doth approach disguis'd,

Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:

Must your wits; stand in your own defence;

Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. St. Dennis to St. Cupid! What are they,

That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say,

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,

I thought to close my eyes some half an hour:

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,

Toward that shade I might behold address'd

The king and his companions: warily

I stole into a neighbour thicket by,

And overheard what you shall overhear;

That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.

¹ To wax here signifies to grow. ² Snuff is here used equivocally for anger, and the snuff of a candle. ³ Meaning, "Ware painting." ⁴ Alluding, perhaps, to the pits in her face, occasioned by the small-pox. ⁵ This expression probably alludes to the practice of hiring servants or artificers by the week; and the meaning of the passage may be, I wish I was as sure of his service for any time limited, as if I had hired him. ⁶ See note 4, page 87, in *Measure for Measure*. The meaning is, I would be his fate or destiny, and, like a portent, hang over and influence his fortunes. For portents were not only thought to forebode, but to influence.

Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy :
Action, and accent, did they teach him there ;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear :
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestic would put him out ;
For, quoth the king, *an angel shalt thou see ;*
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously :
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil ;*
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil. [der ;
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoul-
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus ; and fleer'd, and fivore,
A better speech was never spoke before :
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via ! we will do't, come what will come :*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well :*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous¹ appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muscovites, or Russians : as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance :
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress ; which they'll know
By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so ? the gallants shall be
task'd :—

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd ;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despight of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear ;
And then the king will court thee for his dear :
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine :
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change your favours too ; so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes. [sight.

Ref. Come on then ; wear the favours most in

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent ?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs :
They do it but in mocking merriment ;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook ; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ref. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't ?

Prin. No ; to the death, we will not move a foot :
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace ;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it ; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown ;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own :
So shall we stay, mocking intended game ;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Sound. (Those clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Boyet. The trumpet sounds ; he mask'd, the
maskers come. [The ladies mask.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain,
disguised like Muscovites ; Mosb with musick, &c.

Mosb. " All hail, the richest beauties on the
" earth !"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata².

Mosb. " A holy parcel of the fairest dames,

[The ladies turn their backs to him.

" That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views."

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Mosb. " That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal
" views !"

" Out—"

Boyet. True ; out, indeed.

[vouchsafe

Mosb. " Out of your favours, heavenly spirits,

" Not to behold—"

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

[eyes,

Mosb. " Once to behold with your sun-beamed

" With your sun-beamed eyes—"

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Mosb. They do not mark me, and that brings
me out.

[rogue.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you

Ref. What would these strangers ? know their
minds, Boyet :

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will

That some plain man recount their purposes :

Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princefs ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ref. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Ref. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be
gone.

[gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles,
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many
a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ref. It is not so : Ask them, how many inches
Is in one mile : if they have measur'd many,

The measure then of one is easily told.

[miles,

Boyet. If, to come hither you have measur'd

And many miles ; the princefs bids you tell,

How many inches do fill up one mile.

[steps.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ref. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,

Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you ;

Our duty is so rich, so infinite,

That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ref. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to
shine

¹ *Spleen ridiculous* is, a ridiculous fit. ² i. e. the taffata masks they wore to conceal themselves.

Ref. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
Thou now request'st but moon-shine in the water.

King. Then in our measure do but vouchsafe one change :

Thou bid'st me beg ; this begging is not strange.

Ref. Play, musick, then : Nay, you must do it soon.

Not yet ;—no dance :—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estrang'd ? [chang'd.

Ref. You took the moon at full ; but now she's

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The musick plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ref. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ref. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice : take hands ;—we will not dance.

King. Why take you hands then ?

Ref. Only to part friends :—

Court'sy, sweet hearts ; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure ; be not nice.

Ref. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize yourselves then ; What buys your company ?

Ref. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ref. Then cannot we be bought : And so adieu ;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you !

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ref. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. [three.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar ; there is

Biron. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey :—Well run, dice !
There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu !

Since you can cog¹, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet. [word ?

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ?—Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu. [tongue ?

Kath. What, was your visor made without a

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half. [a calf ?

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman ;—Is not veal

Long. A calf, fair lady ?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half :

Take all, and wean it ; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks !

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invifible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;

Above the sense of sense ; so sensible

Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings, [things.

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter

Ref. Not one word more, my maids ; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

King. Farewel, mad wenches ; you have simple wits. [Exeunt king, and lord.

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—
Are these the breed of wits so wond'ied at ?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out. [fat, fat.

Ref. Well-liking wits they have ; grofs, grofs ;

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor stout !

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in vizors, shew their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ref. O ! they were all in lamentable cases !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :
No, point, quoth I ; my servant strait was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart,
And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Quailm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ref. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps².

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear :

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows :

Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How, blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud ;

¹ To cog, signifies to falsify the dice, and metaphorically, to lye. ² Woollen caps were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth.—Probably the meaning is, "Better wits may be found among men of inferior or more humble rank."

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shewn;
Are angels vailing ¹ clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ref. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless ² gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.

[*Exeunt ladies.*]

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their own habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her? [word.]

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas;
And utters it again, when Jove doth please:
He is wit's pedlar: and retails his wares
At wakes, and wassels ³, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing
A mean ⁴ most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower ⁵ that smiles on every one,
To shew his teeth as white as whale's bone: ⁶—
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

[*Heart,*

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine,
Boyet, and attendants.*

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what
wert thou, [now?]

'Till this mad man shew'd thee? and what art thou
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then with me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your

vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you pro-
voke:

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should
have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unfully'd lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant games;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ref. Madam, speak true:—It is not so, my lord;

My lady, (to the manner of these days)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle,

sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ref. This proves you wise and rich; for in my
eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ref. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ref. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ref. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why de-
mand you this? [case,

Ref. There, then, that vizor; that superfluous
That hid the worse, and shew'd the better face.

King. We are descry'd: they'll mock us now
down right.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord! Why looks your high-
ness sad?

Ref. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why
look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for
perjury.

¹ That is, letting those clouds which obscured their brightness sink from before them. ² i. e. uncouth. ³ Wassels were meetings of rural mirth and intemperance. ⁴ The mean, in music, is the tenor. ⁵ That is, the flower or pink of courtesy. ⁶ As white as whale's bone is a proverbial comparison in our ancient poets.

Can any face of brags hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will with thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:
Tassata phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil'd¹ hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them: and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans sans², I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*³, on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
These lords are visited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. [us.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; For how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue⁴?

Biron. Peace: for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude trans-
Some fair excuse. [gression

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear? [her.

King. That more than all the world I did respect

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will
reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Your oath broke once, you force not to forswear⁵.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it;—*Rosaline,*

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-sight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word. [troth,

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this; but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I see the trick on't;—Here was a consent⁶,
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:
Same carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany⁷,
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some

Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in years⁸; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when she's dispos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once disclosed,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of the.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forsworn; in will, and error⁹.

Much upon this it is:—And might not you
[To Boyet,

Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squier¹⁰,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd¹¹;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your throwd.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have
done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no,

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is very fine,

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope,
it is not so:

¹ A metaphor taken from the pile of velvet. ² That is, without French words. ³ The inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague. ⁴ Our author here puns upon the word *sue*, which signifies to prosecute by law, or to offer a petition. ⁵ That is, You make no difficulty to forswear. ⁶ That is, a conspiracy. ⁷ That is, a buffoon, a merry Andrew. ⁸ In years signifies, into wrinkles. ⁹ i. e. First in will, and afterwards in error. ¹⁰ From the French *esquiers*, a rule or square. The sense is nearly equivalent to the proverbial expression, he hath got the length of her foot; i. e. he hath humoured her so long that he can persuade her to what he pleases. ¹¹ That is, You may say what you will.

You cannot beg us¹, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir, —

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare. [Some care.]

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach. [Exit Costard.]

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come. [now;]

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Dies in the zeal of that which it presents,

There form confounded makes most form in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right definition of our sport, my lord.

[Enter Armado.]

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words. [Converses apart with the King.]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I with you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other

Biron. There is five in the first show. [five.]

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy: —

A barethrow at novum²; and the whole world again, Cannot prick out³ five such, take each one in his vein,

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain. [Pageant of the Nine Worthies.]

[Enter Costard for Pompey.]

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. You lye, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am," —

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee⁴.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee. [Big, —]

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey furnamed the

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir: — "Pompey furnam'd the great;

"That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat;

"And, travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance;

"And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." [done.]

If your ladyship would say, *Thanks, Pompey*, I had *Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great*.

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

[Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.]

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

"By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

"My scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alifander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right⁵.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:" —

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alifander.

Biron. Pompey the great, —

Cost. Your servant, and Costard. [fander.]

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Al-

Cost. O, sir, you have overthrown Alifander the conqueror! [To Nath.] You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax fitting on a close-stool⁶, will be given to A-jax⁷; he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak! run away for shame, Alifander. [Exit Nath.] There, an't shall please you! a foolish mild man, an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour in sooth; and a very good bowler:

¹ Meaning, we are not fools; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. ² *Novum* was an old game at dice. ³ A phrase still in use among gardeners. ⁴ This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and shoulders had usually, by way of ornament, the resemblance of a leopard's or lion's head. ⁵ To relish this joke, the reader should recollect, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his shoulders. ⁶ Alluding to the arms given to the nine worthies in the old history. ⁷ A paltry pun upon *Ajax* and *a jakes*.

but, for Alifander, alas, you see, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Biron. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
"Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed
"canus;

"And, when he was a babe, a child, a flurimp,

"Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus:

"*Quoniam*, he seemeth in minority;

"*Ergo*, I come with this apology.—"

[*To Moth.*] Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Hol. "Judas I am,—"

[*Exit Moth.*

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.—

"Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus."

Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor:—How art thou prov'd

Hol. "Judas I am,—"

[*Judas?*

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder. [elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern¹ head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

[seen.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's Faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flask².

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:

[tenance.

And now, forward; for we have put thee in coun-

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an ass, let him go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-
as, away. [ble.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not hum-

Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas; it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath
been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes
Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I
will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan³ in respect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indu'd in the small.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the al-
"Gave Hector a gift,—"

[mighty,

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves⁴.

Dum. No, cloven.

[the almighty,

Arm. Peace! "The armipotent Mars, of lances

"Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion! [yea,

"A man so breath'd, that, certain, he would fight,

"From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

"I am that flower,—"

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it
runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten;
sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried:

when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will for-
ward with my device; [*To the princess*] sweet

royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much de-

lighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—"

Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is
gone, she is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'st thou?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan,
the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the
child brags in her belly already; 'tis young.

Arm. Dost thou infamize me among poten-
tates? thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaque-
netta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pom-
pey that is dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great
Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more
Ates⁵; stir them on, stir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's
belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a north-
ern man: I'll slash; I'll do't by the sword:—I
pray you, let me borrow my arms⁶ again.

Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

¹ A cittern was a musical instrument of the harp kind. ² That is, a soldier's powder-horn.

³ A Trojan, in the time of Shakspeare, was a cant term for a thief. ⁴ An orange stuck with cloves
appears to have been a common new-year's gift. ⁵ Ate was the heathen goddess who incited blood-
shed. ⁶ Meaning the weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey.

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward¹ for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen: since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that a' wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God save you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;

But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring, is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the days of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, for all your fair endeavours; and entreat, out of a new-fad soul, that you vouchsafe in your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide, the liberal² opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves in the converse of breath, your gentleness was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue: Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks for my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms all causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides that which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny forbid the smiling courtesy of love, The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow juggle it from what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost, Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not, my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of And by these badges understand the king. [grief;—For your fair fakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies, Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours Even to the oppos'd end of our intents: And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous, As love is full of unbecoming strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,

Full of straying shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love,

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested³ us to make: Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false for ever to be true

To those that make us both, fair ladies, you;

And even that falshood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast⁴ and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment. [than jest.

Dum. Our letters, madam, shew'd much more

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore, this,—

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this⁵ shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust: but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning:

If this austere, infociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of blood;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love;

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin-palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine: and till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning-house;

Raining the tears of lamentation,

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,

To flatter⁶ up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;

You are attaint with fault and perjury:

¹ To go woolward was a phrase appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries, and means, that he was clothed in wool, and not in linen. ² Liberal here signifies, as has been remarked in other places, free to excess. ³ That is, tempted us. ⁴ Bombast was a stuff of loose texture used formerly to swell the garment, and thence used to signify bulk, or shew without solidity. ⁵ That is, so forth.

Therefore,

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me? [neftly;

Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health, and ho-
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle-wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistrefs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ref. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You shall this twelve-month term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce¹ endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile. [death?

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ref. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear² groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befall what will
befall,

I'll jest a twelve-month in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my
leave. [To the King.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your
way. [play;

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelve-month and a
And then 'twill end. [day,

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta
to hold the plough for her sweet love three year.
But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the di-
alogue that the two learned men have compiled,
in praise of the owl and the cuckow? it should
have follow'd in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.—

Enter all, for the song.

This side is Hiems; winter. [owl,
This Ver, the spring; the one maintain'd by the
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

S O N G.

S P R I N G.

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and doves,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckow;

Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

W I N T E R.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.³

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the passenger's awe,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[Exeunt over.

¹ Fierce here means vehement, rapid. ² Dr. Johnson thinks, that dear should here, as in many other
places, be dere, sad, odious. ³ i. e. Scum the pot. The word is yet used in Ireland. ⁴ i. e. his discourse.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
LYSANDER, in love with Hermia.
DEMETRIUS, in love with Hermia.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Sports to Theseus.
QUINCE, the Carpenter.
SNUG, the Joiner.
BOTTOM, the Weaver.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender.
SNOWT, the Tinker.
STARVELING, the Taylor.

HIPPOLITA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.

HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

Attendants.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
PEASEBLOSSOM,
COBWEB,
MOTH,
MUSTARD-SEED, } Fairies.

Pyramus,
Thisbe,
Wall,
Moonshine,
Lyon, } Characters in the Inter-
lude, performed by the
Clowns.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen: Attendants on Theseus and Hippolita.

SCENE, Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Palace of Theseus in Athens.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Philostrate, with Attendants.

THE. NOW, fair Hippolita, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days
bring in

Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves
in nights;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

THE. Go, Philostrate,

Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exit Phi.]

i. e. haubles, toys.

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

THE. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news
with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her:
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This man hath witch'd the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love:
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds¹, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweet-meats, messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart:

Turn'd

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness: And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens;
As she is mine, I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

[maid: *The.* What say you, Hermia? be advis'd, fair
To you your father should be as a god;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lyfander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do intreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth¹, examine well your blood
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin-thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwill'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and by the next new
moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—And, Lyfander,
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lyf. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lyfander! true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love shall render him:
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lyf. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolita; What cheer, my love?—
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something, nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

[*Exeunt Thef. Hip. Egeus, Dem. and Hipp.*]

Lyf. How now, my love? Why is your cheek
so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast? [well

Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could
Beteem² them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lyf. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.

But, either it was different in blood;

Her. O cross! too high to be enthral'd to low!

Lyf. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years;

Her. O spight! too old to be engag'd to young!

Lyf. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;

Her. O hell! to chuse love by another's eye!

Lyf. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colli'd³ night,
That, in a spleen⁴, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;

¹ i. e. consider your youth. ² i. e. give them. ³ i. e. black. ⁴ Meaning, in a sudden hasty fit.

As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me,
Hermia.

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And, in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lyfander!

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee. [*Helena.*]

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.

Demetrius loves your fair¹: O happy fair! [*air*]
Your eyes are lode-stars²; and your tongue's sweet
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour³ so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated⁴.
O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my
smiles such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. Oh, that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; 'Would that fault
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
Lyfander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lyfander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the watry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal)
Through Athens' gates have we devis'd to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd;
There my Lyfander and myself shall meet:
And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and strange companions.
Farewel, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—
Keep word, Lyfander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food, 'till morrow deep midnight.

[*Exit Herm.*]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[*Exit Lys.*]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some, can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know.
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transmute to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgement taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game⁵ forswear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where:
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Cottage.

*Enter Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, Bottom
the weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the
tinker, and Starveling the taylor.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man
by man, according to the scrip⁶.

Quin. Here is the scrowl of every man's name,
which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play
in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on
his wedding-day at night.

¹ That is, your beauty, or your complexion. ² The lode-star is the leading or guiding-star, that is, the pole-star. ³ Favour here means feature, countenance. ⁴ To translate here implies to change, to transform. ⁵ i. e. in sport, in jest. ⁶ i. e. the writing, or paper.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scrowl: Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name, what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“ The raging rocks,
“ And shivering shocks,
“ Shall break the locks
“ Of prison-gates:
“ And Phibbus' car
“ Shall shine from far,
“ And make and mar
“ The foolish fates.”

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is *Ercles' vein*, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Fla. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Fla. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Fla. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I'll speak in a monstrous little voice;—

“ Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear;
“ thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

Quin. No, no, you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snou. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug the joiner, you, the lion's part:—and, I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am flow of study¹.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the dutcheffs and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking-dove; I will roar you as 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawney beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard², your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French-crowns³ have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time, I will draw a bill of properties⁴, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; Hold, or cut bow-strings⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ To study a part, in the language of the theatre, is to get it by rote. ² This alludes to the custom of wearing coloured beards. ³ See note 2, p. 77. ⁴ See note 5, p. 68. ⁵ Dr. Warburton says, this proverbial phrase came originally from the camp. When a rendezvous was appointed, the militia soldiers would frequently make excuse for not keeping word, that their *bowstrings* were broke, i. e. their arms unserviceable. Hence when one would give another absolute assurance of meeting him, he would say proverbially—*Hold or cut bow-strings*—i. e. whether the bow-string held or broke.”

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*A Wood.**Enter a Fairy at one door, and Puck (or Robin-good-fellow) at another.**Puck.* **H**OW now, spirit! whither wander you?*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs¹ upon the green;
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their favours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob² of spirits, I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.*Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changeling:
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, per-force, with-holds the loved boy, [Joy:
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light³ theen⁴,
But they do square⁴; that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there. [quite,*Fai.* Either I mistake your shape and making
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd Robin Good-fellow: Are you not he,
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern⁵,
And bootless make the breathless huswife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm⁶;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck⁷,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are not you he?*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
The wisest aunt⁸, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And taylor⁹ cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen¹⁰ in their mirth, and neeze and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.*Fai.* And here my mistress:—'Would that he
were gone!

S C E N E II.

*Enter Oberon, king of Fairies, at one door with his train, and the queen at another with her's.**Ob.* Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.*Queen.* What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.*Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?*Queen.* Then I must be thy lady: But I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bounteous Amazon,
Your huskin'd mistress, and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.*Ob.* How can'st thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus? [night
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering
From Perigune, whom he ravish'd?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?*Queen.* These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring¹¹,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting¹² river made so proud,

¹ This alludes to the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairy's care to water them. ² Lob, lubber, looby, lobcock, all imply both indolence of body and dulness of mind. ³ i. e. shining. ⁴ To square here signifies to quarrel. ⁵ A quern is a hand-mill. ⁶ Barm is a name for yeast, still used in our midland counties. ⁷ Puck is said to have been an old Gothick word, signifying fiend or devil. ⁸ In Staffordshire the epithet of aunt is still applied indiscriminately to old women, and is there pronounced naunt. ⁹ This may perhaps allude to a custom of crying taylor at a sudden fall backwards, as a person who slips beside his chair falls as a taylor squats upon his board. ¹⁰ i. e. encrease. ¹¹ By the middle summer's spring, our author seems to mean the beginning of middle or mid summer. ¹² i. e. despicable, mean.

That they have over-borne their continents ¹.
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 And crows are fatt'd with the murrain flock:
 The nine-men's morris ² is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
 The human mortals want their winter here,
 No night is now with hymn, or carol blest:—
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatick diseases do abound ³:
 And, thorough this distemperature ⁴, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set: The spring, the summer,
 The chiding ⁵ autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which:
 And this same progeny ⁶ of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissonance;
 We are their parents and original.

Ob. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman ⁷.

Queen. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of me.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side;
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Masking the embark'd traders on the flood:
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 (Following her womb, then rich with my young
 Would imitate; and sail upon the land, [squire])
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you
 . . . stay? [day.]

Queen. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding—
 If you will patiently dance in our round,
 And see our moon-light revels, go with us;
 If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away:
 We shall chide down-right, if I longer stay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*]

Ob. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this
 'Till I torment thee for this injury.— [grove,
 My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st

Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
 And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
 To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watry moon;
 And the imperial votress pass'd on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free ⁸.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
 It fell upon a little western flower,— [wound,—
 Before, milk-white; now purple with love's
 And maidens call it, love-in-idleness. [ounce;
 Fetch me that flower; the herb I shew'd thee
 The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly doat
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
 Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
 In forty minutes. [*Exit.*]

Ob. Having once this juice,
 I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she wakes looks upon,
 (Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
 On meddling monkey, or on busy ape)
 She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
 And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
 (As I can take it with another herb)
 I'll make her render up her page to me.
 But who comes here? I am invisible;
 And I will over-hear their conference.

[*Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.*]

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
 Where is Lyfander and fair Hermia?
 The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
 Thou told'st me, they were stoln unto this wood;
 And here am I, and wood? within this wood,
 Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
 But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
 Is true as steel: Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?

Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth

Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,

The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,

¹ Meaning their banks. ² Nine men's morris is a game still played by the shepherds, cow-keepers, &c. in the midland counties. ³ The confusion of seasons here described, is no more than a poetical account of the weather, which happened in England about the time when this play was first published. ⁴ That is, perturbation. ⁵ That is, the pregnant. ⁶ That is, produce. ⁷ Page of honour. ⁸ This was intended as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth. ⁹ Wood here means mad, wild, raging. In this sense it was formerly spelled *wode*. Neglect

Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be used as you use your dog?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;
For I am sick, when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick, when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night, when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night:
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you, in my respect, are all the world:
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tyger: Bootless speed!
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go:
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We shoud be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exeunt.*]

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave
this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips¹ and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he espies

May be the lady: Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Effect it with some care, that he may prove

More fond on her, than she upon her love:

And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Wood.

Enter the Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel², and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice³ for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits⁴: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

First Fairy.

*You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:*

Chorus.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; hella, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

Second Fairy.

*Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

Chorus.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

First Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. The Queen sleeps.*]

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou see'st, when thou dost wake,

[*Squeezes the flower on her eye-lids.*]

Do it for thy true love take;

Love, and languish for his sake;

Be it ounce⁵, or cat, or bear,

Pard, or boar with bristled hair,

In thy eye that shall appear

When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;

Wake, when some vile thing is near. [*Exit Oberon.*]

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the
wood;

And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way:

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,

And tarry for the comfort of the day.

¹ The greater cowslip. ² A roundel is a dance in a ring. ³ A *re-re-mouffe* is a bat. ⁴ Dr. Warburton reads *quaint sports*. ⁵ The ounce is a small tyger, or tyger-cat.

Her. Be it so, Lyfander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

Lyf. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lyfander; for my sake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near.

Lyf. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchain'd with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lyfander riddles very prettily:—
Now much beshrew¹ my manners, and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lyfander ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lye further off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor, and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lyf. Amen, amen, to that fair pray'r, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that with the wisher's eyes be
prefs'd! *[They sleep.]*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lye
Near to this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. *[Exit.]*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.

Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me
thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.

Dem. Stay on thy peril: I alone will go.

[Exit Demetrius.]

Hel. O, I am out of breath, in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.²
Happy is Hermia, whereof'er she lies;
For the bath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftner wash'd than hers.

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts, that meet me, run away for fear;
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's spherish eyne?³—
But who is here? Lyfander? on the ground?
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lyfander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lyf. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet
fake. *[Waking.]*

Transparent Helena! Nature shews art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so, Lyfander; say not so:
What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what
though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lyf. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories, written in Love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well: perforce I must confess,
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.⁴
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should, of another, therefore be abus'd! *[Exit.]*

Lyf. She sees not Hermia:—Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And neyer may'st thou come Lyfander near!
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most, of me!
And all my powers, address your love and might,
To honour Helen, and to be her knight! *[Exit.]*

Her. *[Starting from sleep.]* Help me, Lyfander,
help me! do thy best,
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity!—what a dream was here?
Lyfander, look, how I do quake with fear!

¹ *Beshrew* means the same as if she had said, "Now ill beset my manners, &c." ² i. e. My acceptableness. ³ i. e. What then? ⁴ Meaning, that he had more of the spirit of a gentleman.

Methought, a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey:—
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!
What, out of hearing? gone? no found, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves¹; I swoon almost with fear.
No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Wood.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying asleep.

Bot. **A**RE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal: This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,——

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby, that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r lakin², a parlous³ fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit; I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords; and that Pyramus is not kill'd indeed: and, for the more better assurance tell them, that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing: for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl, than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber: for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-shine, find out moon-shine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moon-shine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall:—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some lome, or some rough-cast, about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake⁴; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swag-gering here,

So near the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus:—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. "Thisby, the flower of odious favours sweet."

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. "——dours favours sweet.

"So doth thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear:—

"But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a whit,

"And by and by I will to thee appear."

[Exit Pyramus.]

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!

[Aside.] [Exit.]

Thisby. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

¹ This adjuration is frequently used by our author. ² i. e. by our Ladykin, or little Lady. ³ Parlous means dangerous. ⁴ Brake anciently signified a thicket or bush. ⁵ i. e. a little while.

Thif. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lilly-white
" of hue,
" Of colour like the red-rose on triumphant brier,
" Most brisky juvenal¹, and eke most lovely Jew,
" As true as truest horse, that yet would never
" tire,
" I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues² and all.—Pyramus enter; your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom, with an ass's head.

Thif. "O—As true as truest horse, that yet
" would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine:"

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted! Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[*Exeunt Clowns.*]

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art chang'd! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass' head of your own; Do you?

Re-enter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[*Exit.*]

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*]

The ouzel-cock⁴, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throble⁵ with his note so true,

The wren with little quill:

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

[*Waking.*]

Bottom sings.

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry *cuckoo*, never so.

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again: Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek⁶, upon occasion.

Queen. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no. I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go—

Pease-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-feed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fair. Ready.

2 Fair. And I.

3 Fair. And I.

4 Fair. And I: Where shall we go?

Queen. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,

And, for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fair. Hail, mortal, hail!

2 Fair. Hail!

3 Fair. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name?

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Pease. Pease-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash⁷ your mother, and to master Peasecod, your father. Good master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Muf. Mustard-feed.

¹ i. e. young man. ² A cue, in the language of the stage, is the last words of the preceding speech, and serves as a hint to him who is to speak next. ³ i. e. afraid. ⁴ The ouzel cock is generally understood to be the cock blackbird. ⁵ The throble is the thrush. ⁶ i. e. deceive, or beguile. ⁷ A squash is an unripe peasecod.

Est. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience¹ well: that same cowardly, giant-like, ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you, more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Queen. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Oberon.

Ob. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-ruffe² now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches³, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl⁴ I fix'd on his head;
Anon, his Thisby must be answer'd, [spy,
And forth my minnock⁵ comes: When they him
As wild geese, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort⁶,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense, thus weak, lost with their fears, thus
strong,

Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats: from yielders all
things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Ob. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd⁷ the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,

And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lyfander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look: and so
should I,

Pierc'd through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lyfander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcase to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past
the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch⁸!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispris'd⁹
mood:

I am not guilty of Lyfander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead, or no. [*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

[*Lies down.*]

Ob. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken
quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:

¹ By patience is meant, standing still in a mustard pot to be eaten with the beef, on which it was a constant attendant. ² Meaning, what frolick of the night? ³ i. e. low, paltry fellows. ⁴ i. e. a head. ⁵ Minnekin, now minx, is a nice-trifling girl. Minneck is apparently a word of contempt. ⁶ i. e. company. ⁷ i. e. closed. To latch the door, in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, is to fasten the door. ⁸ Touch, in our author's time, was the same with our exploit, or rather stroke. ⁹ i. e. misprision.

Of thy misprision ¹ must perforce ensue
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man hold-
ing troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick ² she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*]

Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.—
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee;
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Ob. Stand aside: the noise they make,
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two, at once, woo one;
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things do best please me,
That befall prepos't'rously.

Enter Lyfander and Helena.

Lyf. Why should you think, that I should woo
in scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; Will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lyf. I had no judgement, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.

Lyf. Demetrius loves her; and he loves not you.

Dem. [*awaking.*] O Helen, goddess, nymph,
perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,
Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,
When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss
This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spight! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls ³, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals to mock Helena:

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! None, of nobler fort ⁴,

Would so offend a virgin; and extort ⁵

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lyf. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;

For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good-will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lyfander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:

If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but as guest-wife sojourn'd;

And now to Helen it is home return'd,

There to remain.

Lyf. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Left, to thy peril, thou aby ⁶ it dear.—

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
The ear more quick of apprehension makes; [*takes,*
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompence:—

Thou art not by mine eye, Lyfander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lyf. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lyfander from my
side?

Lyf. Lyfander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery o's ⁷, and eyes of light. [*know,*
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three,
To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?

All school-day friendship, childhood innocence?

¹ That is, *mistake*. ² i. e. all *love-sick*. ³ That is, join heartily. ⁴ *Sort* is here used for *degree*
or *quality*. ⁵ i. e. *harass*, or *torment*. ⁶ See note 4, page 188. ⁷ Shakspeare uses *O* for a *circle*.

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial ¹ gods,
Have with our needles ² created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorn your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorn,
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyfander*
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection;
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate;
But miserable most, to love unlov'd?
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carry'd, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument ³.
But, fare ye well; 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lyf. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair *Helena*!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lyf. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength, than her weak
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do; [prayers.
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lyf. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. *Lyfander*, whereto tends all this?

Lyf. Away, you *Ethiop*!

Dem. No, no, fir, he'll

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: You are a tame man, go!

Lyf. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing,
let loose;

Or I will shake thee from me, like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
Sweet love? [is this,

Lyf. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'sooth; and so do you.

Lyf. *Demetrius*, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond: for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not trust your word.

Lyf. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so. [dead?

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my
love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyfander*?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile. [me:
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, since night, you left

Why, then you left me,—O the gods forbid!—

In earnest, shall I say?

Lyf. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love *Helena*.

Her. O me! you juggler! oh, you canker-blossom ⁴!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stol'n my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, 'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our features; she hath urg'd her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice;
Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,
Because she's something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*;
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.
But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,

¹ Meaning, ingenious, artful. ² That is, needles. ³ Meaning, such a subject of light merriment.
⁴ Shakespeare here alludes to the worm that preys on the leaves or buds of flowers, always beginning
in the middle. And

And follow you no further: Let me go:

You see how simple and how fond¹ I am. [you?

Her. Why, get you gone: Who is't that hinders

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lyfander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lyf. Be not afraid, she shall not harm thee, Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd;

She was a vixen, when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lyf. Get you gone, you dwarf;

You minimus², of hind'ring knot-grafs made³;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious,

In her behalf that scorns your services.

Let her alone: speak not of Helena;

Take not her part: for if thou dost intend

Never so little shew of love to her,

Thou shalt aby⁴ it.

Lyf. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Exit Lyfander and Demetrius.*]

Her. You, mistress, all this coyl is 'long of you: Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

Nor longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;

My legs are longer though, to run away.

Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.

[*Exit: Hermia pursuing Helena.*]

Ob. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st, Or else commit'st thy knaveries willingly.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.

Did not you tell me, I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprize,

That I have 'pointed an Athenian's eyes:

And so far am I glad it did so fort⁵,

As this their jangling I esteem a sport. [*fight:*]

Ob. Thou see'st, these lovers seek a place to

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;

The flurried welkin cover thou anon

With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;

And lead these testy rivals so astray,

As one come not within another's way.

Like to Lyfander sometime frame thy tongue,

Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;

And sometimes rail thou like Demetrius;

And from each other look thou lead them thus,

'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:

Then crush this herb into Lyfander's eye;

Whose liquor hath this virtuous⁶ property,

To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.

When they next wake, all this derision

Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;

And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,

With league, whose date 'till death shall never end.

Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,

I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;

And then I will her charmed eye release

From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste;

For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger; [*there,*

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and

Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,

Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear left day should look their shames upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,

And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,

Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,

Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:

We may effect this business yet ere day. [*Exit Ob.*]

Puck. Up and down, up and down;

I will lead them up and down:

I am fear'd in field and town;

Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lyfander.

Lyf. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyf. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground.

[*Lyf. goes out, as following Dem.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyfander! speak again.

Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak. In some bush? where dost thou hide thy head? [*stars,*

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood here. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Lyfander.

Lyf. He goes before me, and still dares me on; When I come where he calls, then he is gone.

¹ That is, foolish. ² i. e. you diminutive of the creation, you reptile. ³ Knot-grafs was anciently supposed to prevent the growth of any animal or child. ⁴ To aby is to pay dear for, to suffer. ⁵ i. e. so happen. ⁶ i. e. salutiferous.

The villain is much lighter heel'd than I :
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly ;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day !
[Lies down.]

For if but once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spight.

Re-enter Puck and Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho ! coward, why comest thou not ?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st : for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place ;
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou ?

Puck. Conte hither ; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see :

Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited. [Lies down.]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours ; shine, comforts, from the
east ;

That I may back to Athens by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest :—

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

[Sleeps.]

Puck. Yet but three ? come one more ;

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, curst, and sad :—
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers ;
I can no further crawl, no further go ;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.

Here will I rest me, till the break of day.

Heavens shield Lyfander, if they mean a fray !

[Lies down.]

Puck. On the ground

Sleep found :

I'll apply

To your eye,

Gentle lover, remedy.

[Squeezing the juice on Lyfander's eye.]

When thou wak'st,

Thou tak'st

True delight

In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye :

And the country proverb known,

That every man should take his own,

In your waking shall be shown :

Jack shall have Jill ;

Nought shall go ill ;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be
well. [Exit Puck. They sleep.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Wood.

*Enter Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending,
and the King behind them.*

Queen. COME, sit thee down upon this flowery
bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy¹,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Pease-blossom ?

Pease. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom.—Where's
monieur Cobweb ?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb ; good monsieur, get
your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd
bumble-bee on the top of a thistle ; and, good mon-
sieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your-
self too much in the action, monsieur ; and, good
monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not ;
I would be loth to have you over-flown with a

honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-
seed ?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neif², monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will ?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cava-
lero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's,
monsieur ; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy
about the face : and I am such a tender ass, if my
hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Queen. What, wilt thou hear some musick, my
sweet love ?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in musick :
let us have the tongs and the bones³.

Queen. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st
to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender ; I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great de-
sire to a bottle of hay : good hay, sweet hay, hath
no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

¹ To coy is to sooth, to stroke. ² i. e. fist. ³ Meaning, the old rural musick of the organs
and key.

Bot.

Bot. I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.¹ So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle, Gently entwist,—the female ivy so Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Oberon advances. Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet fight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which strait she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of the Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen;

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*]

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Queen. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came these things to pass?

Oh, how mine eye doth loath his visage now!

Ob. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.—

Titania, musick call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Queen. Musick, ho! musick; such as charmeth
sleep.

Puck. When thou awak'st, with thine own fool's

Ob. Sound, musick. [*Still musick.*] Come, my
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:

There shall these pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground.

[*Wind booms within.*]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;—
For now our observation is perform'd³:

And since we have the vaward⁴ of the day,
My love shall hear the musick of my hounds.⁵

Uncouple in the western valley; go:—

Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.—

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules, and Cadmus, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding⁵; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry; I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

[*Kind.*]
The. My hounds are bred out of the Sparta
So flew'd⁶, so fanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly: [are these]
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lyfander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder at their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntmen wake them with
their horns.

Horns, and shout within; Demetrius, Lyfander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine's
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now? [*putting*]

¹ That is, disperse yourselves. ² i. e. grave, or sober. ³ Meaning, the honours due to the morning of May. ⁴ Vaward is an obsolete word signifying the fore part. ⁵ Chiding means sound. ⁶ i. e. so mouthed. Flaws are the large chaps of a deep-mouthed hound.

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [*They all kneel to Theseus.*]
The. I pray you all, stand up.

I know, you two are rival enemies;
 How comes this gentle concord in the world,
 That hatred is so far from jealousy,
 To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
 Half sleep, half waking: But as yet, I swear,
 I cannot truly say how I came here:
 But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
 And now I do bethink me, so it is;)—
 I came with Hermia hither: our intent
 Was, to be gone from Athens, where we might be
 Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough;
 I beg the law, the law, upon his head.— [trius,
 They would have stol'n away, they would, Deme-
 Thereby to have defeated you and me:
 You, of your wife; and me, of my consent;
 Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
 Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
 And I in fury hither follow'd them;
 Fair Helena in fancy¹ following me.
 But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
 (But by some power it is) my love to Hermia,
 Melted as is the snow, seems to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gawd²,
 Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
 And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
 The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
 Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
 Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
 But, like a sickness, did I loath this food:
 But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
 Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
 Of this discourse we shall hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
 For in the temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.

And, for the morning now is something sworn,
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.—

Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
 We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—

Come, Hippolita. [*Exe. Theseus, Hippolita, and train.*]

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguish-
 Like far-off mountains turned into clouds. [*able,*

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:

And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
 Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
 That we are awake?—It seems to me,
 That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
 The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolita.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake: let's follow
 And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*him;*
 [*Exeunt.*]

As they go out, Bottom awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
 answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*—
 Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute the bellows-
 mender! Snout the tinker! Starveling! God's my
 life! stol'n hence, and left me asleep! I have had
 a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the
 wit of man to say what dream it was: Man is but
 an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Me-
 thought I was—there is no man can tell what.
 Methought I was, and methought I had,—But
 man is but a patch'd fool³, if he will offer to say
 what methought I had. The eye of man hath not
 heard, the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand
 is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his
 heart to report, what my dream was. I will get
 Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it
 shall be call'd Bottom's Dream, because it hath no
 bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a
 play, before the duke: Peradventure, to make it
 the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Athens. Quince's House.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he
 come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
 is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is murr'd;
 It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in
 all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any
 handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is
 a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is,
 God bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the
 temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies
 more married: if our sport had gone forward, we
 had all been made men⁴.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost
 six-pence a-day during his life; he could not have
 'scaped six-pence a-day: an the duke had not given
 him six-pence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be
 hang'd; he would have deserv'd it: six-pence a
 day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these
 hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O
 most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but
 ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true

¹ Fancy here means love or affection. ² See the note in p. 175. ³ i. e. a fool in a parti-coloured coat.

⁴ Meaning, we had all made our fortunes.

Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath din'd: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short

and the long is, our play is preferr'd. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away; go, away. *[Exit.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Egeus, Philostrate, Lords, &c.

Hip. 'TIS strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of. *[lieve]*

The. More strange than true. I never may believe these antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact¹:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold; That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantick,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, *[heaven;]* Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation, and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination;

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together,

More witnesseth than fancy's images,

And grows to something of great constancy²:

But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philostr. Here, mighty Theseus. *[Evening?]*

The. Say, what abridgment³ have you for this? What mask? what musick? How shall we beguile

The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philostr. There is a brief⁴, how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first.

[Giving a paper.]

The. reads.] "The battle of the Centaurs, to be sung

"By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."

We'll none of that: that I have told my love,

In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

"Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."

That is an old device; and it was play'd

When I from Thebes came: last a conqueror.

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death

"Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary."

That is some satire, keen, and critical,⁵

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus

"And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical? Tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philostr. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted.

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehears'd, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it? *[Here]*

Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens

Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd⁶ memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

¹ i. e. made up. ² i. e. consistency. ³ By *abridgment* Shakspeare here means a dramattick performance. ⁴ i. e. a short account. ⁵ Meaning, *criticizing, censuring*. ⁶ That is, unexercised memories.

Philos. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you : I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world ;
Unless you can find sport in their intents ¹,
Extremely stretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play :
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in ;—and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philos.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake :
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might ², not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes ;
Where I have seen them shiver, and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome : Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome ;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-ty'd simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philos. So please your grace, the prologue is address'd ³.

The. Let him approach.

[*Flour. Trum.*]

Enter the Prologue.

Pro. " If we offend, it is with our good will.
" That you should think, we come not to offend,
" But with good-will. To shew our simple skill,
" That is the true beginning of our end.
" Consider then, we come but in despite.
" We do not come, as minding to content you,
" Our true intent is. All for your delight,
" We are not here. That you should here re-

" pent you,

" The actors are at hand ; and by their show,
" You shall know all, that you are like to know."

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt ;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord :
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder ⁴ : a sound, but not in government ⁵.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain ; nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd. Who is next ?

Enter Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pro. " Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show ;

" But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

" This man is Pyramus, if you would know ;

" This beauteous lady Thisbe is, certain.

" This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

" Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers
" funder :

" And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are
" content

" To whisper ; at the which let no man wonder.

" This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,

" Presenteth moon-shine : for, if you will know,

" By moon-shine did these lovers think no scorn

" To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

" This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

" The trusty Thisbe, coming first by night,

" Did scare away, or rather did affright :

" And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;

" Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain :

" Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

" And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle stain :

" Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

" He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast ;

" And Thisbe, tarrying in mulberry shade,

" His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

" Let lion, moon-shine, wall, and lovers twain,

" At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt all but Wall.*]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord : one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. " In this same interlude, it doth befall,

" That I, one Snout by name, present a wall :

" And such a wall, as I would have you think,

" That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,

" Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

" Did whisper often very secretly. [*shew*]

" This lome, this rough-cast, and this flome, doth

" That I am that same wall ; the truth is so :

" And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

" Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better ?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall : silence !

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. " O grim-look'd night ! O night with ! us
" so black !

" O night, which ever art, when day is not !

" O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

" I fear my Thisbe's promise is forgot !—

" And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

" That stand'st between her father's ground and
" mine ;

" Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

" Shew me thy chink to blink through with mine
" eyne.

¹ *Intents* here means the object of their attention. ² *In might*, is probably an elliptical expression for what might have been. ³ i. e. ready. ⁴ A kind of flute. ⁵ Meaning, not regularly.

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well
"for this!"

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should
curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. *Deceiv-
ing me*, is Thisby's cue; she is to enter now, and I
am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it
will fall pat as I told you: Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisby.

Thisb. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my
"moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me:

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones;

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the chink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

Thisb. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's
"grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still."

Thisb. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true."

Thisb. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile
"wall."

Thisb. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me
"straightway?"

Thisb. "Tide life, tide death, I come without
"delay." [to;

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged
"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[*Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.*

The. Now is the mural down between the two
neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so
wilful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows:
and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend
them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not
theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they
of themselves, they may pass for excellent men.
Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts
"do fear" [floor,

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on"

"May now, perchance, both quake and tremble
"here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, as Snug the joiner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that
e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord: for his valour cannot
carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his
valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is
well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to
the moon.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon
"present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invi-
sible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lanthorn doth the horned moon
"present;

"Myself the man i' th' moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the
man should be put into the lanthorn; How is it
else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle;
for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am a-weary of this moon. Would, he
would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion,
that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all
reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that
the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon;
this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my
dog.

Dem. Why ~~all~~ these should be in the lanthorn,
for they are in the moon. But, silence; here
comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

Thisb. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my
"love?"

Lion. "Oh—" [*The Lion roars. Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon
shines with a good grace.

The. Well mous'd, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanish'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny
"beams:

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright:

"For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering stream,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay;—O spite!

"But mark;—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here?

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

* *Snuff* signifies both the cinder of a candle, and hasty anger.

Thy

"Thy mantle good,
 "What, stain'd with blood?
 "Approach, ye furies fell!
 "O fates! come, come;
 "Cut thread and thrum¹;
 "Quail, crush, conclude and quell²!"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
 would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Bethrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions
 "frame?"

"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
 "Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,
 "That lov'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd,
 "with cheer.

"Come tears, confound;

"Out sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die.

[*Dies. Exit Moonshine.*]

Dem. No die, but an ace for him; for he is but
 one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he
 is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet
 recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance the moonshine is gone, before
 Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—

Enter Thisbe.

Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one,
 for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the balance, which Py-
 ramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already, with those sweet
 eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*,—

Thisb. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These hilly brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks.

"O sisters three,

"Come, come, to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of filk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu."

[*Dies.*]

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the
 dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that
 parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the
 epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance³, between
 two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play
 needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the
 players are all dead, there need none to be
 blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd
 Pyramus, and hang'd himself in Thisbe's garter, it
 would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly;
 and very notably discharg'd. But come, your Ber-
 gomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*Here a Dance of Clowns.*]

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;—
 Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear, we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
 As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable-gross play hath well beguild

The heavy gait⁴ of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,

And the wolf beholds the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,

All with weary talk fordone.

Now the wadded brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his spright,

In the church-way paths to glide:

And we fairies, that do run

By the triple Hecate's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolick; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

¹ *Thrum* is the end or extremity of a weaver's warp; it is popularly used for very coarse yarn.

² *To quell* is to murder, to destroy. ³ That is, a dance after the manner of the peasants of *Bergomasko*, a country in Italy belonging to the Venetians. ⁴ *i. e. Passage, progress,* ⁵ *i. e. Over-*

I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, with their Train.

Ob. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowfy fire :
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing and dance it trippingly.
Til. First, rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and blest this place.

SONG and DANCE.

Ob. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious¹, such as are

Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.—
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gate² ;
And each several chamber blest,
Through this palace, with sweet peace :
Ever shall it safely rest,
And the owner of it blest.

Trip away ;

Make no stay ;

Meet me all by break of day.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Train.*]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended)
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend ;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends, ere long ;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friend,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit]

¹ i. e. portentous. ² i. e. take his way.

MERCHANT

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.
 PRINCE of Morocco.
 PRINCE of Aragon.
 ANTHONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
 BASSANIO, his Friend.
 SALANIO, }
 SALARINO, } Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.
 GRATIANO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a Jew.
 TUBAL, a Jew.

LAUNCELOT, a Clown, Servant to the Jew.
 GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
 SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.
 LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHAZAR, }
 STEPHANO, } Servants to Portia.
 PORTIA, an Heiress.
 NERISSA, Waiting-maid to Portia.
 JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Senators of Venice, Officers, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anth. I N sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
 It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;
 But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
 What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
 I am to learn :

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
 That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the ocean :
 There, where your argosies¹ with portly sail,—
 Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
 Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—
 Do over-peer the petty traffickers,
 That curtzy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sala. Believe me, sir, had I such ventures forth,
 The better part of my affections would
 Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
 Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind ;
 Prying in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads :
 And every object that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But I should think of shallows, and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew² dock'd in sand,
 Vailing³ her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize. [it,

Anth. Believe me, no : I thank my fortune for
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
 Nor to one place ; nor is my whole estate
 Upon the fortune of this present year :
 Therefore my merchandize makes me not sad.

Sala. Why then you are in love ?

Anth. Fie, fie !

¹ Ships, so named from Ragusa. ² The name of the ship. ³ To vail, means to put off the hat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission.

Sal. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter Bassanio, Lorenzo, and Gratiano.

Sal. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: fare you well; [kinsman,
We leave you now with better company.

Sal. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Anth. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
say, when?

You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our leisure to attend on yours.
[*Exit Sal. and Sala.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found
Anthonio,

We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Anth. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool¹:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
"And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,

That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, [care,
If they should speak, would almost damn those
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools?
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner³. [time.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner.
I must be one of these same dumb wife men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years
more, [tongue.

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
Anth. Fare well; I'll grow a talker for this
gear. [mendable

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only com-
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not ventidie.
[*Exit Gra. and Lor.*]

Anth. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice: His reasons
are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of
chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them;
and, when you have them, they are not worth
the search.

Anth. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same,
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gag'd: To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Anth. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lye all unlock'd to your occasions. [shaft,

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,

¹ This alludes to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. ² Our author's meaning is, that some people are thought wise whilst they keep silence; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them fools, and so incur the judgment denounced in the gospel. ³ The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.

That which I owe is lost: but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first. [time,

Ant. You know me well; and herein spend but
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And am I prest¹ unto it: therefore speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes² from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her funny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchos' strand,
And many Jafons come in quest of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently enquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

A Room in Portia's House at Belmont.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-
weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your mi-
series were in the same abundance as your good
fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as
sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore,
to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner
by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

Por. If to do, were as easy as to know what
were good to do, chapels had been churches, and
poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good
divine, that follows his own instructions. I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the

blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree:
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
messes of good counsel the cripple. But this rea-
soning is not in the fashion to chuse me a husband:
—O me, the word chuse! I may neither chuse
whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is
the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of
a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I can-
not chuse one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chuses
his meaning, chuses you) will, no doubt, never be
chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly
love. But what warmth is there in your affection
towards any of these princely suitors that are al-
ready come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and, as thou
nam'st them, I will describe them; and, according
to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt³, indeed, for he doth no-
thing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great
appropriation to his own good parts, that he can
shoe him himself: I am much afraid my lady his
mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as, who should
say, *An if you will not have me, chuse*: he hears
merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove
the weeping philosopher when he grows old, be-
ing so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I
had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone
in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend
me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur
Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than
the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than
the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if
a throttle ring, he falls strait a-capering; he will fence
with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I
should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise
me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to mad-
ness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Faulconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he
understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come
into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-
worth in the English. He is a proper man's pic-
ture; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb
show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he
bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in
France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour
everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

¹ That is, ready to do it. ² Sometimes here means formerly. ³ i. e. a thoughtless, giddy, gay
youngster.

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to chuse, and chuse the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chuse it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so very reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so he was call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

SCENE III.

A publick Place in Venice.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Anthonio shall be bound.

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is, to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad: But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assur'd, you may. [assur'd,

Shy. I will be assur'd, I may; and, that I may be I will bethink me: May I speak with Anthonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip¹, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats: What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me: But soft; How many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Anthonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess,

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

¹ This is a phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers.

I'll break a custom :—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Anth. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot—three months, you told me so.

Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,——But
hear you ;

Methoughts, you said, you neither lend, nor bor-
row, upon advantage.

Anth. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third.

Anth. And what of him ? did he take interest ?

Shy. No, not take interest ; not, as you would
say,

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the earlings¹, which were streak'd, and
py'd,

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams :
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peal'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind²,
He stuck them up before the fulsome³ ewes ;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not. [for ;

Anth. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast :—
But note me, signior.

Anth. Mark you this, Bassanio.
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling thrug ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath ! [sum.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
Three months from twelve, then let me see the
rate. [you ?

Anth. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances⁴ :
Still have I borne it with a patient thrug ;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine⁵,
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
Go to then : you come to me, and you say,
" Shylock, we would have monies ;" You say so ;

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
" Hath a dog money ? Is it possible
" A cur can lend three thousand ducats ?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—" Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday
" last ;

" You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
" You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
" I'll lend you thus much monies."

Anth. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal⁶ of his friend ?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the flames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doil
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me ;
This is kind I offer.

Anth. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Anth. Content, in faith ; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell⁷ in my necessity.

Anth. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of the bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship ;
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Anth. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats strait ;

¹ i. e. lambs just dropt. ² i. e. of nature. ³ Meaning, lascivious, obscene. ⁴ Use and usance
were both words formerly employed for usury. ⁵ A gaberdine means a coarse frock. ⁶ That is, in-
terest money bred from the principal. ⁷ To dwell, here seems to mean the same as to continue.

See to my house, left in the fearful guard¹
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you.

Anth. Hie thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Anth. Come on; in this there can be no dismay.

[*Exit.* My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exit.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Belmont.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and three or four followers accordingly; with Portia, Nerissa, and her train. Flourish Cornets.

Mor. **M**ISLIKE me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd
sun,

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd² the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chusing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to chuse at all,
Or swear, before you chuse,—if you chuse wrong,

Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised.

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my
chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me
to run from this Jew my master: The fiend is at
mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo,
"Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gob-
"bo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs,
"take the start, run away."—My conscience
says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take
"heed, honest Gobbo; or," as foresaid, "honest
"Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running
"with thy heels." Well, the most courageous
fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend;
"away!" says the fiend, "for the heavens!" "roule
"up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run."
Well, my conscience hanging about the neck of
my heart, says very wisely to me,—"My honest
"friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—
or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed,
my father did something smack, something grow
to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience
says,—"Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says
the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience.—
Conscience, say I, you counsel well. Fiend, say I,
you counsel well. To be rul'd by my conscience, I
should stay with the Jew my master, who, God
bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run
away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend,
who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself.
Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation;
and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind
of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay
with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly
counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your
commandment, I will run.

Enter old Gobbo, his father, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you;
which is the way to master Jew's?

¹ *Fearful guard* means a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. ² i. e. terrified.
Probably Shakspeare wrote *scar'd*.

Laun. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than fad-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions¹ with him.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now, [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an' please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot, talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the fifters three, and such branches of learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am fad-blind, I knew you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wife father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art my own flesh and blood. Lord worshipp'd might he be! what

a beard hast thou got! Thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse² has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how thou art chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: My master's a very Jew; give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassanio, with Leonardo, and a follower or two more.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters deliver'd; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

Gob. His master and he (saying your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service to become

The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted be-

¹ That is, I will try experiments with him.

² *Tail, or fill*, means the shafts of a cart or waggon.
 tween

tween my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy son:

Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging out:—give him a livery

[*To his followers.*]

More guarded¹ than his fellows: see it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table², which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed³;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night

My best-esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

[*Enter Gratiano.*]

Gra. Where's your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit Leonardo.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano:

Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults: But where thou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal⁴;—pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty [*viour*, Thy skipping spirit; left, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstru'd in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

[*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:

If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent⁵ To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. [*me*]

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage By what we do to-night.

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on Your holdest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest: But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Shylock's house.

[*Enter Jessica and Launcelot.*]

Jess. I am sorry, thou wilt leave my father so: Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness: But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee. And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly, And so farewell; I would not have my father See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceiv'd: but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jess. Farewel, good Launcelot.—

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife; Become a christian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

[*Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salario, and Salario.*]

Lor. Nay, we will flink away in supper-time; Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Sal. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Sala. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly ordered; And better, in my mind, not undertook. [*hours*]

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two To furnish us:—

[*Enter Launcelot with a letter.*]

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this⁶, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

¹ That is, more ornamented. ² The chiromantic term for the lines of the hand. ³ A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying. ⁴ That is, too gross, licentious. ⁵ That is, grave appearance. ⁶ To break up was a term in carving.

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her ;—Speak it privately ; go.—
Gentlemen,

Will you prepare you for this mask to-night ?
I am provided of a torch-bearer. [Exit Lann.

Sal. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
Sala. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging-some hour hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do so. [Exe. Salav. and Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all : she hath di-
rected,

How I must take her from her father's house ;
What gold, and jewels, she is furnish'd with ;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :

And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,—

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

Come, go with me ; peruse this, as thou goest ;
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock, and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—

What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize.

As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—

Why, Jessica, I say !

Lann. Why, Jessica !

Shy. Who bids thee call ? I do not bid thee call.

Lann. Your worship was wont to tell me, that
I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jef. Call you ? what is your will ?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica ;

There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?

I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :

But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon

The prodigal christian.—Jessica, my girl,

Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,

For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lann. I beseech you, sir, go ; my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Lann. And they have conspired together,—I
will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you
do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell
bleeding on Black-Monday last¹, at six o'clock
of the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wed-
nesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me,
Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces :
But stop my house's ears, I mean, my casements ;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah ;
Say, I will come.

Lann. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jew's eye. [Exit Lann.

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

Jef. His words were, Farewel, mistress ; no-
thing else. [Reenter,

Shy. The patch² is kind enough ; but a huge
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day

More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me :

Therefore I part with him ; and part with him

To one that I would have him help to waste

His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;

Perhaps, I will return immediately ;

Do, as I bid you.

Shut the doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jef. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not cross'd,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

The Street.

Enter Gratiano, and Salanio, in masquerade.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lo-
renzo

Desir'd us to make stand.

Sal. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Sal. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unabated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !
How like a prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Enter Lorenzo.

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo :—more of this here-
after. [Abode ;

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :

When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,

¹ Black-Monday, according to Stowe, means Easter-Monday, and was so called from Edward III.
having lost a part of his army, then besieging Paris, by cold on that day, which was also remark-
ably dark and misty. ² i. e. the fool.

I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach ;
Here dwells my father Jew : Ho ! who's within ?

Jessica above, in boy's cloaths.

Jes. Who are you ? tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain ; and my love indeed ;
For who love I so much ? and now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness
that thou art. [pains.

Jes. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;
And I should be obscur'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once :
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.]

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentle¹, and no Jew.

Lor. Bestrew me, but I love her heartily :
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, below.

What, art thou come ?—On, gentlemen, away ;
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica, &c.]

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Anthonio ?

Anth. Fie, fie, Gratiano ! where are all the rest ?
'Tis nine o'clock ; our friends all stay for you :—
No masque to-night ; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard :
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on 't ; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VII.

Belmont.

*Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both
their trains.*

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince :—
Now make your choice. [bears ;

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription

• Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—
"Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :—
"Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath."

How shall I know if I do chuse the right ?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince ;
If you chuse that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again :
What says this leaden casket ?

"Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he
"hath."

Must give—For what ? for lead ? hazard for
This casket threatens : Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dröfs ;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?

"Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand :

If thou be't rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady ;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve !—Why, that's the lady ;
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;
But, more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here ?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

"Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire."
Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her :

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vally wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as thorough-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia :

The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damna-
tion,

To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?

O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd² upon ;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lyes all within.—Deliver me the key ;

Here do I chuse, and thrive I as I may ! [there.]

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form be
Then I am yours. [Unlocking the gold casket.]

¹ Our author here quibbles upon *Gentile*, which signifies *one that is well born*, as well as a *heavenly*.
² i. e. engraved upon.

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgement old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Mor. Cold, indeed; and labour lost:

Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
go:—

Let all of his complexion chuse me so. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Venice.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Sal. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Sala. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Sal. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Sala. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Sold with a Christian!—O my Christian ducats!—
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
—A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of such ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!*

Sal. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sala. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd:
I reason'd¹ with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me;
And with'd in silence, that it were not his.

Sala. You were best to tell Anthonio what you hear:
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part:

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return; he answer'd,—*Do not so,*

² *Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very ripening of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair objects of love
As shall conveniently become you there:*

And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Sala. I think, he only loves the world for him.

I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

Sal. Do we so.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.

B Belmont.

Enter Nerissa, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, [straight;
And comes to his election presently.

Enter Arragon, his train; Portia, with hers. Flourish of cornets.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you chuse that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial-rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you, and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd⁴ me: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chuseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—

Who chuseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire,—That many may be meant
Of the fool multitude, that chuse by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force⁵ and road of casualty.

I will not chuse what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

Tell me once more what tide thou dost bear:

Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;

And well said too: For who shall go about

¹ That is, conversed. ² To slubber is to do any thing carelessly, or imperfectly. ³ Meaning, perhaps, your loving mind. ⁴ i. e. prepared me. ⁵ i. e. the power.

To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honour? and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:
Who chuseth me, shall get as much as he deserves:
I will assume desert;—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [there.

Por. Too long a pause for that which you find

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia!
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings!
Who chuseth me, shall have as much as he deserves:
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The five seven times tried this;
Seven times try'd that judgment is,
That did never chuse amiss:
Some there be, that shadow kiss:
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.*

*Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, for, you are sped.*

Ar. Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:

With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth².

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools, when they do chuse,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no hereby;—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate,
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets³;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[Exit.]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Salanio and Salario.

Sal. **N**OW, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd,
that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd
on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they
call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal,
where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as
they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman
of her word.

Sal. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapt⁴ ginger, or made her neighbours be-
lieve she wept for the death of a third husband: But
it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing
the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antho-
nio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a title
good enough to keep his name company!—

Sal. Come the full stop.

Sal. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why the end is,
he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses!

Sal. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross
thy prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a
Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

How now, Shylock? what news among the mer-
chants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as
you, of my daughter's flight.

Sal. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the
taylor that made the wings she flew withal.

Sal. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the
bird was sledge; and then it is the complexion of
them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

¹ That is, I know. ² i. e. my misfortune. ³ i. e. salutations. ⁴ To knapt is to break fast.

Sala. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Sala. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and Rhenish:—But tell us, do you hear, whether Anthonio have had any loss at sea, or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

Sala. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh; What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Anthonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Sala. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter Tubal.

Sala. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Sala. and Salan.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! the curse never fell upon our nation 'till now; I never felt it 'till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and yet much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring,

but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news: ha! ha! Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot chuse but break.

Shy. I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a batchelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Belmont.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and Attendants.

The Caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in chusing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while: There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to chuse right, but I am then forsworn; So will I never be: so you may miss me: But if you do, you'll make me with a sin, That I had been forsworn. Bestrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,

Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.¹
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize² the time;
To ske it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me chuse;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is musick then? then musick is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no less presence³, but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

[*Musick within.*]

A Song, whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell.
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.*

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least them.
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament. [*self*;
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers whiter as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped⁴ & snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled⁵ shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here chuse I; Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,
For fear I surfeit! [*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Bass. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit⁶? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a har
Should sunder such sweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnish'd: Yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

¹ The author of the REVISAL of *Shakspeare's* text assigns the following meaning to this difficult passage:—"If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath." ² To *peize* comes from *peser*, Fr. which signifies to retard. ³ Meaning with no less dignity of mien. ⁴ i. e. curled. ⁵ i. e. the treacherous shore. ⁶ Counterfeit here means a likeness, a resemblance.

In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

*You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you, where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll!—Fair lady, by your leave;

[*Kissing her.*]

I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better: yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich; that to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of something; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it preface the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent¹ together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission²
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the casket there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord. [marriage.]

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends, and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;

They are entirely welcome. [lord,

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.]

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind!
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [come.]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her wel-
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?

I know, he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jafons, we have won the fleece. [lost!]

Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath
Por. There are some shrewd contents in yon fame
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek: [paper,
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world

¹ That is, blended. ² Intermission here means pause, delay.

Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse :—
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words,
That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;
And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart : When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing ; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his meer enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio ?
Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India ?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ?

Sal. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it : Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man :
He plies the duke at morning, and at night ;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond. [I swear,

Yes. When I was with him, I have heard him
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Per. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble ?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unweary'd spirit
In doing courtesies ; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Per. What sum owes he the Jew ?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Per. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife ;
And then away to Venice to your friend ;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side

With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over :
When it is paid, bring your true friend along :
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away ;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer ;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [reads.] " Sweet Bassanio, my ships have
" all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my
" estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is for-
" feited ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I
" should live, all debts are cleared between you
" and me, if I might but see you at my death :
" notwithstanding, use your pleasure : if your love
" do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

Per. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste : but, 'till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street in Venice.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and the Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ;—Tell not me of
mercy ;—

This is the fool that lent out money gratis ;—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock. [bond ;

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond :
Thou call'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause ;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak.
I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a foist and dull-ey'd fool,²
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not ;
I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond.

[Exit Shylock.]

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone ;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life ; his reason well I know ;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me,
Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure, the duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law,
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice ; if it be deny'd,
Will much impeach the justice of the state ;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go :
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,

¹ i. e. so foolish.

² Meaning, melancholy fool.

That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Belmont.

*Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and
Balthazar.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty?
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by *Nerissa* here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart;
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and *Jessica*
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleas'd

To wish it back on you: fare you well, *Jessica*.—

[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, *Balthazar*,

As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,

In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario; [thee,
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, *Nerissa*; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, *Nerissa*; but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and dy'd;
I could not do¹ with all;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Launcelot and Jessica.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of
the father are to be laid upon the children; there-
fore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always
plain with you; and so now I speak my agitation
of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for,
truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one
hope in it that can do you any good; and that is
but a kind of a bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your
father got you not, that you are not the Jew's
daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, in-
deed; so the sins of my mother shall be visited
upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla,
your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother;
well, you are gone both ways.

¹ For the sense of the word *do* in this place, see note 4, p. 77.

Jef. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians enough before; e'en as many as could well live one by another: This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jef. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say; here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jef. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter; and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more than reason: but if she be less than an honest woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence; and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! wilt

thou shew the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceit shall govern. *[Exit Laun.]*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited! The fool hath planted in his memory

An army of good words: And I do know A many fools, that stand in better place, Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? And now, good sweet, say thy opinion; How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jef. Past all expressing: it is very meet, The lord Bassanio live an upright life; For, having such a blessing in his lady, He finds the joys of heaven here on earth: And, if on earth he do not mean it, it Is reason he should never come to heaven. Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match, And on the wager lay two earthly women, And Portia one, there must be something else Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jef. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon; first let us go to dinner.

Jef. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk; Then, howsoever thou speak'st, 'mong other things I shall digest it.

Jef. Well, I'll set you forth. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Senate-house in Venice.

Enter the Duke, the Senators; Anthonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, and others.

Duke. **W**HAT, is Anthonio here?

Antb. Ready, so please your grace. *[Swer]*

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to an A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Antb. I have heard, Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach¹, I do oppose My patience to his fury; and am arm'd

To suffer, with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Sal. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too, That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought, Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty: And, where² thou now exact'st the penalty, (Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh) Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal;

¹ Envy in this place means hatred or malice. ² Where for whereas.

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back ;
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew. [pose ;

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond :
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather chuse to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :
But, say, it is my humour ; Is it answer'd ?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd ? What, are you answer'd yet ?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig ;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat ;
And others, when the bag-pipes sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine ; For affections,
Masters of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths : Now for your an-
swer :

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;
Why he, a woollen¹ bag-pipe ; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend himself, being offended ;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [swers.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my an-
Bass. Do all men kill the thing they do not love ?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill ?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting
thee twice ? [Jew ;

Anth. I pray you, think you question² with the
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height ;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe 'bleat for the lamb ;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;
You may as well do any thing most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)
His Jewish heart : — Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,

I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, render'ing
none ? [wrong ?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them : — Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ?
Why sweat they under burdens ? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands ? you will answer,
The slaves are ours : — So do I answer you :
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :
If you deny me, fie upon your law !

There is no force in the decrees of Venice :

I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Sala. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ?
courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Anth. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dress'd like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

Ner. From both, my lord : Bellario greets your
grace.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there. [Jew,

Gra. Not on thy foal, but on thy soul, harsh
Thou mak'st thy knife keen : but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy³. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men ; thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fly,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itself in thee ; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd and ravenous. [bond,

Shy. 'Till thou can'st rail the seal from off my
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud :
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. — I stand here for law.

¹ Perhaps we should read a swelling or swollen bagpipe. ² To question is to converse. ³ i. e. hatred.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court : —
Where is he ?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart : — some three or four
of you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place. —
Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

" Your grace shall understand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick : but at the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthazar : I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant : we turn'd o'er many books together : he is furnish'd with my opinion ; which, bettered with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation ; for I never knew so young a body with so old an head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

Enter Portia, dress'd like a doctor of laws.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes ;

And here, I take it, is the doctor come. —
Give me your hand : Came you from old Bellario ?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome : take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court ?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew ?

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock ?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn¹ you, as you do proceed. —
You stand within his danger, do you not ?

[*To Anth.*]

Anth. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ?

Anth. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blest'd ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His scepter shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice : Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —

That, in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth². And I beseech you

Wrest once the law to your authority :

To do a great right, do a little wrong ;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! —

O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit ;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart : — Be merciful ;

Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour. —

It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most found : I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

Anth. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true : O wife and upright judge !

How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

¹ i. e. oppose you. ² Meaning, that malice oppresses honesty.

Shy. Ay, his breast :
*So says the bond ;—*Doth it not, noble judge ?
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh ?
Shy. I have them ready. [charge,
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?
Por. It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?
'Twere good, you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. [say ?
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to
Ant. But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;
For herein fortune shews herself more kind
Than is her custom : it is still her use,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife ;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.
Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you. [that,
Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love ;
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Intreat some power to change this curriish Jew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.
Shy. There be the Christian husbands : I have a
daughter ;
Would, any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian !
[Aside.
We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine ;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge ! [breast ;
Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it.
Shy. Most learned judge !—A sentence ; come,
prepare.
Por. Tarry a little,—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.
Gra. O upright judge !—Mark, Jew ;—O
Shy. Is that the law ? [learned judge !
Por. Thyself shalt see the act :
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
Gra. O learned judge ! Mark, Jew ;—a learned
judge !
Shy. I take this offer then ;—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
Bass. Here is the money.
Por. Soft ;
The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ! no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. [seizure.
Por. Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy for-
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.
Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel !—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal ?
Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it !
I'll stay no longer question.
Por. Tarry, Jew ;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize on half his goods ; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament I say thou stand'st :
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.
Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself :
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou may'st see the difference of our
spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Anthonio.

Sby. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Antb. So please my lord the duke, and all the
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman,
That lately stole his daughter.

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here. [say ?

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou
Sby. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Sby. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence,
I am not well; send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening, thou shalt have two god-
fathers; [more !
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit Shylock.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon²:
I must away this night to Padua,
And it is meet, I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exit Duke and his train.

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I, and my friend,
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Antb. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfy'd;
And I, delivering you, am satisfy'd,
And therein do account myself well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you
further;

Take some remembrance of us, for a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will
yield. [take;

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for you;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more:
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this, than on
the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:

You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my
wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scape serves many men to save their
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exit with Nerissa.

Antb. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valu'd gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Anthonio's house:—away, make haste.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. Enquire the Jew's house out, give him
this deed,

And let him sign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice³,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you:—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, [To Por.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

¹ i. e. a jury of twelve men, to condemn thee to be hanged. ² Meaning, your grace's pardon.
³ i. e. reflexion.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have
old swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-swear them too.

Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will
tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Belmont. A grove, or green place, before Portia's
House.

Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.

Lor. THE moon shines bright:—In such a
night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er-trip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrif love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slender her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you, did no body come;
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter a Servant.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Serv. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I
pray you, friend?

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Serv. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,

And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my
master will be here ere morning, sweet soul. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—Why should we go in?

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your musick forth into the air.—

[*Exit servant.*]

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with pattens¹ of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Come, ho, and wake Diana² with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with musick.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet mu-
sick. [*Musick.*]

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, [*loud,*]
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood;

If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick: Therefore, the
poet [*floods;*]

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no musick in himself,

¹ Our author evidently here alludes to the stars.—Dr. Warburton says, that *pattens* was a round
broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. ² Meaning the moon, who is afterwards represented as sleep-
ing. Nor

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the musick.

Enter Portia, and Nerissa at a distance.

Por. That light we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world. [*candle.*

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Musick! hark! [*Musick.*

Ner. It is your musick, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection?—
Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd!

Lor. That is the voice, [*Musick ceases.*

Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia. [*cuckow,*

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not. [*sick.*

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their
followers.*

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But, God fort all!—You are welcome home, my
lord. [*my friend.—*

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to
This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Anth. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

[*Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.*

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you dome wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose poesy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry:²
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;

And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective,³ and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him. [*you,*

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it. [*Justice.*

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away,
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me?

Bass. If I could add a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

¹ Meaning, a flourish on a trumpet. ² Knives were formerly inscribed by means of *agras* forms with short sentences. ³ Meaning, *respectful*. ⁴ Meaning, perhaps, a stunted or *shrub-like* boy.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Who did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforc'd to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have
begg'd

The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so: let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Anth. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both mine eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye, one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my body for his wealth²;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
[To Portia.]

Had quite miscarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Anth. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highway
In summer, where the ways are fair enough:

What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserv'd it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:

There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;

Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here

Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,

And but even now return'd; I have not yet

Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;

And I have better news in store for you,

Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;

There you shall find, three of your argosies

Are richly come to harbour suddenly:

You shall not know by what strange accident

I chanced on this letter.

Anth. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay, but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;

When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Anth. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,

From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,

After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfy'd

¹ Double is here put for full duplicity. ² That is, his advantage.

Of these events at full : Let us go in ;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so : The first inter'gatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay ;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day :

But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



AS YOU LIKE IT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE.
FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper.*
AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke, in*
JAQUES, } *his banishment.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
OLIVER, *eldest son to Sir Rowland de Boys.*
JAQUES, } *younger brothers to Oliver.*
ORLANDO, }
ADAM, *an old servant of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
SYLVIVS, }

WILLIAM, *in love with Audrey.*
Sir OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a vicar.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to the usurping Duke Frederick.*
DENNIS, *servant to Oliver.*
ROSALIND, *daughter to the Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*
A person representing Hymen.

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; with pages, foresters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's house; and, afterwards, partly in the Duke's court, and partly in the forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Oliver's Orchard.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando. AS I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me:—By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays¹ me here at home, unkept: For call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place

of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter Oliver.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orla. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orla. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What may you then, sir?

Orla. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be nought a while².

Orla. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *stays*, i. e. keeps me like a brute. ² Probably meaning, be content to be a cypher, or of no consequence for the present.

Orla.

Orla. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orla. Ay, better than he, I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us; I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orla. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain¹?

Orla. I am no villain²: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, 'till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orla. I will not, 'till I please; you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes:

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orla. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master, he would not have spoke such a word. *[Exit Orlando and Adam.]*

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physick your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in.—*[Exit Dennis.]* 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good-morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles!—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke, therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the old duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir, and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall: To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for mine own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother; therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck, as his finger; and thou wert best look to it, for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison; entrap thee by some treacherous device; and never leave thee, 'till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous in this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but

¹ Villain here means, a wicked or bloody man, of low extraction.

² But in this place Orlando uses it for a fellow.

should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Gla. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewel, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved: and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether surpris'd: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

An open walk before the Duke's palace.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ref. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ref. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ref. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see; What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pry'thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ref. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ref. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those, that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those, that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ref. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone, a clown.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ref. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Clo. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Clo. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ref. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Clo. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ref. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Clo. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pry'thee, who is it that thou mean'st?

Clo. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him: Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Clo. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenc'd, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ref. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ref. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more market-ble. Bon jour, Monsieur le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ref. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel¹.

Clo. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze² me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents*,—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; he poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Clo. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why this, that I speak of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken musick in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and attendants.

Duke. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke. How now, daughter and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him,

but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke. Do so; I'll not be by. [*Duke goes apart.*]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orla. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

Orla. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orla. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would I were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Clo. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orla. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a most modest working.

Duke. You shall try but one fall.

Clo. No, I warrant your grace; you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orla. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg! [*They wrestle.*]

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

Duke. No more, no more. [*Charles is thrown.*]

Orla. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

¹ A proverbial expression implying a *glaring falsehood*. ² Amaze here signifies to confuse, to put him out of the intended narrative.

Duke. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orla. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of fir Rowland de Boys.

Duke. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would, thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exit Duke, with his train.*]

Manent Celia, Rosalind, Orlando.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orla. I am more proud to be fir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

[*calling,*]

Ros. My father lov'd fir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistrets shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay:—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orla. Can I not say, I thank you? My better
parts [up]
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands
Is but a quintaine¹, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my
fortunes:
I'll ask him what he would:—Did you call, fir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you:—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orla. What passion hangs these weights upon
my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Enter Le Beau.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good fir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place: Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the duke's condition²,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humourous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orla. I thank you, fir; and, pray you, tell me
this;

Which of the two was daughter of the duke

That here was at the wrestling? [manners;

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company; whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake:

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

[*Exit.*]

Orla. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother:—

But, heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid, have
mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs, throw some of them at me;
come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when
the one should be lan'd with reasons, and the
other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father:
Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs
are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry, hem, and
have him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try
in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these
jefts out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is
it possible on such a sudden you should fall into so
strong a liking with old fir Rowland's youngest
son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I

¹ The quintaine was a stake driven into a field, upon which were hung a shield and other trophies of war; at which they shot, danc'd, or rode with a lance. When the shield and the trophies were all thrown down, the quintaine remained. ² i. e. character, disposition.

should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly¹: yet I hate not Orlando.

Ref. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Enter Duke, with lords.

Ref. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do:—Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger. [*haste.*]

Duke. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest And get you from our court.

Ref. Me, uncle?

Duke. You, cousin.

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our publick court as twenty miles, Thou die'st for it.

Ref. I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me: If with myself I hold intelligence,

Or have acquaintance with my own desires;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantick,

(As I do trust, I am not) then, dear uncle,

Never, so much as in a thought unborn,

Did I offend your highness.

Duke. Thus do all traitors;

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself:—

Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ref. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor: Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's enough. [*dom.*]

Ref. So was I when your highness took him duke: So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,

To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak. [*take.*]

Duke. Ay, Celia; we but stay'd her for you: Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,

It was your pleasure, and your own remorie;

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why, so am I: we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And whereof'er we went, like Juno's swans,

Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

When she is gone: then open not thy lips;

Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my I cannot live out of her company. [*liege;*]

Duke. You are a fool;—You, niece, provide yourself;

If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exit Duke, &c.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ref. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'y thee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ref. That he hath not. [*love*]

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:

Shall we be funder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our forrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ref. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ref. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

Ref. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-ax² upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing³ and a martial outface;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man? [*page.*]

Ref. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own And therefore look you call me, Ganimed.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state: No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ref. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together:

Devise the fittest time, and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight: Now go we in content;

To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exit.*]

¹ Dear has the double meaning in Shakspeare of *dear* as well as of *hurtful*, *hated*, *hateful*; when applied in the latter sense, however, it ought to be spelt *dere*. ² i. e. a broad-sword. ³ i. e. a noisy, bullying outface.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*The Forest of Arden.**Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, and two or three Lords like Foresters.*

Duke Sen. **N**OW, my co-mates, and brothers
in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference: as the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;¹
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. [*Grace.*]

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads²
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

¹ This alludes to an opinion then prevalent, that in the head of an old toad was to be found a stone, or pearl, to which great virtues were ascribed. This stone has been often sought, but never found. ² Meaning, with arrows. ³ That is, encounter him. ⁴ i. e. scurvy, mangy. ⁵ To quail is to faint.

1 Lord. O, yes, into a thousand families.

First, for his weeping in the needle's stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
"As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
"To that which had too much:" Then, being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
"Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
"The flux of company:" Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
"Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
"Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this con-
templation? [*ing*]

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and comment-
Upon the fobbing deer.

Duke Sen. Show me the place;
I love to cope³ him in these fullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Palace.**Enter Duke Frederick with Lords.*

Duke. Can it be possible, that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and fustian in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish⁴ clown, at whom
to oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Helena, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the finewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company. [*ther,*]

Duke. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hit.
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail⁵
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Oliver's House.**Enter Orlando and Adam.**Orla.* Who's there?*[master,**Adam.* What! my young master?—Oh, my gentle

Oh, my sweet master; O you memory!

Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bony prisoner of the humourous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men,

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?*Adam.* O unhappy youth,

Come not within these doors; within this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—

Yet not the son;—I will not call him son—

Of him I was about to call his father)

Hath heard your praises; and this night he means

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it: if he fail of that,

He will have other means to cut you off:

I overheard him, and his practices.

This is no place²; this house is but a butchery;

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.*Orla.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice

Of a diverted³ blood, and bloody brother.*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown;

Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you: Let me be your servant;

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbathful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

*[appears**Orla.* Oh good old man! how well in thee

The constant service of the antique world,

When service sweat for duty, not for need!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion;

And having that, do choak their service up

Even with the having⁴: it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:

But come thy ways, we'll go along together;

And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on; and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty—

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore, it is too late a week:

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,

Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. *[Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

*The Forest of Arden.**Enter Rosalind in boy's cloaths for Ganymed; Celina dressed like a shepherdess for Aliena; and Touchstone the Clown.**Ros.* O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!*Cel.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and cry like a woman: but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat; therefore, courage, good Aliena.*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I can go no further.*Cel.* For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross⁵, if I did bear you; for, I think you have no money in your purse.*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.*Cel.* Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone:—Look you, who comes here; a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.*Enter Corin and Silvius.**Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover,

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

(As sure I think did never man love to)

¹ Memory is here put for memorial. ² Place here means a mansion or residence. ³ That is, blood turned out of the course of nature. ⁴ Having here means possession. ⁵ A cross was a piece of money stamped with a cross.

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not fat as I do now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd:—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Ref. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Clo. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
take that for coming o' nights to Jane Smile: and
I remember the kissing of her battlet¹, and the
cow's dugs that her pretty chopp'd hands had
milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod²
instead of her; from whom I took two cods³,
and, giving her them again, said with weeping
tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We, that are true
lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal
in nature, so is all nature in love mortal³ in folly.

Ref. Thou speak'st wiser, than thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I shall ne'er be aware of mine own
wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ref. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion is much
upon my fashion.

Clo. And mine; but it grows something stale
with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yon man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Clo. Holla; you, clown!

Ref. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Clo. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else they are very wretched.

Ref. Peace, I say:—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ref. I prythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish for her sake, more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:

But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;

My master is of churlish disposition,

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale; and at our sheep-cote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing

That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ref. What is he, that shall buy his flock and
pasture?

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but
erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:

Go with me; if you like, upon report,

The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,

I will your very faithful feeder be,

And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

S O N G.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree,

Who loves to lie with me,

And tune his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur
Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prythee, more. I can
fuck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel fucks
eggs: More, I prythee, more.

Ami. My voice is rugged; I know I cannot please
you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing: Come, more; another stanza; Call
you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment, is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a
penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your
tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while; the duke will drink under this tree:—he
hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid
him. He is too disputable for my company: I
think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven

¹ An instrument with which washer-women beat their coarse cloaths. ² Peascods is a term
still in use in Staffordshire for peas as they are brought to market. ³ That is, abundant in folly. In
some counties, *mortal*, from *mort*, a great quantity, is still used as a particle of amplification; as
mortal tall, mortal little.

thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

*Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.*

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
Here shall he see
Goss' fools as he,
An if he will come to me.*

Ami. What's that duc ad me?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt².

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepar'd. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VI.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewel, kind master.

Orla. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death a while at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior and lords. [A table set out.]

Duke Sen. I think he is transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone. Here was he merry, hearing of a song. *[Hence;]*

Duke Sen. If he, compact of jars³, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:—Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.
Duke Sen. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley⁴ fool,—a miserable world!—As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun, And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool. *[He, "Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, fir," quoth "Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune?" And then he drew a dial from his poke; And looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, "It is ten a-clock: "Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world "Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine; [wags: "And after one hour more, 'twill be eleven; "And so, from hour to hour, we ripe, and ripe, "And then, from hour to hour, we rot, and rot, "And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear The motley fool thus moral on the time, My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, That fools should be so deep contemplative; And I did laugh, sans intermission, An hour by his dial.—O noble fool! A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.]*

Duke Sen. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier, and says, if ladies be but young, and fair, They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,—Which is as dry as the remainder bisket After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd With observation, the which he vents In mangled forms:—O, that I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke Sen. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit⁵;

Provided, that you weed your better judgements Of all opinion that grows rank in them, That I am wise. I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: And they that are most gaul'd with my folly, *[fo] They most must laugh: And why, fir, must they The why is plain as way to parish church: He, that a fool doth very wisely hit, Doth very foolishly, although he smart, Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not, The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd Even by the squandring glances of the fool. Invest me in my motley; give me leave To speak my mind, and I will through and through Cleanse the foul body of the infected world, If they will patiently receive my medicine. *[do. "Duke Sen. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst "Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good? "Duke Sen. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin]**

¹ That is, bring him to me; alluding to the burthen of Amiens's song: *Come hither, come hither, come hither.* ² A proverbial expression for high-born persons. ³ i. e. made up of discords. ⁴ i. e. a parti-coloured fool, alluding to his coat. ⁵ i. e. petition.

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Dost it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
(Thinking that I mean him) but therein suits
His folly to the metal of my speech?—[wherein
There then: How then? What then? Let me see
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn.

Orla. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orla. Nor shalt not, 'till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [distress;
That in civility thou seem'st so empty? [point

Orla. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the shew
Of smooth civility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know some nurture¹: But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
'Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not

Be answered with reason, I must die.

Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentle-
ness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table. [you;

Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray
I thought, that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke Sen. True is it, that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command² what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministr'd.

Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; 'till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age, and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orla. I thank ye: and be blest'd for your good
comfort! [Exit.

Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone un-
This wide and universal theatre [happy:
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And thinning morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern³ instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke Sen. Welcome: Set down your venerable
And let him feed. [burden,

Orla. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need,

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself. [you

Duke Sen. Welcome, fall to: I will not trouble
As yet, to question you about your fortunes:—
Give us some musick; and, good cousin, sing.

Amiens sings.

S O N G.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

¹ Nurture means education. ² i. e. at your own command. ³ i. e. trite, common instances, accord-
ing to Mr. Steevens.

*Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp¹,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.*

Duke Sen. If that you were the good fir Rev,
land's son,—
As you have whispered faithfully, you were;
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness,
Most truly him'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke,
That lov'd your father: The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy master is:—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter Duke, Lords, and Oliver.

Duke. NOT see him since? Sir, sir, that
cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wherefo'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands;
'Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth,
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. Oh, that your highness knew my heart in
this:

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villain thou.—Well, push him out
of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands²:
Do this expediently³, and turn him going.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Forest.

Enter Orlando.

Orla. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.

*Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive⁴ she.*

[Exit.]

Enter Corin and Clown.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
master Touchstone?

Clo. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is
a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's
life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I
like it very well; but in respect that it is private,
it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the
fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not
in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life,
look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is
no more plenty in it, it goes much against my sto-
mach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one
sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that
wants money, means, and content, is without three
good friends:—That the property of rain is to wet,
and fire to burn:—That good pasture makes fat
sheep; and that a great cause, of the night, is the
lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit
by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding,
or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast
ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope;—

Clo. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted
egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Clo. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou
never saw'st good manners: if thou never saw'st
good manners, then thy manners must be wicked;
and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou
art in a parlous⁵ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are
good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the

¹ i. e. turn, or change them from their natural state. ² To make an extent of lands, is a legal phrase, from the words of a writ (*extendi facias*) whereby the sheriff is directed to cause certain lands to be appraised to their full extended value, before he delivers them to the person entitled under a recognizance; &c. ³ i. e. expeditiously. ⁴ inexpressible. ⁵ perilous.

country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Cl. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells you know are greasy.

Cl. Why, do not your courtiers' hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow: A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Cl. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again: A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tar'd over with the fargery of our sheep; And would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Cl. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh:—indeed!—Learn of the wife, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Cl. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Cl. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle: to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be't not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst escape.

Cor. Here comes young Mr. Ganimed, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind with a paper.

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,

"No jewel is like Rosalind.

"Her worth, being mounted on the wind,

"Through all the world bears Rosalind.

"All the pictures, fairest limn'd,

"Are but black to Rosalind.

"Let no face be kept in mind,

"But the fair² of Rosalind.

Cl. I'll rhyme you, so, eight years together;

dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-woman's rate to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Cl. For a taste:—

"If a hart do lack a hind,

"Let him seek out Rosalind.

"If the cat will after kind,

"So, be sure, will Rosalind.

"Winter-garments must be lin'd,

"So must slender Rosalind.

"They that reap, must sheaf and bind;

"Then to cart with Rosalind.

"Sweetest nut hath fourest rind,

"Such a nut is Rosalind.

"He that sweetest rose will find,

"Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses; Why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a tree.

Cl. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Cl. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celina, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. "Why should this desert silent be?

"For it is unpeopled? No;

"Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

"That shall civil³ sayings show.

"Some, how brief the life of man

"Runs his erring pilgrimage;

"That the stretching of a span

"Buckles in his sum of age.

"Some, of violated vows

"Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

"But upon the fairest boughs,

"Or at every sentence' end,

"Will I Rosalinda write;

"Teaching all that read, to know

"This quintessence of every sprite

"Heaven would in little show.

"Therefore heaven nature charg'd

"That one body should be fill'd

"With all graces wide enlarg'd:

"Nature presently distill'd

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

"Cleopatra's majesty;

"Atalanta's better part⁴;

"Sad⁵ Lucretia's modesty.

¹ Dr. Warburton says, *To make incision* was a proverbial expression then in vogue for, to make to understand; while Mr. Steevens thinks, that it alludes to the common expression, of *cutting such a one for the fables*. ² Fair means beauty, complexion. ³ Civil is here used in the same sense as when we say *civil life*, in opposition to the state of nature. ⁴ The commentators are much divided in their opinions on our author's meaning in this line. Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that Shakspeare seems here to have mistaken some other character for that of Atalanta. Mr. Tollet thinks, the poet may perhaps mean her beauty, and graceful elegance of shape, which he would prefer to her swiftness; or that it may allude probably to her being a maiden; while Mr. Farmer supposes *Atalanta's better part* is her wit, i. e. the *swiftness of her mind*. ⁵ i. e. grave or sober.

" Thus Rosalind of many parts
 " By heavenly fynod was devis'd;
 " Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 " To have the touches¹ dearest priz'd.
 " Heaven would that the these gifts should
 " have,
 " And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cry'd, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! back-friends!—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, firrah.

Cla. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt Corin & Clo.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondring how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat², which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion³! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea off discovery⁴. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's⁵ mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as fresh as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. Oh ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. You bring me out:—Soft! comes he no more!

Ros. 'Tis he; Slink by, and note him.

[Celia and Rosalind enter.]

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orla. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we

¹ i. e. features. ² Rosalind here alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and says, that in his time she was an Irish rat, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death. The power of killing rats with rhymes is mentioned by Donne in his *Satires*. ³ Warburton conjectures the meaning to be, *I told good my complexion*, i. e. let me not blush. ⁴ That is, a discovery as far off as the South-sea. ⁵ Garagantua is the giant of Rabelais, and said to have swallowed five pilgrims, their slaves and all, in a salad.

Orla. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orla. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orla. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orla. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orla. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and could them out of rings?

Orla. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloth¹, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me; and we two will rail against our mistress, the world, and all our misery.

Orla. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orla. 'Tis a fault I would not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool, when I found you.

Orla. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orla. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love. *[Exit.]*

Orla. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good monsieur melancholy. *[Cel. and Ros. come forward.]*

Ros. I will speak to him like a faucey lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orla. Very well; What would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't a'clock?

Orla. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orla. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orla. I prythee, whom doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orla. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orla. Whom doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orla. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orla. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orla. Are you a native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orla. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an in-land² man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orla. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orla. I prythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physick, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orla. I am he that is so love-shak'd; I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orla. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek; which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken; which you have not: an unquestionable³ spirit; which you have not: a beard neglected; which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—Then your hose

¹ Alluding to the fashion, in old tapestry hangings, of mottos and moral sentences issuing from the mouths of the figures in them. ² Inland is here used to mean a civilized person, in opposition to a rustic. ³ i. e. a spirit not inquisitive.

should be ungarther'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied¹, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orla. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Rof. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orla. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Rof. But are you so much in love, as your rhimes speak?

Orla. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Rof. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orla. Did you ever cure any so?

Rof. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be envious, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconsistent, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drove my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living² humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastick: And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clear as a found sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orla. I would not be cur'd, youth.

Rof. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orla. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Rof. Go with me to it, and I will shew it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orla. With all my heart, good youth.

Rof. Nay, nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown and Audrey, Jaques watching them.

Clo. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Clo. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [aside] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!

Clo. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room³: Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Clo. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you with then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Clo. I do truly: for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Clo. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey and saucer to sugar.

Jaq. [aside] A material fool⁴!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Clo. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a flut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a flut, though I think the gods I am foul.

Clo. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! fluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village; who hath promis'd to meet us in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [aside] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Clo. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! as horns are odious, they are necessary. It is no wonder, Many a man knows no end of his goods; right

¹ These seem to have been the marks by which the votaries of love were usually characterized at the time of Shakespeare. ² Meaning, perhaps, a *lasting*, permanent humour of madness. ³ Nothing (Warburton says) was ever wrote in higher humour than this simile. A great reckoning in a little room, implies that the entertainment was mean, and the bill extravagant. The poet here alludes to the French proverbial phrase of *the quarter of hour of Rabelais*; who said, there was only one quarter of an hour in human life passed ill, and that was between the calling for the reckoning and paying it. ⁴ i. e. a fool with matter in him; a fool stocked with ideas. ⁵ i. e. what then?

many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes sir Oliver:—Sir¹ Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Cla. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*discovering himself*] Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Cla. Good even, good master *What ye call'st*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you² for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir: Nay; pray, be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Cla. As the ox hath his bow³, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons' bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Cla. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well: and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Cla. Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—⁴ O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee⁵.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Cottage in the Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celio.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pry'thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's⁶: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy beard.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood⁷ kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet⁸, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think, he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was*, is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question⁹ with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he: so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart¹⁰ the

¹ He who has taken his first degree at the university, is in the academical style called *Dominus*, and in common language was heretofore termed *Sir*. ² i. e. God yield you, God reward you. ³ i. e. his joke. ⁴ Part of an old ballad. ⁵ Dr. Johnson thinks there are two quotations put in opposition to each other, and for *wind* proposes to read *wend*, the old word for *go*; though it must be observed, that *wind* away and *wind off*, are still used in some counties. ⁶ See note 5, p. 50. ⁷ Dr. Warburton says, that Shakspeare here means an *unfruitful sisterhood*, which had devoted itself to chastity. For as those who were of the sisterhood of the Spring, were the votaries of Venus; those of summer, the votaries of Ceres; those of autumn, of Pomona; so those of the *sisterhood of winter* were the votaries of Diana; called, of *winter*, because that quarter is not, like the other three, productive of fruit or increase. ⁸ Meaning perhaps an *empty goblet*. ⁹ i. e. conversation. ¹⁰ Warburton explains this passage as follows: An unexperienced lover is here compared to a *puny tilter*, to whom it was a disgrace to have his lance broken across, as it was a mark either of want of courage or address. This happened

the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble¹ goose: but all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft enquired After the shepherd that complain'd of love; Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherds That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.

Rof. O, come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us but to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the forest.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner, [hard,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives² by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail't and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou can'st not, oh, for shame, for shame,
Lye not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now shew the wound mine eyes have made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy;
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, 'till that time,

Come not thou near me: and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, 'till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Rof. And why, I pray you?—Who might be
your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have beauty,
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work³:—Od's, my little life!
I think, she means to tangle mine eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer⁴.
So, take her to thee, shepherd;—fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Rof. [*aside.*] He's fallen in love with her fool-
ness, and she'll fall in love with my anger:—If it
be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why
look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

happened when the horse flew on one side, in the career: and hence, I suppose, arose the in-
cumbent proverbial phrase of *spurring the horse only on one side*. Now as breaking the lance against
his adversary's breast, in a direct line, was honourable, so the breaking it *across* against his breast
was, for the reason above, dishonourable.

¹ Sir T. Hanmer changed this to a *nose-quill'd* goose, but no one appears to have regarded the al-
teration. Certainly *nose-quill'd* is an epithet likely to be corrupted, and it gives the image wanted.

² To die and live by a thing is to be constant to it, to persevere in it to the end. The meaning there-
fore of the passage may be, *who is all his life conversant with bloody drops*. ³ *Fancy* is here used for *fantasy*.

⁴ i. e. *all in a breath*. ⁵ i. e. those works that nature makes up carelessly and without exactness.
The allusion is to the practice of mechanicks, whose work bespoken is more elaborate than that which
is made up for chance-customers, or to sell in quantities to retailers, which is called *sale-work*. ⁶ The
meaning is, *The ill-favour'd seem most ill-favour'd, when, though ill-favour'd, they are scoffers*.

Rof.

Ref. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine :
Besides, I like you not : If you will know my house,
'Tis at the taste of olives, here hard by :—
Will you go, sister ?—Shepherd, ply her hard :—
Come, sister : Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight ^{as} he.

Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Ref. Cel. and Corin.*]

Pbe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might ;

Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe !

Pbe. Hah ! what say'st thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Pbe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,

By giving love, your sorrow and my grief

Were both exterrin'd.

[*bourly* ?]

Pbe. Thou hast my love : Is not that neigh-

Sil. I would have you.

Pbe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee :

And yet it is not, that I bear thee love :

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :

But do not look for further recompence,

Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop

To glean the broken ears after the man

That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Pbe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
ere-while ?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Pbe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.

'Tis but a peevish boy :—yet he talks well ;—

But what care I for words ? yet words do well,

When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth ;—Not very pretty :—

But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : The best thing in him

Is his complexion ; and fatter than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :

His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :

There was a pretty redness in his lip ;

A little ripier, and more lustrous red

Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the dis-
ference

Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near

To fall in love with him : but, for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him :

For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black,

And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me :

I marvel, why I answer'd not again :

But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,

And thou shalt bear it ; Wilt thou, Silvius ?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Pbe. I'll write it straight ;

The matter's in my head, and in my heart :

I will be bitter with him, and passing short :

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Forest.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. Pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ref. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so ; I do love it better than laughing.

Ref. Those, that are in extremity of either, are
abominable fellows ; and betray themselves to
every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ref. Why then, 'tis good to be a poet.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation ; nor the musician's, which is
fantastical ; nor the courtier's, which is proud ;

nor the soldier's, which is ambitious ; nor the
lawyer's, which is politick ; nor the lady's, which
is nice ; nor the lover's, which is all these : but
it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of
many simples, extracted from many objects, and,
indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels,
in which my often rumination wraps me in a most
humorous sadness.

Ref. A traveller ! By my faith, you have great
reason to be sad : I fear, you have sold your own
lands, to see other men's ; then, to have seen
much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes
and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ref. And your experience makes you sad : I

i. e. deceived.

R

bad

had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too.

Orla. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, as you talk in blank verse. *[Exit.]*

Ref. Farewel, monsieur traveller: Look, you hiss, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola!—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?—You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orla. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ref. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapt him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orla. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ref. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orla. Of a snail?

Ref. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Ecce, he brings his destiny with him.

Orla. What's that?

Ref. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orla. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ref. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer² than you.

Ref. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent:—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orla. I would kiss, before I spoke.

Ref. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orla. How if the kiss be denied?

Ref. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orla. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ref. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orla. What, of my suit?

Ref. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orla. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ref. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orla. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ref. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was,—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lyes; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orla. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ref. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orla. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ref. Yes, faith will I, Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orla. And wilt thou have me?

Ref. Ay, and twenty such.

Orla. What say'st thou?

Ref. Are you not good?

Orla. I hope so.

Ref. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando:—What do you say, sister?

Orla. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ref. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,—”

Cel. Go to:—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orla. I will.

Ref. Ay, but when?

Orla. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ref. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orla. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ref. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orla. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

Ref. Now tell me, how long would you have her, after you have possess'd her?

Orla. For ever, and a day.

¹ That is, *been at Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times and was *then*, what *Paris* is *now*—the seat of all licentiousness. ² *i. e.* of a better feature, complexion, or colour, than you.

Ref. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.—I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orla. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ref. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orla. O, but she is wise.

Ref. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wifer, the waywarder: Make the doors¹ upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, it will fly with the smoak out at the chimney.

Orla. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt?"

Ref. Nay, you might keep that check for it, 'till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orla. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ref. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion², let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orla. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ref. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orla. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ref. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orla. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ref. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orla. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ref. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose

pluck'd over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ref. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ref. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, be a life his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Jacques, Lords, and Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory:—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Musick, Song.

1. *What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skin, and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

Take thou no scorn

To wear the horn, the lusty horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

} The rest
shall bear
this bur-
den.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Rosalind, and Celia.

Ref. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here's much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep: Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter.]

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,

By the stern brow, and waspish action

Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour: pardo me,

I am but as a guiltless messenger. [this letter,

Ref. [reading.] Patience herself would startle at

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;

She calls me proud; and, that she could not love me

Were man as rare as phoenix: 'Od's my will!

¹ i. e. bar the doors. ² That is, represent her fault as occasioned by her husband.

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :

Why writes she so to me ?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents ;
Phebe did write it.

Ref. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand : she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-coloured hand ; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands ;
She has a hufwife's hand : but that's no matter :
I say, she never did invent this letter ;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ref. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel stile,
A stile for challengers ; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian : woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect [letter ?]
Than in their countenance :—Will you hear the

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet ;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ref. She Phebe's me : Mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads.*] " Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
" That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ?"—
Can a woman rail thus ?

Sil. Call you this railing ?

Ref. [*Reads.*] " Why, thy godhead laid apart,
" War'st thou with a woman's heart ?"

Did you ever hear such railing ?—

" Whiles the eye of man did woo me,

" That could do no vengeance ¹ to me."—
Meaning me a beast.—

" If the scorn of your bright eyne
" Have power to raise such love in mine,
" Alack, in me what strange effect
" Would they work in mild aspect ?
" Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
" How then might your prayers move ?
" He, that brings this love to thee,
" Little knows this love in me :
" And by him seal up thy mind ;
" Whether that thy youth and kind ²
" Will the faithful offer take
" Of me, and all that I can make ;
" Or else by him my love deny,
" And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Ref. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ref. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman ?—What, to
make thee an instrument, and play false strains
upon thee ! not to be endured !—Well, go your
way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake) and say this to her ;—" That if she love
" me, I charge her to love thee : if she will not, I
" will never have her, unless thou intreat for her."
If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for
here comes more company.

[*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good-morrow, fair ones : Pray you, if you
Where in the purlieus of this forest, stands [know
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees ?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of oifers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place :
But at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;
Such garments, and such years : " The boy is fair,
" Of female favour, and bestows himself
" Like a ripe sister : but the woman low,
" And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both ;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin ³ ; Are you he ?

Ref. I am : What must we understand by this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel ! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself !
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'er-grown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother,

And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ref. But, to Orlando ;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so :
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,

¹ i. e. mischief. ² Kind (as has been more than once observed) is the old word for nature. ³ i. e. handkerchief.

Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling¹
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ref. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ref. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place;—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lions had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymed? sweet Gany-
med?

[*Rosalind faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymed!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ref. I would, I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither:—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man?—
you lack a man's heart.

Ref. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh
ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ref. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counter-
feit to be a man.

Ref. So I do: but, I faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ref. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him:—Will you
go?

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Forest.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Clo. **W**E shall find a time, Audrey; pa-
tience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying.

Clo. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest
in me in the world; here comes the man you mean.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:
By my troth, we that have good wits, have much
to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot
hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Clo. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head,
cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd. How
old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Clo. A fair name: Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Clo. Thank God;—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so so.

Clo. So so; 'Tis good, very good, very excellent
good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou
wife?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Clo. Why thou say'st well. I do now remember
a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the
"wise man knows himself to be a fool." The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his
mouth²; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

¹ To *hurtle* is to move with impetuosity and tumult. ² This was designed as a sneer on the
several trifling and insignificant sayings and actions, recorded in the ancient philosophers, by the
writers of their lives, as appears from its being introduced by one of their *wife sayings*.

Will. I do, sir.

Clo. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Clo. Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other: For all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Clo. He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you, clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman,—which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will over-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away.

Clo. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey; I attend, I attend.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Orlando, and Oliver.

Orla. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? And will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Enter Rosalind.

Orla. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all his contented followers: Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. Oh, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orla. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought, thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orla. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he shewed me your handkerchief?

Orla. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of—I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them!

Orla. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orla. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, you shall marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orla. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you on your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius, and Phebe.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentle: To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study, To seem despightful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

* This alludes to the way of parting dogs when fighting.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be made all of sighs and tears ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymed.

Orla. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes ;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymed.

Orla. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? [To Ros.]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? [To Phe.]

Orla. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?
Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you ?

Orla. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, if I can : [To Silvius.]—I would love you, if I could. [To Phebe.]—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow :—I will satisfy you, [To Orlando] if ever I satisfy'd man, and you shall be married to-morrow :—I will content you, [To Silvius] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you love Rosalind, meet ; [To Orlando.]—As you love Phebe, meet ; [To Silvius.]—And as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So fare you well ; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orla. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Clown, and Audrey.

Cl. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey ; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart ; and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world¹. Here come two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Cl. By my troth, well met : Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you ; sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse ; which are the only prologues to a bad voice ?

2 Page. I faith, i' faith ; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover, and his last,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the pretty rank time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding ;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

The carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
How that life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino ;
For love is crown'd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

Cl. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 Page. You are deceiv'd, sir ; we kept time, we lost not our time.

Cl. By my troth, yes ; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you ; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke Sen. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the Can do all this that he hath promised ? [boy]

Orla. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not ;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd :—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, [To the Duke.]
You will bestow her on Orlando here ?

Duke Sen. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her ? [To Orlando.]

Orla. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me if I be willing ? [To Phebe.]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd ?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will ? [To Silvius.]

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

¹ To go to the world, as has been before observed, (note 1, p. 128) is to be married.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;

You, yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me; Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her, If she refuse me:—and from hence I go, To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke Sen. I do remember in this shepherd-boy Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orla. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him, Methought, he was a brother to your daughter: But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born; And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

[*Enter Clown and Audrey.*]

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politick with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three taylors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke Sen. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you, sir¹; I desire you of the

like². I pres in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl, in your foul oyster.

Duke Sen. By my faith, he is very swift and tententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lye seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: This is call'd the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: This is call'd the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgement: This is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This is call'd the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lye. This is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; and so to the *Lye circumstantial*, and the *Lye direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no further than the *Lye circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lye direct*; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners³: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the

¹ See note 2. p. 239. ² i. e. I wish you the same. ³ The unhappy rage of duelling which has lately been so prevalent and fashionable in this country, will, we trust, be a sufficient apology for our transcribing the following note on this passage by Dr. Warburton. "The poet has in this scene rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to, is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, intitled, *Of honour and honourable quarrels*, in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, *A discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the lye, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of honor, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down.* The contents of the several chapters are as follow. I. *What the reason is that the party unto whom the lye is given ought to become challenger, and of the nature of lies.* II. *Of the manner and diversity of lies.* III. *Of the lie certain, or direct.* IV. *Of conditional lies, or the lie circumstantial.* V. *Of the lie in general.* VI. *Of the lie in particular.* VII. *Of foolish lies.* VIII. *A conclusion touching the resting or returning back of the lye, or the countercheck quarrelsome.* In the chapter of conditional lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, 'Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, thus - if thou hast said so or so, then thou liest. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention, whereof no sure conclusion can arise.' By which he means, they cannot proceed to cut one another's throat, while there is an *if* between. Which is the reason of Shakspeare making the Clown say, *I knew when seven justices could not make up a quarrel: but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as if you said so, then I said so, and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.'*

sixth; the Lye with circumstance; the seventh, the Lye direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lye direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*.—I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke Sen. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse¹, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind in woman's cloaths, and Celia.

STILL MUSICK.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.*

*Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither;
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within his bosom is.*

Ref. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To the Duke.*]

To you I give myself, for I am yours. [*To Orlando.*]

Duke Sen. If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter. [*Rosalind.*]

Orla. If there be truth in fight, you are my

Phe. If fight and shape be true,

Why then,—my love adieu!

Ref. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To the Duke.*]

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*]

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*]

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part;

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*]

You and you are heart in heart:

[*To Oliver and Celia.*]

You to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

[*To Phebe.*]

You and you are sure together,

As the winter to foul weather.

[*To the Clown and Audrey.*]

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

S O N G.

*Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honoured:*

*Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!*

Duke Sen. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me;

Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word, or two.—

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exiled: This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke Sen. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:

To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustick revelry:—

Play, musick;—and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

[*To the Duke.*]

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:

You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—

[*To Orlando.*]

You to your land, and love, and great allies:

[*To Oliver.*]

You to a long and well-deserved bed:—

[*To Silvius.*]

And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

[*To the Clown.*]

Is but for two months victual'd.—So to your pleasures;

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke Sen. Stay, Jaques, stay.

¹ See Note 1, page 130.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*]

Duke Sen. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

EPILOGUE.

Ref. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine needs no bush*¹, 'tis true, that a good play needs no epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor can in-

sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play!—I am not furnish'd² like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you: and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as pleases them; and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your smirking, none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman³, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defy'd not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

¹ It is even now the custom in some of the midland counties, (particularly Staffordshire) to hang a bush at the door of an ale-house, or, as it is there called, *mug-house*. ² i. e. dressed. ³ In our author's time, the parts of women were always performed by men or boys.



TAMING

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION.

A Lord, before whom the Play is supposed to be play'd.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken Tinker.

Hostess.

Page, Players, Huntsmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

BAPTISTA, Father to Katharina and Bianca, very rich.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina.

GREMIO, } Pretenders to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } Servants to Lucentio.
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, Servant to Petruchio.

PEDANT, an old Fellow set up to personate Vincentio.

KATHARINA, the Shrew.

BIANCA, her Sister.

Widow.

Taylor, Haberdasher; with Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

I N D U C T I O N.

S C E N E I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and Sly.

Sly. I'LL pheeze¹ you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y're a baggage; the Slies are no² rogues: Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee⁶.

Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas palabris*³: let the world slide⁴: *Sessa*!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst⁵?

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, Jeronimy;—

Host.

¹ i. e. I'll harass or plague you; or perhaps I'll pheeze you, may have a meaning similar to the vulgar phrase of *I'll comb your head*. ² Meaning, no vagrants, but gentlemen. ³ Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purposely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards say, *paucas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewise, *Cessa*, i. e. be quiet.—Mr. Steevens says, this is a burlesque on *Hieronimo*, which Theobald speaks of in a following note. ⁴ A proverbial expression. ⁵ i. e. broke. ⁶ Mr. Theobald's comment on this speech is thus: "The passage has particular humour in it, and must have been very pleasing at that time of day. But I must clear up a piece of stage history, to make it understood. There is a tustien old play, called *Hieronimo*; or, *The Spanish Tragedy*: which, I find, was the common butt of railery to all the poets in Shakspeare's time: and a passage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humourously alluded to. Hieronimo, thinking himself injured, applies to the king for justice; but the courtiers, who did not desire his wrongs should be set in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience. Hiero. Justice, oh! justice to Hieronimo. Ler. Back;—see'st thou not the king

Hef. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the thirdborough ¹.

Sly. Third, fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly. ^[Exit.]

Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with a train.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach ² Merriman,—the poor cur is imboft ³;—
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the meekest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hun. I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See,
doth he breathe?

2 Hun. He breathes, my lord: Were he not
warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine
he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!—

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.—

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in sweet cloaths, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chuse.

2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when
he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest:—

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me musick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,

Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,

Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,

And ask him what apparel he will wear;

Another tell him of his hounds and horse,

And that his lady mourns at his disease:

Perfume him that he hath been lunatick;

And, when he says he is,—say that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle firs;

It will be pastime passing excellent,

If it be husbanded with modesty ⁴.

1 Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,

He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

^[Some bear out Sly. Sound trumpets.]

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,

^[Exit Servant.]

Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

^{Re-enter a Servant.}

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't please your honour, players,

That offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

^{Enter Players.}

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our
duty.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I re-
member,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—

'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well:

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour
means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didst it excellent.—

Well, you are come to me in happy time;

The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.

"king is busy? Hiero. Oh, is he so? King. Who is he that interrupts our business? Hiero. Not I:

"—Hieronymo, beware; go by, go by." So Sly here, not caring to be dunn'd by the Hostess,

cries to her in effect, "Don't be troublesome, don't interrupt me, go by." ¹ The thirdborough of

ancient times was an officer similar to the present constable. ² Mr. Edwards explains Brach to sig-

nify a hound in general; while Mr. Steevens thinks it to have been a particular sort of hound: and Mr.

Tollet observes, that brache originally meant a bitch; and adds, from *Ulitius*, that "bitches having a su-

perior sagacity of nose; hence, perhaps, any hound with the eminent quickness of scent, whether dog or

bitch, was called brache, for the term brache is sometimes applied to males. Our ancestors hunted

much with the large southern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and

cunning to find game, or recover the scent. To this custom Shakspeare seems to allude, by

naming two braches, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this discriminates brache from the

lynx, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. ³ Imboft is a term

in hunting. When a dog is strained with hard running (especially upon hard ground) he will have

his knees swelled, and then he is said to be imboft'd; from the French word *boffe*, signifying a

tumour. ⁴ Meaning, with moderation.

That

There is a lord will hear you play to-night :

But I am doubtful of your modesties ;
Left, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,

(For yet his honour never heard a play)

You break into some merry passion,

And so offend him ; for I tell you, sirs,

If you should smile, he grows impatient.

Play. Fear not, my lord ; we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one ;
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exit one with the Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady :

That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,

And call him—madam, do him obeisance.

Tell him from me, (as he will win my love)

He bear himself with honourable action,

Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies

Unto their lords, by them accomplished :

Such duty to the drunkard let him do,

With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy ;

And say,—What is't your honour will command,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,

May shew her duty, and make known her love ?

And then—with kind embracements, tempting

And with declining head into his bosom,— [kisses,

Bid him shed tears, as being over-joy'd

To see her noble lord restor'd to health,

Who for twice seven years hath esteemed him

No better than a poor and loathsome beggar :

And if the boy have not a woman's gift,

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift ;

Which in a napkin being close convey'd,

Shall in despite enforce a watry eye.

So this dispatch'd with all the haste thou canst ;

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.— [Exit Ser.

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,

Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :

I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband ; [ter,

And how my men will stay themselves from laugh-

When they do homage to this simple peasant.

I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence

May well abate the over-merry spleen,

Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exit Lord.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House.

Enter Sly, with Attendants, some with apparel,
bag and ewer, and other appurtenances. Re-enter
Lord.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Man. Will't please your lordship drink a cup
of sack ?

2 Man. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves

3 Man. What raiment will your honour wear
to-day ?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly ;—call not me—ho-
nour, nor lordship : I ne'er drank sack in my
life ; and if you give me any conserves, give me
conserves of beef : Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll
wear ; for I have no more doublets than backs,
no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes
than feet ; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes,
or such shoes as my toes look through the over-
leather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your
honour !

Oh, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What, would you make me mad ? Am
not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-
heath : by birth a pedlar, by education a card-
maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now
by present profession a tinker ? Ask Marian Hack-
et, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me
not : if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the
score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st
knave in Christendom. What, I am not be-
straught¹ : Here's—

1 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your lady
mourn. [droop.]

2 Man. Oh, this it is that makes your servants

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred thus
your house,

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

Oh, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ;

Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams :

Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,

Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have musick ? hark ! Apollo play,

[Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :

Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk ; we will bestrow the ground ;

Or wilt thou ride ? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark : Or wilt thou hunt ?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Man. Say, thou wilt course ; thy greyhounds
are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 Man. Dost thou love pictures ? we will fetch
thee straight

Adonis, painted by a running brook ;

And Cytherea all in sedges hid ;

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid ;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,

As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood ;

3 Man. Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds :

¹ Perhaps we ought to read, *disstraught*, i. e. *disfracted*.

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord :
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And, 'till the tears, that she hath shed
for thee,

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd 'till now ?
I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ;
I smell sweet favours, and I feel soft things :—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Man. Will't please your mightiness to wash
your hands ?

Oh, how we joy to see your wit restor'd !
Oh ! that once more you knew but what you are !
These fifteen years you have been in a dream !
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years ! by my fay, a goodly
nap.

But did I never speak of all that time ?

1 Man. Oh, yes, my lord ; but very idle words :—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door ;
And rail upon the hostess of the house ;
And say you would present her at the leet¹,
Because she brought stone-jugs, and no feal'd
quarts :

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 Man. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no
such maid ;

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece²,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell ;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends !
All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee ; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble lord ? [enough.

Sly. Marry, I fare well ; for here is cheer
Where is my wife ?

Lady. Here, noble lord ; What is thy will with
her ?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—
husband ?

My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man.

Lady. My husband and my lord, my lord and
husband ;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well :—What must I call her ?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alce madam, or Joan madam ? [ladies.

Lord. Madam, and nothing else ; so lords call

Sly. Madam wife, they say, that I have dream'd
and slept

Above some fifteen years and more.

Lady. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me ;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much ;—Servants, leave me and her
alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to-bed.

Lady. Thrice noble lord, let me intreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two ;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set :

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed :

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so
long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams
again ; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the
flesh and the blood.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy,

For so your doctors hold it very meet ;

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of phrenzy,

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry I will ; let them play it : Is not a
commonly³ a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling
trick ?

Lady. No, my good lord, it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff ?

Lady. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see it : Come, madam wife,
sit by my side, and let the world slip ; we shall
ne'er be younger.

¹ Meaning, the Court leet, or courts of the manor. ² Greece seems here to be no more than a
quibble or pun (of which our author was remarkably fond) upon *grease* ; when the expression will
only imply that John Naps was a fat man. ³ Commonly is here probably put for comedy.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*A Street in Padua.**Flourish. Enter Lucentio, and his man Tranio.*

LUC. **T**RANIO, since—for the great desire I had

To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio his son², brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply³, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tran. *Me perdonate*⁴, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or to devote to Aristotle's checks⁵,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk;
Musick, and poesie, use to quicken you;
The mathematicks, and the metaphysicks,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

LUC. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tran. Master, some shew to welcome us to town.
Enter Baptista, with Katharina and Bianca. Gremio and Hortensio. Lucentio and Tranio stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,

For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no
mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I-wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not, her care shall be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tran. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
toward;

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see

Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio. [fill.]

Tran. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said—Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat⁶! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
speak. [Aside.]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will affects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.]

And, for I know she taketh most delight

In musick, instruments, and poetry,

Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,

Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,—

Or signior Gremio, you,—know any such,

Prefer them hither; for so cunning men⁸

I will be very kind, and liberal

To mine own children in good bringing-up;

¹ Perhaps we ought to read, *ingenuous*. ² i. e. Vincentio's son. ³ i. e. will I apply to. ⁴ The correct Italian words are, "*Mi perdonate*." ⁵ Meaning his rules. ⁶ *Peat*, or *jet*, is a word of endearment, from *petit*, little. ⁷ i. e. so singular. ⁸ *Cunning* here retains its original signification of *knowing*, *learned*; in which sense it is used in the translation of the Bible.

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *[Exit.]*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too, May I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! *[Exit.]*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts are so good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel never yet brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all her faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipp'd at the high cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintain'd,—till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.]

Manent Tranio and Lucentio.

Tra. I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. Oh, Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee,—

That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl:
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart; If love have touch'd² you, nought remains but so, *Redime te captum quam queas minimo.* *[Tents;]*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this counsel will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor³ had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air; Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.

I pray, awake, sir; If you love the maid, Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:—

Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advis'd, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; For who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son; Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends; Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta⁴; content thee; for I have it full. We have not yet been seen in any house; Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, For man, or master: then it follows thus;— Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house, and port⁵, and servants, as I should:

¹ A proverbial expression. *Dole* originally meant, the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses. ² That is, taken you in his toils, his nets; alluding to the *captus habet*, of Lilly. ³ Europa, to possess whom Jupiter is fabled to have transformed himself into a bull. ⁴ An Italian and Spanish word, signifying, *enough*. ⁵ *Port* means *show, appearance*.

I will some other be, some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.—
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak;
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]
In brief, sir, fith it your pleasure is,
And I am ty'd to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be serviceable to my son, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves:
And let me be a slave, to atchieve that maid
Whose sudden fight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

He comes the rogue. Sirrah, where have you been?
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where
are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your cloaths?
Or you stoln his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I am deserv'd:
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life:
You understand me?

Bion. Ay, sir, ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next
with after,—

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—
I advise

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of
companies:

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute;—

To make one among these wooers: If thou ask
me why,—

Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Man. "My lord, you nod; you do not mind
the play."

[*surely;*]

Sly. "Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter,
"Comes there any more of it?"

Page. "My lord, 'tis but begun."

[*lady;*]

Sly. "Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam,

"Would, it were done!"

SCENE II.

Before Hortensia's House in Padua.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house:—
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gra. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there
any man has rebus'd¹ your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. [*sir,*

Gra. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I,
That I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gra. My master is grown quarrelsome: I should
knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings him by the ear.*]

Gra. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old
friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—
How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*

Molto benvenuto signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gra. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges² in
Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to
leave his service,—Look you, sir,—he bid me
knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was
it fit for a servant to use his master so; being,
perhaps, (for ought I see) two and thirty,—a pip
out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,

I bid the rascal knock upon your gate,

And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gra. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!—[*here,*
Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge;
Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through
the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,

Where small experience grows. But, in a few³,

¹ Perhaps we should read *abused*. ² Meaning, probably, what he *alleges*. ³ That is, in a few
words.

Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And with thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we,
Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burden of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love¹,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me, were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gra. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what
his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and
marry him to a puppet, or an aglet²-baby: or an old
trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as two and fifty horses; why, no-
thing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have slept thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is fault enough)
Is,—that she is intolerably curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my fate far worse than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's
effect:—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is, Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well:—
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gra. I pray you, sir, let him go while the hu-
mour lasts. O my word, an she knew him as
well as I do, she would think scolding would do
little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him
half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; and

he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks³. I'll
tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little,
he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see
withal than a cat: You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee;
For in Baptista's keep⁴ my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds he from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:

Supposing it a thing impossible,
(For those defects I have before rehears'd)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en;—
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gra. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen⁵ in music, to instruct Bianca:
That so I may by this device, at least,
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

*Enter Grumio, and Lucentio disguis'd, with book
under his arm.*

Gra. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the
old folks, how the young folks lay their heads to-
gether! Master, master, look about you: Who
goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—
Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gra. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

Gra. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand⁶;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me:—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,

I'll mend it with a largess:—Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (stand you so assur'd)
As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gra. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gra. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, firrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior

Gra. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you

Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promis'd to enquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:

And, by good fortune, I have lighted well

¹ This alludes to the story of a knight named *Florent*, who bound himself to marry a dis-
formed hag, provided she taught him the solution of a riddle on which his life depended. ² The
tag of a point. ³ Probably meaning his *regue-tricks*. ⁴ i. e. custody. ⁵ i. e. well versed in mu-
sic. ⁶ i. e. at all events.

On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty

To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me. [*prove.*]

Gra. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds shall

Gra. And that his bags shall prove. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and, if you speak me fair,

I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.

Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,

Upon agreement from us to his liking,

Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gra. So said, so done, is well:—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome brawling scold;

If that be all, matters, I hear no harm. [*man?*]

Gra. No, say't me so, friend? What country—

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:

My father dead, my fortune lives for me;

And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gra. Oh, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
firsange:

But, if you have a stomach, to't o' God's name;

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gra. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

[*Aside.*]

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?

Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,

And heaven's artillery (thunder in the skies)?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud alarms, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;

That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,

As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs¹.

Gra. For he fears none.

[*Aside.*]

Gra. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,

And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gra. And so we will; provided, that he win her.

Gra. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

[*Aside.*]

To them *Tranio* bravely apparell'd, and *Biondello*:

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,

Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way

To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Gra. He that has the two fair daughters? is't he
you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gra. Hark you, sir; You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir; What have you
to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir: Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*]

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;— [*no?*]

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gra. No; if, without more words, you will get
you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gra. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gra. For this reason, if you'll know,—

That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall; Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gra. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two:

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As the other is for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gra. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, insooth;—

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the eldest sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me amongst the rest;

An if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Atchieve the elder, let the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive:

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive² this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gra. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good, indeed, and be it so;—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, bug-bears. ² Contrive in this place means to *spend*, to *wear out*.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Baptista's House in Padua.**Enter Katharina and Bianca.*

Bianca. **G**OOD sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,—
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou ly'st: Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. Oh then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pry'thee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

*[Strikes her.]**Enter Baptista.*

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside;—poor girl! she weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding¹ of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Flies after Bianca.]

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca,* get thee in.

[Exit Bianca.]

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go fit and weep,
'Till I can find occasion of revenge. *[Exit Kath.]*

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter Gremio, Lucentio in the habit of a mean man;
Petruchio with Hortensio, like a musician; Tranio,
and Biondello bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God
save you, gentlemen! *[daughter]*

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

B. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio; give me
leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

[Presenting Hortensio.]

I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your
good sake:

But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy. *[Sings.]*

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare²! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. Oh, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would
fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure
of it. To express the like kindness myself, that
have been more kindly beholding to you than any,
free leave give to this young scholar, that hath been
long studying at Rheims; *[presenting Lucentio]*—
cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, and
other in musick and mathematicks: his name is
Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-
come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, methinks
you walk like a stranger; *[to Tranio.]* May I be
so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tr. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughter,

¹ Hilding, or hinderling, means a low wretch.² An old proverbial word.

I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books :
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I pray ?
Tran. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
I knew him well : you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,

[*To Hortensio and Lucentio.*
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within !—

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead [both,
These gentlemen to my daughters ; and tell them
These are their tutors ; bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant with Hortensio and Lucentio.*
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner : You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well ; and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands ;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever :
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtained,
This is,—her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why that is nothing ; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as the proud-minded ;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury :
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all :
So I to her, and so she yields to me ;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. [speed !
Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof ; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broke.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou
look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good
musician ?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier ;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes. [lute ?

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the

Hor. Why, no ; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering ;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these ?" quoth she ; "I'll fume
"with them :"
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,

And through the instrument my pate made way ;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute :

While she did call me,—rascal fiddler, [terms,
And—twangling Jack ; with twenty such vile
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench ;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did :
Oh, how I long to have some chat with her !

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discom-
fited :

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter ;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us ;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you ?

Pet. I pray you do ; I will attend her here,
[*Exit Baptista with Gremio, Hortensio, and Tranio.*

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail ; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale :

Say, that she frown ; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew :
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word ;
Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence :
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week :
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day [ried :—
When I shall ask the bans, and when be mar-
But here she comes ; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharine.

Good-morrow, Kate ; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
of hearing ;

They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. Youlye, in faith ; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst ;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates : and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation ;—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty founded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd ! in good time ; let him that mov'd
you hither,

Remove you hence : I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable ?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it : come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate ! I will not burden thee :

For knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
And yet as heavy as my weight should be. [catch ;

Pet. Should be ? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. [thee ?

Pet. Oh, slow-wing'd turtle ! shall a buzzard take

Kath. Ay, for a turtle ; as he takes a buzzard.

A fret is that stop of a musical instrument which causes or regulates the vibration of the string

- Pet.* Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.
- Kath.* If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
- Pet.* My remedy is then, to pluck it out.
- Kath.* Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.
- Pet.* Who knows not where a wasp doth wear
In his tail. [his sting?]
- Kath.* In his tongue.
- Pet.* Whose tongue?
- Kath.* Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.
- Pet.* What with my tongue in your tail? nay,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [come again,
- Kath.* That I'll try. [She strikes him.
- Pet.* I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
- Kath.* So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
- Pet.* A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.
- Kath.* What is your crest? a coxcomb?
- Pet.* A comble's cock, so Kate will be my hen.
- Kath.* No cock of mine, you crow too like a
craven¹. [so four.
- Pet.* Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look
Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.
- Pet.* Why, here's no crab; and therefore look
Kath. There is, there is. [not four.
- Pet.* Then shew it me.
- Kath.* Had I a glass, I would.
- Pet.* What, you mean my face?
- Kath.* Well aim'd of such a young one. [you.
- Pet.* Now, by Saint George, I am too young for
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
- Pet.* 'Tis with cares.
- Kath.* I care not. [not so.
- Pet.* Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.
- Pet.* No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and fullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross'd in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why doth the world report, that Kate doth limp?
Oh slanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twigg,
Is strait, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazle-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
- Kath.* Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st com-
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove, [mand.
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!
- Kath.* Where did you study all this goodly speech?
- Pet.* It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
- Kath.* A witty mother! witless else her son.
- Pet.* Am I not wife?
- Kath.* Yes; keep you warm.
- Pet.* Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy
And therefore, setting all this chat aside, [bat:
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn:
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well)
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.
Re-enter Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, signior Petruchio; how speed you
with my daughter?
- Pet.* How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible, I should speed amiss.
- Bap.* Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in
your dumps?
- Kath.* Call you me, daughter? now, I promise
You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
- Pet.* Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grisel;
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
- Kath.* I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
- Gre.* Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee
hang'd first. [our part
- Tra.* Is this your speeding? nay, then, good-night.
- Pet.* Be patient, gentlemen; I chuse her for
myself;
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: Oh, the kindest Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vy'd² so fast, protesting oath to oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Oh, you are novices! 'tis a world to see³
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock⁴ wretch can make the curst
shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests:
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine. [hand:
Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
God fend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu!

¹ A craven is a degenerate cock. ² Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "ply'd so fast." ³ Meaning
'Tis wonderful to see. ⁴ i. e. a timorous, dastardly creature.

I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace : —

We will have rings, and things, and fine array ;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Katharina severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapt up so suddenly ?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you ;
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter ; —

Now is the day we long have look'd for ;

I am your neighbour, and was tutor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling ! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Grey-beard ! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back ; 'tis age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen ; I will compound
this strife :

'Tis deeds must win the prize ; and he of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have Bianca's love. —

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her ? [*city*]

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
Is richly furnished with plate and gold ;

Basons and ewers, to lave her dainty hands ;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapettry ;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns ;

In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints¹,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house or house-keeping ; then at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess ;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in—Sir, list to me ;

I am my father's heir, and only son ;

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua ;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. —

What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio ?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land !

My land amounts not to so much in all :

That she shall have ; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road : —

What, have I choak'd you with an argosy ?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less

Than three great argosies ; besides two gallies²,

And twelve tight gallies : these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more ;

And she can have no more than all I have ;

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine, from all the
world,

By your firm promise ; Gremio is out-vied³.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best ;

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :

If you should die before him, where's her dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil ; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die as well as old ?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolv'd : — On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be marry'd :

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;

If not, to signior Gremio :

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*]

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. — Now I fear thee
not ;

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waining age,

Set foot under thy table : Tut ! a toy !

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*]

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide !

Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten⁴.

'Tis in my head to do my master good : —

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;

And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a fire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[*Exit.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. **F**IDLER, forbear ; you grow too forward,
sir :

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment

Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is

The patroness of heavenly harmony :

Then give me leave to have prerogative ;

And when in musick we have spent an hour,

Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

¹ i. e. counterpanes.

² Gallias was a vessel with both sails and oars, partaking of the nature of a ship and a galley.

³ i. e. out-bid ;

⁴ That is,

with the highest card, in the old simple games of our ancestors ; so that this became a proverbial expression.

Luc. Preposterous as! that never read so far
To know the cause why musick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And, while I pause, serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,

To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar¹ in the schools;
I'll not be ty'd to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the while;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am in tune?

[*Hortensio retires.*]

Luc. That will be never;—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*,
I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of
Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your
love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes
a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*,
bearing my port,—*senis*, that we might be-
guile the old Pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*]

Bian. Let's hear:—O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac*
ibat Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*,
I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed
he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*senis*,
despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right;

'Tis the base knave that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides*

Was Ajax,—call'd so from his grandfather. [you,

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:

But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, and give me leave
My lessons make no musick in three parts. [awhile;

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous. [Aside.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio. [Lutted,

Bian. [reading.] Gamut I am, the ground of all

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C faut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your
books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up;

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewel, sweet masters, both; I must
be gone. [Exit.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to
stay. [Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Lu-
centio, Bianca, and attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be marry'd,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law:
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth,
be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen²;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—*Lo there is mad Petruchio's wife*,
If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

¹ That is, no school-boy liable to be whipped. ² i. e. caprice.

Kath. Would, Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit weeping.*]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep; For such an injury would vex a faint, Much more a threw of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, old news, and such new, as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points: His horse hip'd with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lamppass, infected with the fashions¹, full of windgalls, iped with spavins, riced with the yellows, past cure of the fives², stark spoiled with the staggers, begawn with the bot; tway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; near legg'd³ before, and with a half-check'd bit, and a headstail of sheep's leather; which being restrain'd to keep him from tumbling, hath been often burst, and now repair'd with knots: one girt six times piec'd; and a woman's crupper of velure⁴, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh, sir, his lacquey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock⁵ on one leg, and a kersey boot hose on the other, garter'd with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies*⁶ prick'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lacquey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by faint jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grania.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not to well apparell'd As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you And wherefore gaze this goodly company; [frown:] As if they saw some wondrous monument, Some comet, or unusual prodigy? [day:]

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding—First were we sad, fearing you would not come; Now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Eye! doff this habit, shame to your estate, An eye-fore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us, what occasion of import Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear; Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress⁷; Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes;

Go to my chamber, put on cloaths of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's marry'd, not unto my cloaths:

Could I repair what she will wear in me,

As I can change these poor accoutrements,

'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,

When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,

And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exit Pet. Gra. and Bion.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire:

We will persuade him, be it possible,

To put on better ere he go to church.

¹ That is, the *farcy*. ² A distemper in horses, little differing from the strangles. ³ Meaning, that he cuts, or *interferes*. ⁴ i. e. velvet. ⁵ i. e. stocking. ⁶ This was some ballad or drollery of that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's old hat for a feather. In Shakspeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with these doggrel compositions; and he seems to have bore them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers with excellent humour. In *Much ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick say, *Prove that ever I lose more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad maker's pen*; as the bluntness of it would make the execution extremely painful. ⁷ i. e. to deviate from my promise.

Bap.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Tra. But, fir, our love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking : which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much ; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa ;
And make affurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow school-master
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage ;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business :—
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola ;
The quaint musician, amorous Licio ;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio ! came you from the church ?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home ?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you ? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Currier than she ? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut ! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, fir Lucentio ; When the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

Ay, by god's wounds, quoth he ; and swore so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book :

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,

This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest ;

Now take them up, quoth he, *if any list.*

Tra. What said the wench, when he rose up again ?

Gre. Trembled and shook ; for why, he stamp'd,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him. [and swore,

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine :

A health, quoth he ; as if he had been aboard,

Carousing to his mates after a storm :

Quaff'd off the muscadel¹, and threw the fops

All in the sexton's face ; having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

And seem'd to ask him fops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck ;

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

I, seeing this, came thence for very shame ;

And after me, I know, the rout is coming :

¹ The fashion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and persons present, was very anciently a constant ceremony ; and, as appears from this passage, not abolished in our author's age. ² Meaning, that they had eaten more oats than they were worth.

Such a mad marriage never was before :

Hark, hark ! I hear the minstrels play. [*Musick plays.*
Enter Petrucchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio, and Baptista.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
I know, you think to dine with me to-day ; [pau:
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer ;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible, you will away to-night ?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come :—

Make it no wonder ; if you knew my business,

You would entreat me rather go than stay.

And, honest company, I thank you all,

That have beheld me give away myself

To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife ;

Dine with my father, drink a health to me ;

For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay 'till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay ?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay ;

But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Gremio, my horses. [*The horse.*

Gre. Ay, fir, they be ready ; the oats have eat

Kath. Nay, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day ;

No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.

The door is open, fir, there lies your way,

You may be jogging, while your boots are green ;

For me, I'll not be gone, 'till I please myself :—

'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,

That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee ; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry ; What hast thou to do ?—

Father, be quiet ; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, fir : now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal-dinner :—

I see, a woman may be made a fool,

If she had not a spirit to resist. [*mand.—*

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her :

Go to the feast, revel and domineer,

Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,

Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves ;

But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.

Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret ;

I will be master of what is mine own :

She is my goods, my chattels ; she is my house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing ;

And here she stands, touch her whoever dare ;

I'll bring my action on the proudest he

That stops my way in Padua.—Gremio,

Tha
phrase t
cuckold
maid-se

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:— [Kate;
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exe. Petruchio and Katherine.*]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tru. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,

You know, there wants no junkets at the feast;—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tru. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio. Come, gentlemen,
let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Petruchio's Country-house.

Enter Grumio.

Gr. F Y E, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad matters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so ray'd¹? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot², my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, ho! Curtis!

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gr. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gr. Oh, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gr. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast; for it hath tam'd my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch³ fool! I am no beast.

Gr. Am I but three inches? Why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I, at the least⁴. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gr. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready: And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gr. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*⁵! and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching:—

Gr. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimm'd, rushes throw'd, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new suit, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without⁶, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gr. First know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gr. Out of their saddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gr. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gr. There. [*Strikes him.*]

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gr. And therefore 'tis call'd, a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gr. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gr. Tell thou the tale;—But hadst thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how the horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was

¹ That is, made dirty. ² A proverbial expression. ³ i. e. with a skull three inches thick; a phrase taken from the thicker sort of planks. ⁴ The meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold. ⁵ This is a fragment of some old ballad. ⁶ i. e. are the drinking-vessels clean, and the maid-servants dressed?

hemoid'd¹; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienc'd to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarlop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly comb'd, their blue coats brush'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit²: let them curtsy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, 'till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems; that call'st for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter four or five Serving-men.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad!

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things are ready: How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter Petruchio and Katharine.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at the door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse!

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whorison malt-horse drudge!

Did not I bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel: There was no link³ to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from theathing: There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[Exit Servants.]

Where is the life that late I led—

Where are those,—Sit down, Kate, and welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud⁴;

Re-enter Servants with Supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of order grey⁵,—

As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—

[Strike her.]

Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what ho!—

Enter one with water.

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence, And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—

One, Kate, that you must kiss and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily:—

You whorison villain! will you let it fall?

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whorison, beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate: or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

I Ser. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

Ser. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresier, And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups and all:

[Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.]

You heedless jolt-heads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt, and dry'd away:

And I expressly am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders cholier, planteth anger;

And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholierick,—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[Exit.]

¹ i. e. be-draggled, be-mired. ² Meaning, that their garters should be fellows; indifferent, or not different, one from the other. ³ A link is a torch of pitch. ⁴ That is, sweet, sweet. ⁵ Thus a fragment of some ancient ballad.

Enter Servants severally.

Nath. Peter, did't ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, 'till the stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard¹,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call;

That is,—to watch her, as we watch these kites,

That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,

That all is done in reverend care of her;

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and bawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.

This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;

And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.—

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak; 'tis charity, to shew. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio and Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio? *[Bianca]*

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand by.]

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first, resolve me
that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art?

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of
my heart. *[They retire backward.]*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me,
I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despightful love! unconstant woman-
kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more; I am not Licio,

Nor a musician, as I seem to be;

But one that scorn to live in this disguise,

For such a one as leaves a gentleman,

And makes a god of such a cullion:

Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard

Of your entire affection to Bianca:

And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

I will with you,—if you be so contented,—

Forwear Bianca and her love for ever. *[Lucentio,*

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior

Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—

Never to woo her more; but do forwear her,

As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—

Never to marry her, though she would intreat:

Eye on her! see, how beatly she doth court him!

Hor. 'Would all the world but he, had quite
forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,

I will be marry'd to a wealthy widow,

Ere three days pass; which hath as long lov'd me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard;

And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,

In resolution as I swore before. *[Exit Hortensio.]*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;

And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

[Lucentio and Bianca come forward.]

Bian. Tranio, you jest; but have you both for-

Tra. Mistress, we have. *[Isworn me?]*

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. Faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. Faith, he is gone unto the taming school.

Bian. The taming school! what, is there such a
place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—

To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello, running.

Bion. Oh master, master, I have watch'd so long

That I am dog-weary; but at last I spied

An ancient angel², coming down the hill,

Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bian. Master, a mercatant³, or a pedant,

I know not what; but formal in apparel,

In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;

¹ A *haggard* is a wild hawk; to man a hawk is to tame her. ² Meaning, perhaps, an ancient messenger, which is the primitive signification of *angel*. ³ i. e. a merchant.

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.*]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life? [*hard.*]

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua; Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you;—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all
one. [*Aside.*]

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
'Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. Oh, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance¹ of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to cloath you as becomes you.

SCENE III.

Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite
What, did he marry me to famish me? [*appears.*]
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat,—
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—
I pry'thee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? [*It.*]

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pry'thee, let me have

Gru. I fear, it is too phlegmatick a meat:

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard
rest. [*Mustard.*]

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you shall have the
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beat.*]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio and Hortensio, with meat.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all
amort²?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be. [*me.*]

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindest merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not;
And all my pains is sort'd to no proof³:—
Here, take away this dith.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame:
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me—
[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house;
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings.

¹ That is, to make a conveyance or deed.

³ Meaning, has ended in nothing.

² A gallicism, meaning *dejected*, *depressed*, *spiritless*.

With ruffs, and cuffs, and fardingals, and things¹;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou din'd? The taylor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his rustling treasure.—

Enter Taylor.

Come, taylor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it; come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not 'till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste.

[Aside.]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
speak;

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin², a bauble, a silken pye:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none. *[us see't.]*

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, taylor, let

0 mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and flish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.— *[this?]*

Why, what, o' devil's name, taylor, call'st thou

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor

gown. *[Aside.]*

Tay. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remembered,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Oh, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir:

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better fashion'd gown, *[able:]*

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me. *[thee.]*

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of

Tay. She says, your worship means to make a

puppet of her.

Pet. Oh monstrous arrogance!

Thou'lt say, thou thread, thou thimble,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete³ thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tay. Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tay. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tay. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast fac'd many things⁴.

Tay. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast brav'd⁵ many

men; brave not me; I will neither be fac'd, nor

brav'd. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out

the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:

ergo, thou liest.

Tay. Why, here is the note of the fashion to

testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said so.

Tay. *Imprimis*, a loose-bodied gown:

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-body'd gown,

sow me up in the skirts of it, and beat me to death

with a bottom of brown thread. I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tay. *With a small compass'd cape*⁶.

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tay. *With a trunk sleeve*;—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tay. *The sleeves curiously cut.*

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I

commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sow'd

up again; and that I'll prove u' on thee, though

thy little finger be armed in a tumble.

Tay. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in

place where, thou shou'dst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill,

give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me. *[no odds.]*

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my

mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. Oh, sir, the conceit is deeper than you

think for:

Take up my mistress' gown unto his master's use!

Oh, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortentio, say thou wilt see the taylor

paid:— *[Aside.]*

Go take it hence: be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Taylor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-mor-

Take no unkindness of his hasty words: *[row:]*

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Taylor.]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your

father's,

¹ Meaning, trifles too insignificant to deserve enumeration. ² This was the old culinary term for the raised crust of a custard. ³ i. e. be-measure. ⁴ i. e. turned up many garments with *facing*, &c. ⁵ i. e. made many men *fine*, *bravery* being formerly used to signify elegance of dress. ⁶ i. e. *round* &c. &c.

Even in these honest mean habiliments;
 Our purfes shall be proud, our garments poor:
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
 And as the fun breaks through the darkeft clouds,
 So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?
 Or is the adder better than the eel,
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?
 Oh, no, good Kate: neither art thou the worse
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.
 If thou account 't it shame, lay it on me:
 And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
 To feaft and sport us at thy father's house.—
 Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
 And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
 There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
 Let's fee; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
 And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, fir, 'tis almost two;
 And 'twill be fupper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse;
 Look, what I fpeak, or do, or think to do,
 You are ftill croffing it.—Sirs, let 't alone:
 I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
 It shall be what o'clock I fay it is.

Hor. Why, fo! this gallant will command the fun.

[*Exe. Petrucchio, Katharine, and Hortenfio.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Baptista's Houfe.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the houfe; Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and but I be deceiv'd,
 Signior Baptista may remember me,
 Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
 Where we were lodgers at the Pegafus.

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any cafe,
 With fuch austeritv as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

P.d. I warrant you: But, fir, here comes your
 'Twere good, he were fchool'd. [boy:]

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
 Now do your duty thoroughly, I advife you;
 Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haft thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him that your father was in Venice;
 And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
 Here comes Baptista;—fet your countenance, fir.

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met:

Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of;
 I pray you, ftand good father to me now,
 Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

P.d. Soft, fon!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
 To gather in fome debts, my fon Lucentio
 Made me acquainted with a weighty caufe
 Of love between your daughter and himfelf:
 And,—for the good report I hear of you;
 And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
 And fhe to him,—to ftay him not too long,

I am content, in a good father's care,
 To have him match'd; and,—if you please to like
 No worfe than I, fir,—upon fome agreement,
 Me fhall you find ready and willing
 With one confent to have her fo beftow'd:
 For curious I cannot be with you,
 Signior Baptista, of whom I hear fo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to fay;
 Your plainnefs, and your fhortnefs, please me well.
 Right true it is, your fon Lucentio here
 Doth love my daughter, and fhe loveth him,
 Or both difsemble deeply their affections:
 And, therefore, if you fay no more than this,—
 That like a father you will deal with him,
 And pafs my daughter a fufficient dower,
 The match is made, and all is done:
 Your fon fhall have my daughter with confent.

Tra. I thank you, fir. Where then do you
 know beft,

We be affy'd; and fuch affurance ta'en,

As fhall with either part's agreement ftand?

Bap. Not in my houfe, Lucentio; for, you
 know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many fervants;
 Befides, old Gremio is hearkening ftill;
 And, happily², we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, as it like you, fir:
 There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
 We'll pafs the bufinefs privately and well:
 Send for your daughter by your fervant here,
 My boy fhall fetch the fcrivener prefently.
 The worft is this,—that, at fo fender warning,
 You're like to have a thin and fender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
 And bid Bianca make her ready ftight:
 And, if you will, tell what hath happened;—
 Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
 And how fhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods fhe may, with all my heart!
 [Exit.]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.
 Signior Baptista, fhall I lead the way?
 Welcome! one mefs is like to be your cheer:
 Come, fir; we will better it in Pifa.

Bap. I follow you. [Exit.]

Bion. Cambio.— [Lucentio returns.]

Luc. What fay'ft thou, Biondello? [you:]

Bion. You faw my mafter wink and laugh upon

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; But he has left me here
 behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his
 figns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is fafe, talking with
 the deceiving father of a deceitful fon.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
 fupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieft at Saint Luke's church is at
 your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are bufied about
 a counterfeit affurance; take you affurance of her,
cum privilegio ad imprimendum folum: to the church

¹ Meaning, *scrupulous*. ² i. e. *accidentally*, in which fenfe *happily* was ufed in Shakspeare's time.

take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; it shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E V.

A green Lane.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moon-light now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, it shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house:—Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost.

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we are come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please: And if you please to call it a rush candle, Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lye; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blest, it is the blessed sun:—But sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the moon changes, even as your mind. What you will have it nam'd, even that it is; And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good-morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[To Vincentio.]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks! What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away; or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow! *[not mad:]*

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope, thou art This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd; And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes, That have been so bedazzled with the sun, That every thing I look on seemeth green: Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father; Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grand-fire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us, We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you my merry mistress,— That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me; My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa; And bound I am to Padua; there to visit A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, I may entitle thee—my loving father; The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, Thy son by this hath marry'd:—wonder not, Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem, Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth; Beside, so qualify'd as may beseem The spouse of any noble gentleman. Let me embrace with old Vincentio; And wander we to see thy honest son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure, Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[Exit Petruchio, Katharine, and Vincentio.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart. Have to my widow: and if she be froward, Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[Exit.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Before Lucentio's House.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on one side.

Bion. SOFTLY and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to

need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can. *[Exit.]*

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharine, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house,

T

My

My father's bears more toward the market-place ;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not chuse but drink before you go ;
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[Knocks.]

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock
louder. [*Pedant looks out of the window.*]

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat
down the gate ?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir ?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound
or two, to make merry withal ?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself ;
he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was below'd in
Padua.—Do you hear, sir ?—To leave frivolous
circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio,
that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at
the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest ; his father is come to Padua,
and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father ?

Ped. Ay, sir ; so his mother says, if I may be-
lieve her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman ! why, this is
flat knavery, to take upon you another man's
name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain ; I believe, 'a
means to cozen somebody in this city under my
countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together ;
God send 'em good shipping !—But who is here ?
mine old master Vincentio ? now we are undone,
and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [*Seeing Biondello.*]

Bion. I hope, I may chuse, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue ; What, have you
forgot me ?

Bion. Forgot you ? no, sir : I could not forget
you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou
never see thy master's father Vincentio ?

Bion. What, my worshipful old master ? yes,
marry, sir ; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so indeed ? [*He beats Biondello.*]

Bion. Help ! help, help ! here's a madman will
murder me. [*Exit.*]

Ped. Help, son ! help, signior Baptista !

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the
end of this controversy. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter below, the Pedant with servants, Baptista,
and Tranio.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my
servant ?

Vin. What am I, sir ? nay, what are you, sir ?—
Oh, immortal gods ! Oh, fine villain ! a silken
doublet ! a velvet hose ! a scarlet cloak ! and a
cravat ! but !—Oh, I am undone ! I am undone !
While I play the good husband at home, my son and
my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now ! what's the matter ?

Bap. What, is the man lunatick ?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman
by your habit, but your words shew you a mad-
man : Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear
pearl and gold ? I thank my good father, I am
able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father ?—Oh villain !—he is a fail-
maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir ; you mistake, sir : Pray,
what do you think is his name ?

Vin. His name ? as if I knew not his name : I
have brought him up ever since he was three years
old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad as ! his name is Lucen-
tio ; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands
of me signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio !—oh, he hath murdered his mas-
ter !—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's
name :—Oh, my son, my son !—tell me, thou vil-
lain, where is my son Lucentio ?

Tra. Call forth an officer : carry this mad knave
to the jail :—father Baptista, I charge you, see, that
he be forth-coming.

Via. Carry me to the jail !

Gre. Stay, officer ; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio ; I say, he shall
go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be
coney-catched¹ in this business ; I dare swear, this
is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dar'st.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not
Lucentio ?

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard ; to the jail with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be hal'd and abus'd :—
Oh monstrous villain !

Re-enter Biondello, with Lucentio, and Bianca.

Bion. Oh, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is ;
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

[*Exeunt Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant.*]

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Knocking.*]

Vin. Lives my sweet son ?

Bian. Pardon, dear father.

Bap. How hast thou offended ?—
Where is Lucentio ?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son unto the right Vincentio ;

That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive
us all !

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so ?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio ?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town ;
And happily I have arriv'd at last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss :—

¹ i. e. a hat with a very high conical crown. ² i. e. tricked, cheated.

What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have
sent me to the jail.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? Have you married
my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista: we will content you,
go to:

But I will in, to be reveng'd for this villainy. *[Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.
[Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. *[Exit.*

Gre. My cake is dough¹: But I'll in among the
rest;

Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. *[Exit.*

[Petruchio, and Katharine, advancing.]

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this

Pet. First kiss me Kate, and we will. *[ado.*

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What, art thou asham'd of me?

Kath. No, sir; God forbid: but asham'd to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again: Come, firrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray
thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
Better once than never, for never too late. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Lucentio's Apartments.

Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lu-
centio, Bianca, Tranio, Biondello, Petruchio, Ka-
tharine, Grumio, Hortensio, and Widow. The
Serving-men with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes
And time it is, when raging war is done, *[agree:*
To smile at 'scapes and perils over-blown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—

And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—

Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,

After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit and chat, as well as eat.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word
were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my
I mean Hortensio is afraid of you. *[sense;*

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

Pet. Roundly reply'd. *[round.*

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him. *[that?*

Pet. Conceive by me!—How likes Hortensio

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good
widow. *[round:—*

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her
down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll
sleep again. *[begun,*

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[Exit Bianca, Katharine, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior
Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. Oh, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift² simile, but something curriish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. Oh, oh, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird³, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess; hath he not hit you there?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;

And, as the jest did glance away from me,

'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient

To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content;—What's the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit.]*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

¹ A well known proverbial expression.
farcafn, a gibe.

² Meaning, a good quick-witted simile.

³ A gird is a
Re-enter

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word
That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and intreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. *[Exit Biondello.]*

Pet. Oh, ho! intreat her!
Nay, then she needs must come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come!
Oh vile, intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress;
Say, I command her come to me. *[Exit Grumio.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katharine.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharine!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you sent for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharine.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
And awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.—

Re-enter Katharine, with Bianca and Widow.
See where she comes; and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[She pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
'Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fye! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-
strong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have
no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say, and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fye! fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind
brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou ly'st warm at home, secure and safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
And, when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am aham'd, that women are so simple,
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft condition, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs¹, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease. *[me, Kate.]*

Pet. Why there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt hat.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are
toward. *[froward.]*

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white²;
And, being a winner, God give you good night!

[Exit Petruchio and Katharine.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst
frow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be
tam'd so. *[Exit.]*

¹ Meaning, lower your pride. ² A phrase borrowed from archery: the mark being commonly white.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King of France.	Steward, }	Servants to the Countess of Roussillon.
Duke of Florence.	Clown, }	
BERTRAM, Count of Roussillon.	Countess of Roussillon, Mother to Bertram.	
LAFEU, an old Lord.	HELENA, Daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous Physician, some Time since dead.	
PAROLLES, a parasitical Follower of Bertram; a Coward, but vain, and a great Pretender to Valour.	An old Widow of Florence.	
Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.	DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.	
	VIOLENTA, }	Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
	MARIANA, }	

Lords attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Countess of Roussillon's House in France.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Roussillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. IN delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward¹, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam:—you, sir, a father: He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that bad! how sad a passage² 'tis! whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, it would have made nature immortal, and death should have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have liv'd still, if knowledge could have been set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would, it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer: for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity, they are virtues and traitors too³; in her they are the better for their simpleness⁴; she derives her honesty, and attchieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No

¹ The heirs of great fortunes were anciently the king's wards. ² Passage means any thing that passes, and is here applied in the same sense as when we say the passage of a book. ³ Dr. Johnson thus comments upon this passage: "Estimable and useful qualities, joined with an evil disposition, give that evil disposition power over others, who, by admiring the virtue, are betrayed to the malevolence." ⁴ i. e. her excellencies are the better because they are artless and open, without fraud, without design.

more of this, Helena, go to, no more ; left it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal ¹.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that ? [father

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram ! and succeed thy In manners, as in shape ! Thy blood, and virtue, Contend for empire in thee ; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right ! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will, That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head ! Farewell. My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord, Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven blefs him ! Farewell, Bertram.

[Exit Countess.]

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes, that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be servants to you ! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady : You must hold the credit of your father. [Ex. Bertram and Lafau.

Hel. Oh, were that all !—I think not on my father ;

And these great tears ² grace his remembrance more, Than those I shed for him. What was he like ? I have forgot him : my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone ; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me : In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. The ambition in my love thus plagues itself : The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour ; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table ; heart, too capable Of every line and ³ trick of his sweet favour, But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here ?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him : I love him for his sake ; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward ; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind : withal, full of we see

Cold ⁴ wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity ?

Hel. Ay. You have some ⁵ stain of soldier in you ; let me ask you a question : Man is enemy to virginity ; how may we barricado it against him ?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails ; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak ; unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none ; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up !—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men ?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up : marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politick in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase ; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found : by being ever kept, is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion ; away with it.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't ; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers ; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin : virginity murders itself ; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese ; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding its own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most unbited ⁶ sin in the canon. Keep it not ; you cannot chuse but lose by't : Out with't : within ten years it will make itself two, which is a goodly increase ; and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking ?

Par. Let me see : Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gold with lying ; the longer kept, the less worth : off with't, while 'tis vendible : answer the tune of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion ; richly suited, but unsuitable ; just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now : Your date is better in your eye

¹ That is, "if the living do not indulge grief, grief destroys itself by its own excess." ² i. e. the tears of the king and countess. ³ i. e. some peculiar feature of his face. ⁴ Cold is here put for naked, and thus contrasted with *superfluous* or over-clothed. ⁵ Meaning, some colour of soldier. *Parolles* was in red, as appears from his being afterwards called *red-tail'd humble bee*. ⁶ i. e. forbidden fruit.

and your porridge, than in your cheek¹: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a wither'd pear: it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a wither'd pear: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips². Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!
The court's a learning place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[Exit Page.]

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you so under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing³, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else

thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away; farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee; so farewell. *[Exit.]*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things⁴.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pain in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Court of France.

Flourish Cornets. Enter the King of France, with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys⁵ are by the ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is deny'd before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Rouffillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,

¹ Shakespeare here quibbles on the word *due*, which means both *age*, and a kind of candied fruit.
² Dr. Warburton is of opinion, that the eight lines following *friend*, is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player, who finding a *thousand* loves spoken of, and only three reckoned up, namely, a *mother's*, a *mistress's*, and a *friend's*, would help out the number by the intermediate nonsense. The meaning of *Helen*, however, in this passage may be, that she shall prove *every thing* to *Bertram*.
³ A metaphor taken from falconry; and meaning, a *virtue that will fly high*.
⁴ Dr. Johnson explains these lines thus: "Nature brings like qualities and dispositions to meet through any distance that fortune may have set between them; she joins them, and makes them *kiss like things born together*."
⁵ The *Senois* were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was *Sienna*, and with whom the Florentines were at constant variance.

Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First try'd our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour¹.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness: if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and, at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place²;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled³: Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times:
Which follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof⁴ lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech⁵.

King. Would, I were with him! He would al-
ways say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him with too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourer room.

² *Lord.* You are lov'd, sir;

They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't
count,

Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Count's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown⁶.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this
gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your
content⁷, I wish might be found in the calendar
of my past endeavours; for then we wound our
modesty, and make foul the clearness of our de-
servings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, firrah: The complaints, I have heard of
you, I do not all believe; 'tis my slowness, that I
do not: for, I know, you lack not folly to com-
mit them, and have ability enough to make such
knaveries yours⁸.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, that I
am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well, that I am
poor: though many of the rich are damn'd: But,
if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to
the world⁹, I bel the woman and I will do as we
may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is
no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the
blessing of God, till I have issue of my body; for,
they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am
driven on by the flesh; and he must needs go,
that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I
do marry, that I may repent.

¹ That is, cover petty faults with great merit. ² i. e. he made allowances for their conduct, and bore from them what he would not from one of his own rank. ³ i. e. by condescending to stoop to his inferiors, he exalted them and made them proud; and, in the gracious receiving their poor praise, he humbled even his humility. ⁴ *Approof* is approbation. ⁵ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus: "His epitaph or inscription on his tomb is not so much in approbation or commendation of him, as is your royal speech." ⁶ A Clown in Shakspeare is commonly taken for a licensed jester, or domestick fool. We are not to wonder that we find this character often in his plays, since fools were, at that time, maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house. ⁷ i. e. to equal your desires. ⁸ i. e. You are fool enough to commit those irregularities you are charged with, and yet not so much fool neither, as to discredit the accusation by any defect in your ability. ⁹ i. e. to be married. See note 1, p. 128.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He, that ears¹ my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: He, that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poytam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one, they may jowl horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet², I, madam: and I speak the truth the next³ way.

For I the ballad will repeat,

Which men full true shall find;

Your marriage comes by destiny,

Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her: Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she, [Singing.

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond⁴ done, done fond,

Was this king Priam's joy.

With that she sigh'd as she flood,

With that she sigh'd as she flood,

And gave this sentence then;

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[Exit.]

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman intirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeath'd her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she lov'd your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surpris'd without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; fithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharg'd this honestly; keep it to yourself: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter Helena.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:

If we are nature's, these are ours: this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the shew and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress in youth:
By our remembrances⁵ of days foregone, [none.
Such were our faults, O! then we thought them
Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother;
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine: 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's grudge,
Yet I express to you a mother's care:—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why?—that you are my daughter?

¹ To ear is to plough. ² It is a superstition, which hath run through all ages and people, that natural fools have something in them of divinity; on which account they were esteemed sacred.

³ i. e. the nearest way. ⁴ Fond here means foolishly done. ⁵ i. e. according to our recollection.

Hel.

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rouffillon cannot be my brother :
I am from humble, he from honour'd name ;
No note upon my parents, his all noble :
My master, my dear lord he is ; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die :
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother ?

Hel. You are my mother, madam ; 'Would you
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother !—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for ¹, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister : Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother ?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-
in-law ;

God shield, you mean it not ! daughter, and
So strive upon your pulse : What, pale again ?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness : Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears' head ². Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son ; invention is aham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not : therefore tell me true ;
But tell me then, 'tis so :—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it one to the other ; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it ; only sin
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected : Speak, is't so ?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue ;
If it be not, forswear 't : howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me !

Count. Do you love my son ?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress !

Count. Love you my son ?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam ?

Count. Go not about ; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note : come, come, disclose
The state of your affection ; for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son :—
My friends were poor, but honest ; so's my love :
Be not offended ; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me : I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit ;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deserve him ;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;
Yet, in this captious ³ and intenable sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still : thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do : but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
With chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love ; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot chuse
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose ;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris ?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth ; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading,
And manifest experience, had collected
For general sovereignty ; and that he will'd me
In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note ⁴ : amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings, whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it ? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this ;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it ? He and his physicians
Are of a mind ; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help : How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine ⁵, have left off
The danger to itself ?

Hel. There's something hints,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honour
By the luckiest stars in heaven : and, would your
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't ?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [and love,

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court ; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt :
Be gone to-morrow ; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[Exit.

¹ I care no more for, is, I care as much for—I wish it equally. ² i. e. the source of your grief.

³ Dr. Johnson suspects we should read *carious*, i. e. rotten. ⁴ Meaning, prescriptions in which greater virtues were included than appeared to observation. ⁵ i. e. exhausted of their skill.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*The Court of France.**Enter the King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine War. Bertram and Parolles.**Flourish Cornets.*

King. **F**AREWEL, young lords, these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

2 Lord. 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That does my life besiege. Farewel, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher¹ Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your
majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Beth. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewel.—Come hither to me.

[The King retires to a couch.]

1 Lord. Oh my sweet lord, that you will stay
behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark——

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early. [with;

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
'Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 Lord. Farewel, captain.

2 Lord. Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one

captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very
sword entrench'd it: say to him, I live; and ob-
serve his reports for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices! what
will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king——

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the no-
ble lords; you have restrain'd yourself within the
list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to
them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the
time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and
move under the influence of the most receiv'd star;
and though the devil lead the measure, such are to
be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated
farewel.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most
finewy sword-men. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Lafeu.**[Lafeu kneels.]*

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up.

Laf. Then here's a man

Stands, that has bought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across²:—but, my good lord,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? 'tis thus;

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat

No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royl fox
Could reach them: I have feel a medecin,
That's able to breathe life into stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
Is powerful to raise king Pein, nay, *[touch]*
To give great Charlemain a pin in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: Ny lord, there's one
arriv'd,

If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey m thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hat amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakess: Will you see her,
(For that is her demand) ad know her business?
That done, laugh well at me

King. Now, good Lafeu,

Bring in the admiration; tht we with thee
May spend our wonder too or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou too'it it.

¹ The epithet *higher* is here to be understood as referring to situation rather than to dignity.

² This word, as has been before observed, is used when any pafs of wit miscries.

Laf.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither.

[*Exit Lafew.*]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*returns.*] Nay, come your ways.

[*Bringing in Helina.*]

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways ;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him :

A traitor you do look like ; but such traitors

His majesty seldom fears : I am Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together ; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

King. Now, fair one, does your business fellow us ?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father ; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

[*him ;*]

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises toward
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me ; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear ! I have so :
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bount humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden ;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us ; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never answer nature
From her inaidle estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empiricks ; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains :
I will no more enforce mine office on you ;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful :
Thou thought'st to help me : and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that with him live :
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part ;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy :
He that of greater works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flown

From simple sources ; and great seas have dry'd,
When miracles have by the greatest been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises ; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee ; fare thee well, kind
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid :
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd :
It is not so with Him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guests by shows :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent ;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim¹ ;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident ? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure ?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring ;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp ;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass ;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture ?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads ; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise ; no worse of worst extended,
With vilest torture let my life be ended².

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit
doth speak ;

His powerful sound, within an organ weak³ :
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear ; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate ;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime⁴, can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physick I will try ;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die ;
And well deserv'd : Not helping, death's my fee ;
But, if I help, what do you promise me ?

¹ That is, "I am not an impostor that proclaim one thing and design another." ² Mr. Stevens thus happily explains this obscure passage : "I would bear (says she) the tax of impudence, which is the denotement of a strumpet ; would endure a shame resulting from my failure in what I have undertaken, and thence become the subject of odious ballads ; let my maiden reputation be otherwise branded ; and, no worse of worst extended, i. e. provided nothing worse is offered to me, (meaning violation let my life be ended with the worst of tortures. The poet for the sake of rhyme has obscured the sense of the passage. The worst that can befall a woman being extended to me, seems to be the meaning of the last line." ³ The author of the Revival of Shakspeare's Text explains this line thus : "The verb *doth speak*, in the first line, should be understood to be repeated in the construction of the second, thus ; *His powerful sound speaks within a weak organ.*" ⁴ i. e. youth.

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even? [ven]

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of hea-

Hel. Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,

What husband in thy power I will command :

Exempted be from me the arrogance

To chuse from forth the royal blood of France ;

My low and humble name to propagate

With any branch or image of thy state :

But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know

Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand ; the premises observ'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :

So make the choice of thine own time ; for I,

Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must ;

Though, more to know, could not be more to trust ;

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on,—But

rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—

Give me some help here, ho !—If thou proceed

As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Roussillon.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, fir ; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Cl. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly taught : I know my business is but to the court.

Count. But to the court ! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt ? But to the court !

Cl. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court : he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap ; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court : but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Cl. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks ; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions ?

Cl. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger¹, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth ; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions ?

Cl. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Cl. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it : here it is, and all that belongs to't : Ask me, if I am a courtier ; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could :—I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, fir, are you a courtier ?

Cl. O Lord, fir,—There's a simple putting off :—more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Cl. O Lord, fir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, fir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Cl. O Lord, fir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, fir, as I think.

Cl. O Lord, fir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, O Lord, fir, at your whipping, and spare not me ? Indeed, your O Lord, fir, is very sequest to your whipping ; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Cl. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—
O Lord, fir : I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Cl. O Lord fir,—Why, there't serves well again. [this,

Count. An end, fir, to your business : Give Helen And urge her to a present answer back :

Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son ; This is not much.

Cl. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you : You understand me ?

Cl. Most fruitfully ; I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Court of France.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past ; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors ; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear².

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our later times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquish'd of the artists,—

Par. So I say ; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

¹ This alludes to an ancient custom of marrying with a rush ring, as well in other countries as in England ; but was scarce ever practised except by designing men, for the purpose of corrupting those young women to whom they pretended love. ² A ridicule on that foolish expletive of speech, then in vogue at court. ³ Fear here means the object of fear.

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis ; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right ; as 'twere, a man assur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well : so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed : if you will have it in shewing, you shall read it in,——What do you call there ?——

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said ; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin¹ is not lustier : 'fore me I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it ; and he is of a most facinorous² spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence : which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king ; as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it ; you say well : Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick³, as the Dutchman says : I'll like a maid the better, while I have a tooth in my head : Why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen ?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side ; And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive The confirmation of my promis'd gift, Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye : this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice I have to use : thy frank election make ; Thou hast power to chuse, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress Fall, when love please !—marry, to each but one !

Laf. I'd give bay curtain⁴, and his furniture, My mouth no more were broken⁵ than these boys', And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well :

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid ; and therein wealthiest, That, I protest, I simply am a maid :—— Please it your majesty, I have done already ; The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

We blush, that thou should'st chuse, but be refus'd ; Let the white death⁶ sit on thy cheek for ever, We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice ; and, see, Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly ; And to imperial Love, that god most high, Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit ?
1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir ; all the rest is mute ?

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace⁸ for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes, Before I speak, too threateningly replies ; Love make your fortunes twenty times above Her that so wishes, and her humble love !

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive, Which great Love grant ! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her ? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipt ; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take ; I'll never do you wrong for your own sake : Blessing upon your vows ! and in your bed Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed !

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her : sure, they are bastards to the English ; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good, To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drunk wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen ; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you ; but I give Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, Into your guiding power. This is the man.

[*To Bertram.*

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife. [highness]

Ber. My wife, my liege ? I shall beseech your In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she hath done for me ?

Ber. Yes, my good lord ; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your raising ? I know her well ; She had her breeding at my father's charge : A poor physician's daughter my wife !—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever ! [which]

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods, Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty : If she be

¹ By dolphin is meant the dauphin. ² i. e. wicked. ³ i. e. lusty, chearful, pleasant. ⁴ A bay dock'd horse. ⁵ Meaning, had lost no more of its teeth. ⁶ Meaning, perhaps, the *chlorid*.
⁷ i. e. silence. ⁸ i. e. the lowest chance of the dice.

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislikest,
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislikest
Of virtue for the name: but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great addition swells, and virtue none,
It is a dropp'd honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; villainy is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire: Honour's best thrive
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she,
Is her own dower: honour, and wealth, from me.

Her. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st
strive to chuse. [glad;

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to de-
feat¹;

I must produce my power: Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprison shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the staggers², and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Looking upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Her. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: When I consider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoize; if not to thy estate,

¹ The French verb *désaire* (from whence our *defeat*) signifies to free, to disembarass, as well as to destroy; and in this sense, we apprehend, *defeat* is here used. ² Alluding to that species of the staggers, or the horses' apoplexy, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls. ³ The *brief* is the contract of espousal, or the licence of the church. ⁴ *Ordinary* here means dinner. ⁵ To take up means to contradict, to call to account, as well as to pick off the ground.

A balance more replete.

Her. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief³,
And be perform'd to-night; the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious; else, does err.

[Exeunt all but Parolles and Lafew.]

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; Is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be under-
stood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Roussillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is
man.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is
of another file.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you
are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to
which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries⁴, to
be a pretty wife fellow; thou didst make tolerable
vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs,
and the bannerets, about thee, did manifestly dis-
suade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a
burden. I have now found thee; when I lose
thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for no-
thing but taking up⁵; and that thou art scarce
worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity
upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest
thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy
on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice,
fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I
look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious in-
dignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy
of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I
will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to
pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be't
bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what
it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to
hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my

knowledge;

knowledge; that I may say in the default¹, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing², I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's marry'd, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

Enter Bertram.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kickfy-wickfy³ here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,

Which should sustain the bound and high curve
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll fend her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife
To the dark house⁴, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll fend her straight away: To-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it.—'Tis hard;

A young man married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go:

The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Helena and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly; Is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she's not well; but, thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing in the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God fend her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God fend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You have my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave, thou art a knave; that is, before me, thou art a knave; this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

¹ i. e. at a need. ² *Doing* is here used obscenely. ³ Sir T. Hanmer observes, that *kickfy-wickfy* is a made word in ridicule and disdain of a wife. ⁴ Probably meaning a *snooty* house.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
 A very serious business calls on him.
 The great prerogative and right of love, [ledge;
 Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknow-
 But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; [sweets,
 Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
 Which they distil now in the curbed time,
 To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
 And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

[king,

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
 And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
 Strengthen'd with what apology you think,
 May make it probable need¹.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
 Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

[Exit Parolles.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, firrah. [To the Clown.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But, I hope your lordship thinks not him
 a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this
 lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great
 in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience,
 and transgress'd against his valour; and my state
 that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in
 my heart to repent: Here he comes; I pray you
 make us friends, I will pursue the amity.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. I pray you, sir, who's his taylor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir,
 is a good workman, a very good taylor.

Ber. Is he gone to the king? [Aside to Parolles.

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters; casketed my trea-
 Given order for our horses; and to-night, [sure,
 When I should take possession of the bride,—
 And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter
 end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and
 uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings
 with, should be once heard and thrice beaten.—
 God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord

and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserv'd to run
 into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and
 spurs and all, like him that leapt into the custard²;
 and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer
 question for your residence.

Ber. It may be; you have mistaken him, my
 lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him
 at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord: and believe
 this of me, There can be no kernel in this light
 nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him
 not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept
 of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell,
 monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you
 have or will deserve at my hand: but we must do
 good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I know him well; and common speech
 Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
 Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
 For present parting; only, he desires
 Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
 Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
 The ministration and required office
 On my particular: prepar'd I was not
 For such a business; therefore am I found
 So much unsettled: This drives me to intreat you,
 That presently you take your way for home;
 And rather muse³, than ask, why I entreat you:
 For my respects are better than they seem;
 And my appointments have in them a need,
 Greater than shews itself, at the first view,
 To you that know them not. This to my mother:

[Giving a letter.

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you! so
 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say.

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that,
 Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
 To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewel; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe⁴;
 Nor dare I say, 'tis mine; and yet it is;
 But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
 What law does vouch mine own.

¹ That is, a specious appearance of necessity. ² Theobald says, that this odd allusion is not introduced without a view to satire. It was a foolery practised at city entertainments, whilst the letter or zany was in vogue, for him to jump into a large deep custard, set for the purpose, to set on a quantity of barren spectators to laugh, as our poet says in his *Hamlet*. ³ i. e. wonder. ⁴ i. e. I owe.

Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-
 thing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would; my lord,—
 'faith, yes;—
Strangers, and foes, do funder, and not kifs.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to herse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my
 lord. [Exit Helena.]

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
 Farewel.
 Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
 Away, and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French
 Lords, with Soldiers.

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now
 have you heard
 The fundamental reasons of this war;
 Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
 And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
 Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
 On the opposer. [France]

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin
 Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
 Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord,
 The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
 But like a common and an outward man,
 That the great figure of a council frames
 By self-unable motion: therefore dare not
 Say what I think of it; since I have found
 Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
 As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure. [nature 3,

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our
 That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day,
 Come here for physick.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
 And all the honours, that can fly from us,
 Shall on them settle: You know your places well;
 When better fall, for your avails they fell:
 To-morrow to the field. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

*Roussillon, in France.**Enter Countess and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it,
 save, that he comes not along with her.

Clow. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a
 very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clow. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
 sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and

sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that
 had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly man-
 nor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
 he means to come.

Clow. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at
 court: our old ling and our Isbels o'the country,
 are nothing like your old ling and your Isbe's o'the
 court: the brain of my Cupid's knock'd out; and
 I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with
 no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clow. E'en that you have there. [Exit]

Count. [reads a letter.] "I have sent you a
 daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king,
 "and undone me. I have wedded her, not bed-
 "ded her; and sworn to make the not eternal.
 "You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before
 "the report come. If there be breadth enough in
 "the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty
 "to you.

"Your unfortunate son,
 "BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
 To fly the favours of so good a king;
 To pluck his indignation on thy head,
 By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
 For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clow. O madam, yonder is heavy news witha,
 between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clow. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
 some comfort; your son will not be kill'd so soon
 as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clow. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear
 he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the
 loss of men, though it be the getting of children.
 Here they come, will tell you more; for my part,
 I only hear, your son was run away.

Enter Helena and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so.

1 i. e. I cannot inform you of. *2 i. e.* one not in the secret of affairs. *3* Meaning, our young
 fellows.

Cant.

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start, [you?
Can woman me unto't :—Where is my son, I pray

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence :

We met him thitherward ; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. [passport.

Hel. Look on this letter, madam ; here's my
" 1 When thou canst get the ring upon my
" finger, which never shall come off, and shew
" me a child begotten of thy body, that I am fa-
" ther to, then call me husband : but in such a
" Then I write a *Never*."
This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen ?

1 Gen. Ay, madam ;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I prythee, lady, have a better cheer ;
If thou engroffest, all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety : He was my son ;
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he ?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a foldier ?
2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose : and, believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither ? [speed.

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of

Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in
" France."

'Tis bitter. [Reading.

Count. Find you that there ?

Hel. Ay, madam. [which

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
His heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife !
There's nothing here, that is too good for him,
But only she ; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him ?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not ?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wick-
My son corrupts a well-derived nature [edness :
With his inducement.

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that, too much,
Which holds him much to have 2.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen.
I will intreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses : more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near ?

[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.

Hel. 'Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.
Nothing in France, until he has no wife ?

Thou shalt have none, Rouffillon, none in France,
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war ; and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets ? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim ; move the still-piercing air 3,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord !
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there ;
Whoever charges on his forward breast :

I am the caitiff, that do hold him to it ;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger ; better 'twere,
That all the miseries, which nature owes,
Were mine at once : No, come thou home, Rouffil-
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar ; [lon,
As oft it loses all ; I will be gone :

My being here it is, that holds thee hence ;
Shall I stay here to do't ? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all : I will be gone ;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear. Come, night ; end, day !
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Duke's Court in Florence.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram,
Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, &c.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art ; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength ; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go forth ;
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress !

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts ; and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Rouffillon in France.

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas ! and would you take the letter of her ?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter ? Read it again.

1 That is, when thou canst get the ring, which is on my finger, into thy possession.
his vices stand him in stead. 3 i. e. the air that closes immediately.

2 i. e.

Stew. "I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, hither gone ;
 " Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 " That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
 " With fainted vow my faults to have amended.
 " Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
 " My dearest matter, your dear son may hie ;
 " Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,
 " His name with zealous fervour sanctify :
 " His taken labours bid him me forgive ;
 " I, his despightful Juno, sent him forth
 " From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
 " Where death and danger dog the heels of worth :
 " He is too good and fair for death and me ;
 " Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."
 Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words !—
 Rinaldo, you did never lack advice ¹ so much,
 As letting her pass so ; had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam :

If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have been o'er-ta'en ; and yet she writes,
 Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
 Bless this unworthy husband ? he cannot thrive,
 Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
 And loves to grant, relieve him from the wrath
 Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife ;
 Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
 That he does weigh too light : my greatest grief,
 Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
 Dispatch the most convenient messenger :—
 When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
 He will return ; and hope I may, that she,
 Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
 Led hither by pure love : which of them both
 Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
 To make distinction :—Provide this messenger :—
 My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak ;
 Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

' Without the Walls of Florence.

A Tucket afar off.

*Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta,
 and Mariana, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come ; for if they do approach the
 city, we shall lose all the fight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most
 honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has ta'en their greatest
 commander ; and that with his own hand he slew
 the duke's brother. We have lost our labour ;
 they are gone a contrary way : hark ! you may
 know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice our-
 selves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take
 heed of this French earl : the honour of a maid is

her name ; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have
 been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know the knave ; hang him ! one Pa-
 rolles : a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for
 the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana ; their
 promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these
 engines of lust, are not the things they go under ² ;
 many a maid hath been seduced by them ; and the
 misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the
 wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade
 succession, but that they are limed with the twigs
 that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise
 you further ; but, I hope, your own grace will
 keep you where you are, though there were no
 further danger known, but the modesty which is
 so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, disguis'd like a Pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim :
 I know she will lye at my house : thither they send
 one another : I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim ! Whither are you bound ?

Hel. To St. Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers ³ lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the St. Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way ? [*A march afar off*]

Wid. Ay, marry, is it. Hark you ! [*Pilgrim,*
 They come this way :—If you will tarry, holy
 But 'till the troops come by,

I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd ;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess
 As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself ?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
 That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you ? [*One*]

Dia. The count Rouffillon : Know you such a

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of
 His face I know not. [*him*]

Dia. Whatsoever he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
 As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
 Against his liking : Think you it is so ? [*lady.*]

Hel. Ay, surely, meer the truth ; I know his

Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
 Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. Oh, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
 Of the great count himself, she is too mean
 To have her name repeated ; all her deserving
 Is a reserved honesty, and that
 I have not heard examined ⁴.

¹ That is, *discretion or thought.* ² Meaning, " they are not really so true and sincere as in ap-
 pearance they seem to be." ³ Pilgrims that visited holy places ; so called from a staff or bough of
 palm they were wont to carry. ⁴ i. e. doubted.

Di. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detestful lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wherefoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd. [her

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes¹ with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bertram, Parolles,
Officers and Soldiers attending.*

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Di. He;

That with the plume; 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he lov'd his wife; if he were honest,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome

Hel. I like him well. [gentleman?

Di. 'Tis pity, he is not honest: Yond's that
same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Di. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he
melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look,
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you.

Where you shall host: of enjoind penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 Lord. Nay, good my lord; put him to't; let
him have his way.

2 Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceiv'd in him?

1 Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of
him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward,
an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-
breaker, the owner of no one good quality worth
your lordship's entertainment.

2 Lord. It were fit you knew him; left, re-
posing too far in his virtue, which he hath not,
he might, at some great and trusty business, in a
main danger fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action
to try him.

2 Lord. None better than to let him fetch off
his drum, which you hear him so confidently un-
dertake to do.

1 Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will
suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom,
I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we
will bind and hood-wink him so, that he shall sup-
pose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer
of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own
tents: Be but your lordship present at his exami-
nation; if he do not, for the promise of his life,
and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his
power against you, and that with the divine forfeit
of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in
any thing.

2 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him
fetch his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't:
when your lordship sees the bottom of his suc-
cess in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump
of ore will be melted, if you give him not John
Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be
removed². Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

1 Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not
the humour of his design; let him fetch off his
drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks
forely in your disposition.

2 Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so
lost! There was an excellent command! to charge

¹ Deals as a broker. ² Theobald explains this passage thus: "My lord, as you have taken this fellow (Parolles) into so near a confidence, if, upon his being found a counterfeit, you don't cashier him from your favour, then your attachment is not to be removed;" and then adds the following history of *John Drum's Entertainment* from Holingshed's Chronicle: "This chronologer, in his description of Ireland, speaking of Patrick Scarfeild, (mayor of Dublin in the year 1551) and of his extravagant hospitality, subjoins, that no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: so that his porter or any other officer durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man, that resorted to his house, Tom Drum's entertainment, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own foldiers.

2 *Lord*. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into its native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a foldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas¹, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewel.

Par. I love not many words. *[Exit.]*

1 *Lord*. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damn'd than do't?

2 *Lord*. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

2 *Lord*. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imbos'd him², you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

1 *Lord*. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we catch³ him. He was first smok'd by the old lord Lafen; when his disguise and he is

parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

2 *Lord*. I must go look my twigs; he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

2 *Lord*. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you

The last I spoke of.

1 *Lord*. But, you say, she's honest. *[Once,]*

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same caxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

1 *Lord*. With all my heart, my lord. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E VII.

Florence. The Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further,

But I shall lose the grounds I work upon⁴. *[Born,]*
Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;

For you have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold,

And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, *[daughter,]* When I have found it. The count he woos you; Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it, Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand: A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful then; It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastly absent; after this,

¹ A dilemma is an argument that concludes both ways. ² To imbos a deer is to inclose him in a wood. The word, applied in this sense, being derived from *emboscure*, Ital. ought properly to be spelled *imbosk'd*. ³ Meaning, before we strip him naked. ⁴ I. e. by discovering herself to the count. ⁵ Important here means *important*.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded :

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,
That time, and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musicks of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness : it nothing steads us,

To chide him from our eaves ; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hcl. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot ; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act¹ :

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact :
But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Part of the French Camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or six Soldiers in Ambush.

Lord. HE can come no other way but by
this hedge' corner : When you fall
upon him, speak what terrible language you will ;
though you understand it not yourselves, no mat-
ter : for we must not seem to understand him ;
unless some one amongst us, whom we must pro-
duce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him ? knows he
not thy voice ?

Sol. No, sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linsy-woolsey hast thou to speak
to us again ?

Sol. Even such as you speak to me.

Lord. He must think us some band of strangers
't the adversaries entertainment. Now he hath a
smack of all neighbouring languages ; therefore we
must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to
know what we speak one to another ; so we seem
to know, is to know straight our purpose : chough's
language, gabble enough, and good enough. As
for you, interpreter, you must seem very politick.
But couch, ho ! here he comes ; to beguile two
hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the
lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock : within these three hours 'twill
be time enough to go home. What shall I say I
have done ? It must be a very plausible invention
that carries it : They begin to smoke me : and
disgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door.
I find, my tongue is too fool-hardy ; but my heart
hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures,
not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own
tongue was guilty of.

[*Aside.*]

Par. What the devil should move me to under-
take the recovery of this drum ; being not ignorant
of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such
purpose ? I must give myself some hurts, and

say, I got them in exploit : Yet slight ones will
not carry it. They will say, Came you off with
so little ? and great ones I dare not give ; Where-
fore ? what's the instance ? ? Tongue, I must put
you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these
perils.

Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is,
and be that he is ?

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, the cutting of my garments would
serve the turn ; or the breaking of my Spanish
sword.

Lord. We cannot afford you so.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or the baring of my beard ; and to say, it
was in stratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was
stript.

Lord. Hardly serve.

[*Aside.*]

Par. Though I swore I leap'd from the window
of the citadel—

Lord. How deep ?

[*Aside.*]

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that
be believ'd.

[*Aside.*]

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemies ;
I would swear, I recover'd it.

Lord. You shall hear one anon.

[*Aside.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemies !

[*Alarum within.*]

Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, willianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh ! ransom, ransom :—Do not hide mine
eyes.

[*They seize him and blindfold him.*]

Inter. *Boskos thremuido boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Musks' regiment,
And I shall lose my life for want of language :
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me, I'll
Discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

Inter. *Boskos vauvado :—*

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue :—

*Kerelybonto :—*Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

¹ Bertram's meaning is wicked in a lawful deed, and Helen's meaning is lawful in a lawful act ;
and neither of them sin : yet on his part it was a sinful fact, for his meaning was to commit adultery,
of which he was innocent, as the lady was his wife. ² i. e. proof.

Par. Oh!

Inter. Oh, pray, pray, pray.—

Manka revania dulche.

Lord. Oseorbi dulchos volivorce.

Inter. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-winkt as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. Oh, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Inter. *Accorda linta.*—

Come on, thou art granted space. [*Exit with Parolles.*
[*A short alarm within.*

Lord. Go, tell the count Roussillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
'Till we do hear from them. [muffled]

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, sir.

Lord. 'Till then I'll keep him dark, and safely
lock'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Widow's House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I prythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
'Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths, that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true,
What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the Highest to witness¹: Then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him: Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unfeal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desire,
Who then recovers: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such affairs,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy if the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy if the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my
chamber window;
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, 'till then; then, fail not: You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won, by woo-
ing thee. [Exit

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
You may so in the end.— [and me!

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am bury'd. Since Frenchmen are so braud,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit

¹ The sense is, we never swear by what is not holy, but swear by, or take to witness, the Highest, the Divinity. ² i. e. crafty or deceitful.

SCENE III.

*The Florentine Camp.**Enter the two French Lords, and two or three Soldiers.*

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; and this night he fleeces his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 Lord. Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhor'd ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself¹.

1 Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

1 Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

2 Lord. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 Lord. What will count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 Lord. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his counsel.

2 Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplish'd: and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 Lord. How is this justified?

1 Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which makes her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 Lord. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this.

1 Lord. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses!

2 Lord. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encounter'd with a shame as ample.

1 Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

2 Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

1 Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now. How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatch'd sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertain'd my convoy; and, between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the foldier?—Come, bring forth this counterfeit module²; he has deceiv'd me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 Lord. Bring him forth: he hath sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave!

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

1 Lord. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confess'd himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting in the stocks: And what, think you, he hath confess'd?

¹ The meaning is, betrays his own secrets in his own talk. ² Module means pattern.

Ber.

Ber. Nothing of m^r. has he?

2 Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

1 Lord. Hoodman comes!—*Porto tartarossa.*

Inter. He calls for the tortures; What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a patty, I can say no more.

Inter. *Bosko chimurcho.*

2 Lord. *Boblibindo ebicurmurcho.*

Inter. You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Inter. "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues; upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Inter. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to him¹.

Ber. What a patty-frying slave is this!

1 Lord. You are deceiv'd, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militaryist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorique of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 Lord. I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't², in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

Inter. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. ["are a-foot."

Inter. "Demand of him, of what strength they What say you to that?"

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each: mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks³, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

Inter. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighting fums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

Inter. Do you know this captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay.

[*Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Inter. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

Inter. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

Inter. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

Inter. Here 'tis; here's a paper; Shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

Inter. "Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, fir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rouffillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, fir, put it up again.

Inter. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

Interpreter reads the letter.

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

"After he scores, he never pays the score:

"Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

"He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

¹ The words "all's one to him" seem to belong to another speaker, and appear to be a proper remark of Bertram's upon Parolles' assertion. ² i. e. I am not obliged to him for it. To ³ is to know. ³ Cassock signifies a horseman's loose coat.

" And say, a foldier, Dian, told thee this,
 " Men are to mell with¹, boys are but to kifs:-
 " For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
 " Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

" Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

" PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipp'd through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

² *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, fir, the manifold linguist, and the omnipotent foldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Inter. I perceive, fir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, fir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, fir, in a dungeon, iⁿ the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

Inter. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Domain: You have answer'd to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour; What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, fir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Neifus. He professes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, fir, with such volubility, that you would think Truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-cloaths about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, fir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

¹ *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Inter. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, fir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his foldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

¹ *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

Inter. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the intail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

Inter. What's his brother, the other captain Domain?

² *Lord.* Why does he ask him of me?

Inter. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: In a retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Inter. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rouffillon.

Inter. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition² of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

[*Aside.*]

Inter. There is no remedy, fir, but you must die: the general says, you, that have so traiterously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no very honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsmen, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, fir; let me live, or let me see my death!

Inter. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends.

[*Unbinding him.*]

So, look about you; Know you any here?

Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.

² *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

¹ *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

² *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafew? I am for France.

¹ *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of that same sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rouffillon? and I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*]

Inter. You are undone, captain; all but your fear, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, fir; I am for France too; we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this: Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, bluthes! and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place, and means, for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*]

¹ To *mingl*, is derived from the French word, *meler*, to mingle. ² i. e. to deceive the opinion.

S C E N E IV.

*The Widow's House at Florence.**Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.*

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the christian world
Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne, 'tis need-
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel : [ful,
Time was, I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles ; to which place
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead : the army breaking,
My husband hies him home ; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love ; doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive ¹
And helper to a husband. But O strange men !
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy ² trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away :
But more of this hereafter :—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,—
But with the word ³, the times will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives ⁴ us :
All's well, that ends well : still the fine's the crown ;
Whatever the course, the end is the renown. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Roussillon.**Enter Countess, Lafau, and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no, your son was mis-led with a
snipt-taffata fellow there ; whose villainous saffron ⁵
would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth
of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law
had been alive at this hour ; and your son here at

home, more advanc'd by the king, than by that
red-tail'd humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him ! it was
the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that
ever nature had praise for creating : if she had par-
taken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of
a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted
love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we
may pick a thousand fallads, ere we light on such
another herb.

Cl. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram
of the sallet, or, rather, the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not sallet-herbs, you knave, they
are nose-herbs.

Cl. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have
not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a
knave, or a fool ?

Cl. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a
knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction ?

Cl. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do
his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Cl. And I would give his wife my bauble ⁶, sir,
to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both
knave and fool.

Cl. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Cl. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve
as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Cl. Faith, sir, he has an English name ; but his
phifnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Cl. The black prince, sir, *alias*, the prince of
darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse : I give thee
not this to suggest ⁷ thee from thy master thou talk'st
of ; serve him still.

Cl. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always
lov'd a great fire ; and the master I speak of, ever
keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the
world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am
for the house with the narrow gate, which I take
to be too little for pomp to enter : some, that
humble themselves, may ; but the many will be
too chill and tender ; and they'll be for the flowery
way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of
thee ; and I tell thee so before, because I would
not fall out with thee. Go thy ways ; let my
horses be well look'd to, without any tricks.

¹ Motive for assistant. ² Saucy may here imply luxurious, and by consequence lascivious. ³ i. e. in an instant of time. ⁴ i. e. rouses us. ⁵ Here some particularities of fashionable dress are ridiculed. *Snipt-taffata* needs no explanation ; but *villainous saffron* is more obscure. This alludes to a fantastick fashion, then much followed, of using yellow starch for their bands and ruffs. ⁶ Sir John Hawkins gives the following explanation of this passage : " Part of the furniture of a fool was a bauble, which, though it be generally taken to signify any thing of small value, has a precise and determinable meaning. It is, in short, a kind of truncheon with a head carved on it, which the fool accidentally carried in his hand." ⁷ i. e. seduce.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, fir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A threwd knave, and an unhappy ¹.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his fauinefs; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, Since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I mov'd the king my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness has promis'd me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceiv'd against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marfeilles, of as able a body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a scar under't, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour: so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble foldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man.

[Exit.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Court of France at Marfeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. BUT this exceeding pitting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it;

But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Asfringer ².

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, fir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, fir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have,

To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, fir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that end's well, yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouffillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, fir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it:
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

[thank'd,

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
What-e'er falls more.—We must to horse again;—
Go, go, provide.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Rouffillon.

Enter Clown and Parelles.

Par. Good Mr. Lavatch, give my lord Lafcu
this letter: I have ere now, fir, been better known

¹ That is, *unlucky*. ² Mr. Steevens says, that a *gentle asfringer* means a *gentleman falconer*.

to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddy'd in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Glo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but fluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind¹.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Glo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Glo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away; A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter Lafcu.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddy'd withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decay'd, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave.² I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. *[Exit Clown.]*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you: Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then³.—Cox! my passion! give me your hand:—How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. *[Sound trumpets.]* The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though

you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafcu, Lord, Attendants, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem⁴ Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home⁵.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege: And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blade⁶ of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all: Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon.—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistresses.

King. Praising what is lost, *[Hither:—]* Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. *[Spoke.]*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness. *[Ters sent me.]*

King. Then shall we have a match. I have let That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sun-shine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick't decrees

¹ That is, stand to the windward of me. ² The meaning is, I testify my pity for his distress, by encouraging him with a gracious smile. ³ A quibble is intended on the word *Parolles*, which is French is plural, and signifies words. ⁴ *Esteem* here means *reckoning* or *estimate*. ⁵ i. e. *completely in its full extent*. ⁶ i. e. in the *spring* of early life, when the man is yet green. Oil and fire suit ill with blade, and therefore Dr. Warburton reads, blaze of youth.

The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them : You remember
The daughter of this lord ?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege : At first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour ;
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n ;
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object : Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd :
That thou dost love her, strikes some scores away,
From the great compt : But love, that comes too
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, [late,
To the great sinner turns a four offence,
Crying, That's good that's gone ; our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave :
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust :
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin :
The main contents are had ; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. [bless !

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease !

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
Must be digested, give a favour from you, [name
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature ; such a ring as this,
The last that e'er she took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Her's it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it ; for mine
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine ; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity'd to help, that by this token [her
I would relieve her : Had you that craft, to reave
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never her's.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it ; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure, I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord, she never saw it :
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd : but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of honour

As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring : 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you : Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her : she call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

[honour ;

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out : If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so ;—
And yet I know not :—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead ; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away

[Guards seize Bertram.

My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him ;—
We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit Bertram guarded.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,

Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not ;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes¹, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending : her business looks in her
With an importing visage ; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

The King reads.

" —Upon his many protestations to marry
" me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
" he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a
" widower ; his vows are forfeited to me, and my
" honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence,
" taking no leave, and I follow him to his country
" for justice : Grant it me, O king ; in you it best
" lies ; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor
" maid is undone.

" DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and
toll for this. I'll none of him. [Lafau,

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors :
Go, speedily, and bring again the count.—

¹ Removes are journeys or post-stages.

Enter

Enter Bertram, guarded.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers ! [you;

King. I wonder, fir, since wives are monsters to
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that ?

Enter Widow and Diana.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet ;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, fir, whose age and honour,
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease¹, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count : Do you know these
women ?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them : Do they charge me further ?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine ;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine ;
You give away myself, which is known mine ;
For I by vow am so embody'd yours,
That she, which marries you, must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my
daughter, you are no husband for her. [To Bertram.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend, [nour,

Till your deeds gain them : Fairer prove your ho-
Than in my thought it lies !

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her ?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord ;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord ; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price :
Do not believe him : O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity²,
Did lack a parallel ; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it :
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd, and worn. This is his wife ;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument ; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be,

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him ?

He's quoted³ for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd⁴ ;
Whose nature sickens but⁵ to speak a truth :
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing ?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has : certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth :
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course,
Are motives of more fancy ; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate : she got the ring ;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient ;

You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you ?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger. [late.

King. Know you this ring ? this ring was his of

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather flutters
Is this the man you speak of ? [you—

Dia. It is, my lord.

King. Tell me, firrah, but tell me true, I charge
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, [you,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you ?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath
been an honourable gentleman ; tricks he hath had
in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose ; Did he love
this woman ?

Par. 'Faith, fir, he did love her : But how ?

King. How, I pray you ?

Par. He did love her, fir, as a gentleman loves
a woman.

King. How is that ?

Par. He lov'd her, fir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave :—
What an equivocal companion is this ?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's
command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promis'd me marriage ?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

¹ That is, de cease, die. ² i. e. value. ³ Quoted has the same sense as noted. ⁴ See note p. 13. ⁵ i. e. only to speak a truth.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are marry'd: But thou art too fine¹ in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. The ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.—Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer².

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty; He knows, I am no maid, and he'll swear to't: I'll swear, I am a maid, and he knows not. Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[Pointing to Lafew.]

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal sir:

[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller, that owes³ the ring, is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, [To Bert.] Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,

Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: He knows himself, my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick, So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick. And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist⁴? Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel. Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring, And, look you, here's your letter; This it says, *When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c.*—This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue, Deadly divorce step between me and you! O, my dear mother, do I see you living?

[To the Countess.]

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief; [To Parolles.] So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know, To make the even truth in pleasure flow:— If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

[To Diana.]

Chuse thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid, Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.— Of that, and all the progress, more and less, Resolvedly more leisure shall express; All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet, The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Advancing:

The king's a beggar, now the play is done: All is well ended, if this suit be won, That you express content; which we will pay, With strife to please you, day exceeding day: Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt.]

¹ Too fine, here means full of finesse; too artful.

² i. e. a common woman.

³ i. e. owns.

⁴ This word is used not very properly for *enchanter*.

T W E L F T H - N I G H T :

O R,

W H A T Y O U W I L L.

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea-captain, friend to Sebastian.

VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.

CURIO,

Sir TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, a foolish knight, pretending to Olivia.

A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.

FABIAN, servant to Olivia.

MALVOLIO, a fantastical steward to Olivia.

Clown, servant to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a lady of great beauty and fortune, below'd by the Duke.

VIOLA, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, OLIVIA'S woman.

Priest, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E, a City on the Coast of Illyria.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. **I**F musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more;
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity¹ and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy²,
That it alone is high-fantastical³.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:

That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news
from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her hand-maid do return this answer;
The element itself, till seven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections) with one self-same king—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, value. ² i. e. love. ³ i. e. fantastical to the height.

SCENE II.

*The Street.**Enter Viola, a Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is per chance that you yourself were sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Affure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number sav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.* A noble duke in nature, as in name.*Vio.* What is his name?*Cap.* Orsino.*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady;
And might not be deliver'd¹ to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.

I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
That will allow² me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit:
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see!

Vio. I thank thee: Lead me on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Olivia's House.**Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.*

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, Care's
an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than
I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in,
and so be these boots too, an they be not, let them
hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you:
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a
foolish knight, that you brought in one night here
to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?*Mar.* Ay, he.*Sir To.* He's as tall³ a man as any's in Illyria.*Mar.* What's that to the purpose?*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these
ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th'
viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages
word for word without book, and hath all the good
gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for,
besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and,
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the
gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the
prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a
grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and
substractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly
in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll
drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my
throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a
coysiril⁴, that will not drink to my niece, till his

¹ That is, made public to the world. ² i. e. approve. ³ Tall means stout, courageous. ⁴ Mr. Steevens explains *coysiril* to mean a coward cock, or a bastard hawk; while Mr. Tollet says, it implies a paltry groom, one only fit to carry arms, but not to use them.

brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top¹. What, wench? Castiliano volgo²; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again! Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir³.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary

man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me; the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? Are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture⁴? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so much as make

¹ It was anciently the custom to keep a large top in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, as well to warm the peasants by exercise, as to keep them out of mischief, while they could not work. ² Dr. Warburton thinks, we should read *volto*; the meaning will then be in English, Put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave solemn looks. Mr. Malone observes, that *Castilian* seems to have been a cant term for a finical affected courtier. ³ That is, not a lover's hand; a moist hand being vulgarly deemed a sign of an amorous constitution. ⁴ Shakespeare is here supposed to allude to one *Mary Frith*, more generally known by the appellation of *Moll Cutpurse*; and of whom Mr. Grainger gives the following account in his *Biographical History of England*. "She was commonly supposed to have been an hermaphrodite, and practised, or was instrumental to almost every crime and wild frolic which is notorious in the most abandoned and eccentric of both sexes. She was infamous as a prostitute and a procuress, a fortune-teller, a pick-pocket, a thief, and a receiver of stolen goods. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but was, by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She died of the dropsy, in the 75th year of her age, but would probably have died sooner, if she had not smoked tobacco, in the frequent use of which she had long indulged herself."

water, but in a sink-a-pace¹. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock². Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's fides and heart³.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

Enter Valentine and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her; Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, 'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofitable return. [then?]

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord: What

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company:—Prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best, [strife 4:
To woo your lady: [*Exit Duke.*] yet, a fearful
Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a brittle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten⁵ answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent, or be turn'd away: Is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more of that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Enter Olivia and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, Madonna⁶, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dis-

¹ That is, a *cinq-pace*; the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five. ² *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*. ³ This alludes to the medical astrology, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations. ⁴ i. e. a contest full of impediments. ⁵ Meaning, a *short* and *spare* one; alluding to the commons in Lent. ⁶ The cant word for *mistress*, *dame*.

honest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: Any thing that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmary, that decays the wife, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better encreasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing¹, for thou speak'st well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir Toby.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post², and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:

¹ That is, lying. ² It was the custom of that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office; the original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other public acts, might be affixed thereon by way of publication.

tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Viola. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible¹, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull² here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant⁴, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Viola. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any others, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: *[Exit Maria.]* we will hear this divinity. Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present⁵: Is't not well done? *[Unveiling.]*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent⁶, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on: Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty: It shall be inventoried; and every particle, and utensil, label'd to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise⁷ me?

Viola. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O, such love Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant, And, in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him; He might have took his answer long ago.

¹ That is, very submissive. ² i. e. wild, frolick, mad. ³ To hull means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. ⁴ Meaning, her waiting-maid, who was so eager to prevent his delivering his message. ⁵ i. e. I am. ⁶ i. e. blended, mixed. ⁷ i. e. to appraise or value me.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me. [age?]

Oli. You might do much: What is your parent-

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Pardon you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd poss, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love makes his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:—

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast;—
Soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho, Malvolio!—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed, must be; and be this so! [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. **W**ILL you stay no longer? nor will you
not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine dark-
ly over me; the malignancy of my fate might,
perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave
of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone:
It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay
any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you
are bound.

Seb. No, in sooth, sir; my determinate voyage
is meer extravagancy. But I perceive in you so
excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not
extort from me what I am willing to keep in;
therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express¹ myself: You must know of me then,
Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd
Rodorigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messa-
line, whom I know you have heard of: he left
behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an
hour: If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we
had so ended! But you, sir, alter'd that; for, some
hour before you took me from the Breach of the

sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much re-
sembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful:
but, though I could not, with such estimable won-
der², over-far believe that, yet thus far I will
boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could
not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with
salt water, though I seem to drown her remem-
brance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love,
let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it
not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of
kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of
my mother, that upon the least occasion more,
mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to
the count Orsino's court: farewell. [Exit.]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[Exit.]

¹ That is, to reveal myself.

² i. e. wonder and esteem.

SCENE II.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at several doors.

Mal. Were not you even now with the coun-
tess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have
since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might
have saved me my pains, to have taken it away
yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put
your lord into a desperate assurance she will none
of him: And one thing more; that you be never
so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to
report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her;
and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be
worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if
not, be it his that finds it. *[Exit.]*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this
lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue¹,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,

Wherein the pregnant² enemy does much.

How easy is it, for the proper false³

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms⁴!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;

For, such as we are made, if such we be.

How will this fadge⁵? My master loves her dearly:

And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman, now alas the day!

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?

O time, thou must untangle this, not I;

It is too hard a knot for me to untie. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed
after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *dilaculo*
fargere, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I
know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an un-
fill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to
bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after mid-
night, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life
consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it
rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat
and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop⁶ of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see
the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent
breast⁷. I had rather than forty shillings I had
such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the
fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious
fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Picrogro-
mitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of
Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-
pence for thy leman⁸; Had'st it?

Clo. I did impeticoat thy gratuity; for Malvo-
lio's nose is no whip-stock: My lady has a white
hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fool-
ing, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you:
let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one
knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of
good life⁹?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clown sings.

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

Trip no further, pretty sweetling;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come, is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty¹⁰,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

¹ That is, her tongue was talking of the duke, while her eyes were gazing on his messenger.
² Pregnant means *dexterous*, or *ready*. ³ Mr. Steevens thus happily explains this obscure passage:
"Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with
a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper* (i. e. fair in their
appearance) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful) to make an impression on the hearts of women?—The *pro-
per false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing;
a *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man*." ⁴ To *set their forms* means, to plant
their images; i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. ⁵ To *fadge*, is to *suit*, to *fit*.
⁶ i. e. a *cup*. ⁷ i. e. *voice*. ⁸ i. e. thy mistress. ⁹ Meaning probably a jolly or merry song, agreeably
to the *bon vivant* of the French, from which the phrase seems to be adopted. ¹⁰ In some countries
sweet and twenty is a phrase of endearment.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls² out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cateian³, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey⁴, and *Three merry men be we*⁵.

Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly valley⁶, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* [*Singing.*]

Clo. Behrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—[*Singing.*]

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up⁹!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My

lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[*Singing.*]

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' tune, sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and a'e¹⁰?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums¹¹:—A stoop of wine, Maria!—

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule¹²; she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she's much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword¹³, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us¹⁴, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

¹ That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. ² This expression of the power of musick, is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing*: "Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's-guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?"—Why he says *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in *three parts*; and the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls; the vegetative or plastic, the animal, and the rational. ³ A term of reproach. See note ⁸, p. 52. ⁴ The name of a very obscene old song. ⁵ This is a conclusion common to many old songs. ⁶ Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt, in use at that time. ⁷ Lady, lady, is the burthen of the song, of which Sir Toby was probably reminded, by saying, "Tilly valley, lady." ⁸ A cozier is a taylor, from the French word *coudre*, to sew. ⁹ Mr. Steevens thinks we should read *Sneak-cup*, i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner; but afterwards adds, that *sneek the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. ¹⁰ Alluding to the custom on holidays or saints' days to make cakes in honour of the day; which the Puritans called superstition. ¹¹ Stewards formerly wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants. ¹² i. e. behaviour. ¹³ i. e. a bye-word, a kind of proverbial reproach. ¹⁴ i. e. inform us, tell us.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd¹ ass, that consents without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cram'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea².

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need fend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut³.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

SCENE IV.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some musick:—Now, good-morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cefario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought, it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs, and recollected⁴ terms, Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse:

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. *[Exit Curio. Musick.]*

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save, in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour⁵ that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn⁶, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent: For women are as roses, whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:— Mark it, Cefario; it is old, and plain: The spinsters and the knitters in the sun, And the free⁷ maids that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth⁸, And dallies with the innocence of love, Like the old age⁹.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prythee, sing. *[Musick.]*

¹ That is, *affected*. ² i. e. amazon. ³ Alluding to a *cut* or *curtail* dog. See note ¹, p. 62. ⁴ i. e. studied. ⁵ i. e. some beauty, or complexion. ⁶ i. e. worn out. ⁷ Meaning perhaps, vacant, or easy in mind. ⁸ i. e. it is plain, simple truth. ⁹ The *old age* implies the *ages* *past*, the times of simplicity.

S O N G.

*Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, fluck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true love never find my grave,
To weep there.*

Duke. There's for thy pains.¹

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the taylor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal¹:—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where²; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell. [Exit.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.— [Exeunt.]

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?—

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's fides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.

My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny³.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would't thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How now, my nettle of India⁴?

Mar. Get you all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[They hide themselves. Maria throws down a letter, and] [Exit.]

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

¹ A precious stone of almost all colours. ² i. e. no where, as it hath no one more particular place in view than another. ³ Denay is denial. ⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that the old copy reads—"nettle of India; meaning, my girl of gold, my precious girl;" and this is probably the true meaning.

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets¹ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the strachy² married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him³.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow⁴, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch⁵, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁶, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;"—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the finews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;"

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew;"—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[Taking up the letter.

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. "To the unknown below'd, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. "Jove knows I love:

"But who?

"Lips do not move,

"No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the numbers alter'd!—"No man must know:"—this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock⁸!

Mal. "I may command, where I adore:

"But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

"With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;

"M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M. O. A. I. doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has the dress'd his!

Sir To. And with what wing the flannet⁹ checks¹⁰ at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal¹¹ capacity. There is no obstruction in this;—And the end;—What should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly:—M. O. A. I.—

Sir To. O, ay! make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹² will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio;—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy

¹ To jet is to strut. ² Mr. Steevens proposes to read, we think happily, *starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. ³ i. e. puffs him up. ⁴ i. e. a cross bow, a bow which shoots stones. ⁵ Watches at that time were very uncommon. ⁶ i. e. carts. ⁷ Meaning, what's to do here? ⁸ i. e. badger. He calls Malvolio one, because he is likely to be hunted like that animal. To badger a man, is a phrase now in use for making a fuss of him. ⁹ The *flannet* is the common stone-hawk, in the north called *flanchil*. ¹⁰ i. e. flies at. ¹¹ i. e. any one in his senses. ¹² Probably means here the name of a hound. A *sowter*, however, was a cobbler.

the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope ¹.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—“If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings ²; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd ³: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee, The fortunate unhappy.” Day-light and champion discovers not more ⁴: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be *point-de-vice* ⁵, the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stock-

ings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars, be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. “Thou canst not chuse but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee.”—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. *Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip ⁶, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ ⁷ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola and Clown.

Vis. **S**AVE thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Cl. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Cl. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church

¹ Meaning, probably, that it shall end in sighing or disappointment. ² Yellow stockings were, in our author's time, much worn. ³ The puritans of those times affected this fashion, and in a former scene Malvolio is said to have been an affecter of puritanism. ⁴ i. e. broad day and an open country cannot make things plainer. ⁵ i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. ⁶ Mr. Stevens supposes *tray-trip* to have been the name of some game at tables, draughts, or cards; while Sir John Hawkins says it was a game (much in vogue in our author's days, and still retained among the lower class of young people in the west of England,) the same as now goes under the name of *Scotch-hop*, which was play'd either upon level ground marked out with chalk in the form of squares or diamonds, or upon a chequered pavement. ⁷ i. e. *strong waters*.

stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Glo. You have said, fir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove¹ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Glo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, fir.

Vio. Why, man?

Glo. Why, fir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But, indeed, words are very ratsals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Glo. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Glo. Not so, fir. I do care for something: but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Glo. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, fir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Glo. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Glo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Glo. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Glo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir; 'tis well begg'd.

Glo. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, fir. I will confer to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit]

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of the persons, and the time; And, like the haggard², check at every feather

That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wife man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit: But wise men's folly fall'n, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, fir.

Sir To. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

Sir To. I hope, fir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the house? My niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, fir; I mean, she is the list⁴ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, fir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, fir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, fir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours! well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁵ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.]

Give me your hand, fir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, fir! 'Twas never merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:

You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;

I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solicit that,

Than musick from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did feel

After the last enchantment, (you did hear)

A ring in chace of you; so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:

Under your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,

¹ That is, a glove made of kid leather; from *chevreau*. ² The haggard is the wild hawk.
³ i. e. "But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion."
⁴ i. e. the bound, the limit of my voyage. ⁵ i. e. ready.

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving¹

Enough is shewn; a cyprus², not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice³; for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again: O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion, than the wolf?

[Clock strikes.]

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.— Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man: There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace, and good disposition, attend your ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I prythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right; I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am, I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful In the contempt and anger of his lip! A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. Cæsar, by the roses of the spring,

By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing, I love thee so, that, manure all thy pride, Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide. Do not extort thy reasons from this clause, For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause: But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter: Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth, I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth, And that no woman has; nor never none Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam; never more Will I my master's tears to you deplore. [move]

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fall'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. And 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist⁴, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand⁵; be curst⁶ and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down, go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and

¹ i. e. to one of your ready apprehension. ² A cyprus is a transparent stuff. ³ i. e. a step. ⁴ The Brownists were so named from Mr. Robert Browne, a famous separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. ⁵ i. e. a hasty, careless hand. ⁶ i. e. be pert or petulant.

wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great pretage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes¹.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be fav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

The Street.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skill-less in these parts; which to a stranger, Unguided, and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio, I can no other answer make, but, thanks, And thanks, and ever: Oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night; I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials, and the things of fame, That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me; I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the duke his galleys, I did some service; of such note, indeed, That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature; Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel, Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffick, Most of our city did: only myself stood out: [fake, For which, if I be lap'd in this place, I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open. *[purse:]*

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

Olivia's House.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come; How shall I feast him? what bestow of him? For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or I speak too loud.— *[horror:]*

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil, And suits well for a servant with my fortunes;— Where is Malvolio? *[manner:]*

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange He is, sure, posselt, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, *[beat]* He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were To have some guard about you, if he come, For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he, *Enter Malvolio.*

If sad and merry madness equal be.— How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. *[Smiles fantastically.]*

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

¹ Warburton comments on this passage thus: "The women's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies."

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great."—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is a very midsummer madness¹.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. *[Exit.]*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman,—furlly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd² her: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to:* Fellow³! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of

my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, with Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and *Legion* himself possess him, yet I will speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wife woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁴ with Satan: Hang him, foul collier⁵!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that

¹ Alluding to a received opinion, that extreme heat frequently affects the brain or senses. ² i. e. entangled her. ³ Fellow here means companion. ⁴ Mr. Steevens says, that *cherry-pit* means pitching cherry-stones into a little hole. ⁵ This is used as a term of reproach; the *Devil*, in our author's time, being vulgarly called *collier* from his blackness.

he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen: But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fab. More matter for a May morning¹.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so sawcy?

Sir And. I is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me.

[*Sir Toby reads.*]

"Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou com'st to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-lefs.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home: where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK."

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mur. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horribly: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will

deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, 'till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exit.*]

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out:

There's something in me, that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof. [*hears.*]

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture; Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:

And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny;

That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir Toby and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end: dismount thy tuck, be yare² in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet consideration³; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: nob⁴, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and de-

¹ Alluding to the interludes of the comic kind, performed on that morning.

² i. e. ready.

³ That is, he is not a knight banneret, dubbed in the field of battle, but on carpet consideration, on some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling on a carpet. ⁴ A corruption from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*, that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies, at the mercy of chance.

fire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; be-like, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit Sir Toby.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't! I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my matter. *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck¹—in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *[Aside.]*

Re-enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have

persuaded him, the youth's a devil. *[To Fabian.]*

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better be thought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth taking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello² avoid it: but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't. *[They draw.]*

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you. *[Drawing.]*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet to do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker³, I am for you. *[Draws.]*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please. *[To Sir Andrew.]*

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word:—He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head—Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you; But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd; But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must intreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

¹ A corrupted abbreviation of the *floccata*, an Italian term in fencing. ² i. e. by the laws of duelling. ³ Meaning, one who promises to accomplish any thing for another. Mr. Tyrwhitt imagines it had a political meaning, and that it alludes to a general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time (1614) by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question) that there had been any such *undertaking*.

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something : my having is not much ;
I'll make division of my present with you :
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now ?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion ? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unfound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesse
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none ;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vaineſſe, babbling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whose ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themſelves !

2 Off. Come, ſir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you
ſee here,

I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death ;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion. [away.]

1 Off. What's that to us ?—the time goes by ;—
2 Off. But, oh, how vile an idol proves this god !—
Thou haſt, Sebastian, done good feature ſhame.—
In nature there's no blemiſh, but the mind ;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind :
Virtue is beauty ; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erſcourish'd by the devil I.

1 Off. The man grows mad ; away with him.
Come, come, ſir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exit Antonio with Officers.]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from ſuch paſſion ſtill,
That he believes himſelf ; ſo do not I.
Prove true, imagination. oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you !

Sir To. Come hither, knight ; come hither,
Fabian ;
We'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage
ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian : I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs ; even ſuch, and ſo,
In favour was my brother ; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love !

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare : his diſhoneſty appears, in leav-
ing his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him ;
and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw
thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit Sir Andrew.]

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet.

[Exit.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Street.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Cl. WILL you make me believe, that I am
not ſent for you ?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow ;
Let me be clear of thee.

Cl. Well held out, i'faith ! No, I do not know
you ; nor I am not ſent to you by my lady, to bid
you come ſpeak with her ; nor your name is not
maſter Ceſario ; nor this is not my noſe neither.—
Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe ;
Thou know'ſt not me.

Cl. Vent my folly ! He has heard that word of
ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly ! I am afraid this great lubber the world
will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy
ſtrangeneſſe, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my la-
dy ; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming ?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek², depart from me ;

There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer,
I ſhall give worſe payment.

Cl. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand :—
Theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get them-
ſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, ſir, have I met you again ? there's
for you.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad ? [Beating Sir Andrew.]

Sir To. Hold, ſir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er
the houſe.

Cl. This will I tell my lady ſtraight : I would
not be in ſome of your coats for two-pence.

[Exit Clown.]

Sir To. Come on, ſir ; hold. [Holding Sebastian.]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way
to work with him ; I'll have an action of battery
againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria : though
I ſtruck him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, ſir, I will not let you go. Come,

¹ It was the cuſtom at that time to ornament the ſides and tops of trunks with ſcroll-work
and emblematical devices. ² Warburton ſays, that Greek was as much as to ſay, bawd or peacock.
He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called Corinth, and the
frequenter of it Corinthians.

my young foldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now ?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what ? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*]

Enter Olivia.

Oli. Hold, Toby ; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam ?

Oli. Will it be ever thus ? Ungracious wretch, fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves, where manners ne'er were preach'd ! out of my Be not offended, dear Cesario : — [fight ! Rudeby, be gone ! — I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exit Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house ; And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up¹, that thou thereby May'st smile at this : thou shalt not chuse but go ; Do not deny : Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this ? how runs the stream ? Or I am mad, or else this is a dream : —

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep ;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep !

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee : 'Would, thou'dst be rul'd by me !

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be !

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard ; make him believe, thou art Sir Topas the curate ; do it quickly : I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't ; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well ; nor lean enough to be thought a good student : but to be said, an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies*, Sir Toby : for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is :* so I, being master parson, am master parson : For what is that, but that ; and is, but is ?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say, — Peace in this prison !

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well ; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there ?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit

Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man ? talkest thou nothing but of ladies ?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd ; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad ; they have laid me here in hideous darknes.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest Sathan ! I call thee by the most modest terms ; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy ; Say'st thou, that house is dark ?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows² transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complaine'st thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas ; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erre'st : I say, there is no darknes, but ignorance ; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd : I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant³ question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : Remain thou still in darknes : thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits ; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas !

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown ; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him : I would, we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were ; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [Exit with Maria.

Clo. *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*

Tell me how thy lady does. [Singing.

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

Mal. Fool, —

Clo. *Alas, why is she so ?*

Mal. Fool, I say ; —

Clo. *She loves another* — Who calls, ha ?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink,

¹ That is, made up. ² i. e. bow-windows. ³ i. e. a regular question.

and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Glo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Glo. Alas, fir, how fell you beside your five wits¹?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Glo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Glo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Glo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, fir? not, I, fir. God b' w' you, good Sir Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, fir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Glo. Alas, fir, be patient. What say you, fir? I am shent² for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Glo. Well-a-day,—that you were, fir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Glo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Glo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, 'till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Glo. I am gone, fir,
And anon, fir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice³,
Your need to sustain;

[Singing.]

*Who with dagger of lash,
In his rage and his wrath,
Gries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pave thy nails, dad,
Adieu, Goodman devil.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; This pearl the gave me, I do feel 't and feel 't: And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant: Yet there he was; and there I found this credit⁴, That he did range the town to seek the out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance⁵, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust⁶, but that I am mad, Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 'twere so, [lowers,] She could not sway her house, command her fol- Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As I perceive, she does; there's something in't, That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Olivia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean Now go with me, and with this holy man, [well,] Into the chantry hy: there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith: That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: He shall conceal it, Whiles⁷ you are willing it shall come to note; What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you; And, having sworn⁸ truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Glo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Glo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Glo. Ay, fir; we are some of her trappings.

¹ That is, your five senses. ² To shent is to treat roughly. ³ Vice was the fool of the old moralities, and was always acted in a mask. ⁴ Credit for account, information. ⁵ Instance for example; discourse for reason. ⁶ i. e. belief. ⁷ i. e. until. ⁸ i. e. fidelity.

Duke.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good fellow?

Cl. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Cl. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Cl. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foe, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends, I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a finner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Cl. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Cl. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, and I will awake it anon.

[Exit Clown.]

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:

A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizeable;
With which such scathful¹ grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,

That very envy, and the tongue of loss, [matter?] Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the

Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, [Candy?] That took the Phoenix, and her freight, from

And this is he, that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;

But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me, I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir, [me;]

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ungrateful boy there, by your side, From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add

My love, without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication: for his sake,

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years removed thing, [purse,

While one would wink; deny'd me mine own

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town? [before,

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months (No interim, not a minute's vacancy)

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness; Three months this youth hath tended upon me;

But more of that anon.—Take him aside. [have,

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may not Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Ol. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Olivia. If it be ought to the old tune, my lord, It is as fat² and fulsome to mine ear,

As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Ol. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady, To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars

My soul the faithful³ offerings hath breath'd out, That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,

Kill what I love: a savage jealousy, That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this:

Since

¹ i. e. mischievous, destructive. ² i. e. dull. ³ This Egyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, [chief :
To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cefario ?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ay me, detected ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
Call forth thy holy father.

Duke. Come, away, [To *Viola*.

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cefario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli. Ay, husband ; Can he that deny ?

Duke. Her husband, firrah ?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Fear not, Cefario, take thy fortunes up ;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father !

Enter Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joindure of your hands,
Attested by the holy clove of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings ;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :

that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave ; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast.

¹ *Cafe* here means *skin*. ² Sir John Hawkins says, the *pavan* was a grave and majestic dance performed by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards. Of the *passamezzo* little is to be said, except that it was a favourite air in the days of Q. Elizabeth. *Passamezzo* is therefore undoubtedly a corruption from *passamezzo*. From these explanations, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to read the passage thus : "Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue ; i. e. next to a passy-measure or a pavin, &c. It is in character, that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of serious dances, such as the *passamezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be."

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub ! what wilt thou be, [grave
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy ¹ case ?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow ?
Farewel, and take her ; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,——

Oli. O, do not swear ;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon ! and
send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter ?

Sir And. H'as broke my head across, and given
Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too : for the love of
God, your help : I had rather than forty pound, I
were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew ?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cefario :
we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil
incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cefario ?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is !—You broke
my head for nothing ; and that that I did, I was set
on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me ? I never hurt you ;
You drew your sword upon me, without cause ;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you
have hurt me ; I think, you set nothing by a bloody
coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more :
but if he had not been in drink, he would have
tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman ? how is't with you ?

Sir To. That's all one ; he has hurt me, and there's
an end on't.—Sot, didn't see Dick surgeon, sot ?

Cl. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago ;
his eyes were set at eight i' the morning [pavin :

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measure
I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him : Who hath made this
hock with them ?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll
be drest together.

Sir To. Will you help an afs-head, and a cox-comb, and a knave; a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*]

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am forry, madam, I have hurt your kinf-But, had it been the brother of my blood, [man; I must have done no less, with wit, and safety. You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

Anatural perspective¹, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother: Nor can there be that deity in my nature, Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and furies have devour'd:— Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.* What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Viola. Of Messina: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too, So went he suit'd to his wat'ry tomb: If spirits can assume both form and suit, You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed; But am in that dimension grossly clad, Which from the womb I did participate. Were you a woman, as the rest goes even, I should my tears let fall upon your cheek, And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Viola. And dy'd that day when Viola from her birth Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul! He finish'd, indeed, his mortal act, That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both, But this my masculine usurp'd attire, Do not embrace me, till each circumstance Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump, That I am Viola: which to confirm, I'll bring you to a captain in this town Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count: All the occurrence of my fortune since Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook: But nature to her bias drew in that. You would have been contracted to a maid;

[*To Olivia.*]

Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd, You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.— If this be so, as yet the gla's seems true, I shall have share in this most happy wreck: Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To Viola.* Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I over-swear; And all those swearings keep as true in soul, As doth that orb'd continent the fire That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand; And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain, that did bring me first on shore, Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action, Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit, A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither. And yet, alas, now I remember me, They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting² frenzy of mine own From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.— How does he, firrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stove's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I should have given't you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow wax³.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, Madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my prince's, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, firrah. [*To Fabian.*]

Fab. [*reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury."

"The madly-us'd MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. My lord, so please you, these things further thought To think me as well a sister as a wife, [on, One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost. [offer.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your

¹ A perspective seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. ² Perhaps we should read *distracting*. ³ Wax is the Latin word for voice.

Your master quits you: and, for your service
done him,

So much against the metal of your sex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio.

Duke. Is this the madman? [*Volio?*

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same: How now, Mal-

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, no-
torious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [*Letter:*

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase:
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the ¹ lighter people:
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck ², and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance ³;

In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled
thee ⁴?

Cl. Why, "some are born great, some achieve
" greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon
" them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir
Topas, sir; but that's all one:—"By the Lord,
" fool, I am not mad!"—But do you remember,
madam,—"Why laugh you at such a barren rascal?
" an you smile not, he's gag'd:" And thus the
whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and intreat him to a peace:—
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—Mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown sings.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,

A foolish thing was but a toy,

For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,

With hey, ho, &c.

'Gainst knaves and thieves, men shut their gates,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wife,

With hey, ho, &c.

By swaggering could I never thrive,

For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,

With hey, ho, &c.

With toss-pots still bad drunken heads,

For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,

With hey, ho, &c.

But that's all one, our play is done,

*And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.**

¹ Meaning, people of less dignity or importance. ² i. e. fool. ³ Importance is importunement.

⁴ Baffled in this place means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. ⁵ i. e. calls us to-
gether again.

W I N T E R ' s T A L E .

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D .

LEONTES, *King of Sicilia.*
 POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia.*
 MAMILLIUS, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
 FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
 CAMILLO,
 ANTIGONUS, } *Sicilian Lords.*
 CLEOMENES,
 DION,
Another Sicilian Lord.
 ARCHIDAMUS, *a Bohemian Lord.*
 ROGERO, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
 AUTOLYCUS, *a Rogue.*
 TIME, *as Chorus.*

HERMIONE, *Queen to Leontes.*
 PERDITA, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
 PAULINA, *Wife to Antigonus.*
 EMILIA, *a Lady.*
Two other Ladies.
 MOPSA, } *Shepherdesses.*
 DORCAS, }

Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia ; sometimes in Bohemia.

A C T I .

S C E N E I .

An Antichamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves : for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge : we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks ; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to

Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods ; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies ; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent ; shook hands, as over a vast¹ ; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves !

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius ; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him : It is a gallant child ; one that, indeed, physicks the subject², makes old hearts fresh : they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die ?

Cam. Yes ; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches 'till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Vastum* is the ancient term for waste uncultivated land ; *over a vast*, therefore, means at a great and vacant distance from each other. ² *Meaning*, has the power of allaying the sense of misery.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*A Room of State.**Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star hath been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we thank you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That¹ may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly! Besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow. [that]

Leo. We'll part the time between's then; and in
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so; [world,
There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
To you, a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd; say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

[To Polixenes.]

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give you my commission,
To let² him there a month, behind the gest³
Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed⁴, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar⁵ o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I, [oaths,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with
Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You shall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner;
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees, [you
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings⁶ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours⁷.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us: for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leo. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leo. At my request, he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

¹ That is here put for *Oh!* The meaning is, "Oh, that no sneaping (or checking) winds at home may blow." ² i. e. hinder or detain. ³ *Gest* signifies a *stage* or *journey*. In the time of royal progresses the king's stages, as we may see by the journals of them in the Heralds Office, were called his *gests*; from the old French word *giste*, *diversorium*. ⁴ i. e. indeed, or in very deed. ⁵ i. e. a single vibration, or *ticking*, made by the pendulum of a clock. ⁶ A diminutive of *lord*. ⁷ Setting aside original sin; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when 'twas before?

[us] I pry'thee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueless,

slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: You may ride us With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal¹;— My last good deed was, to intreat his stay; What was my first? It has an elder sister, Or I mistake you; O, would her name were Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: When? Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when [death, Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap² thyself my love; then didst thou utter, "I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.— [twice: Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose The one for ever earn'd a royal husband; The other, for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes.]

Leo. Too hot, too hot: [Aside. To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods. I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances; But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment May a free face put on: derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom, And well become the agent: it may, I grant: But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers, As now they are; and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere The mort o' the deer³; oh, that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. I'fecks? [thy nose?— Why, that's my bawcock⁴. What, hast smutch'd They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain, We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf, Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁵

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf? Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pass⁶, and the shoots⁷ that I have, To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are Almost as like as eggs; women say so,

That will say any thing: But were they false As o'er-dy'd blacks⁸, as winds, as waters; false As dice are to be with'd, by one that fixes No bourn⁹ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page, Look on me with your welkin-eye¹⁰: Sweet villain! Most dear'st! my collop¹¹!—Can thy dam? may't Affection¹²! thy intention stabs the center. [be? Thou dost make possible things not so held, Communicat'st with dreams,—How can this be?— With what's unreal; thou coactive art, And fellow'st nothing: Then, 'tis very credent¹³, Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost; And that beyond commission; and I find it, And that to the infection of my brains, And hardning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How? my lord? [ther¹⁴?

Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, best bro-

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction: Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leo. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly, Its tenderness; and make itself a pastime To harder bosoms!—Looking on the lines Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreeched, In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled, Lest it should bite its master, and so prove, As ornament oft does, too dangerous. How like, methought, I then was to this kernel, This squash, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend, Will you take eggs for money¹⁵?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will? why, happy man be his dole¹⁶!— My brother, Are you so fond of your young prince, as we Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter; Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy; My parasite, my foldier, states-man, all: He makes a July's day short as December; And, with his varying childness, cures in me Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leo. So stands this squire

Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord, And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione, How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome; Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap: Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's Apparent¹⁷ to my heart.

¹ Meaning, to come to the point, or purpose. ² Alluding to the custom of people clapping the palms of their hands together when they conclude or make a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*. ³ A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. ⁴ Perhaps derived from *beau* and *coq*. We still say that such a one is a jolly cock, a cock of the game. ⁵ A *virginal* is a very small kind of spinnet. ⁶ *Pass* is *kiss*, from *paz* Spanish. i. e. *thou want'st a mouth made rough by a beard to kiss with*. ⁷ *Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. *Leontes* is alluding to the ensigns of cuckoldom. ⁸ *Blacks* was the common term for mourning. ⁹ *Bourn* is boundary. ¹⁰ i. e. blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. ¹¹ i. e. a piece or slice of myself. ¹² *Affection* here means *imagination*. ¹³ i. e. credible. ¹⁴ This line would seem to belong to the preceding speaker. ¹⁵ A proverbial saying, borrowed from the French, and implying, Will you put up affronts? ¹⁶ Another proverbial expression, meaning, "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man." ¹⁷ Meaning, next to my heart.

Her.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden : Shall's attend you

Leo. To your own bents dispose you : you'll
be found,

Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line ;

[*Aside, observing Hermione.*]

Go to, go to !

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him !

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and attendants.*]

To her allowing husband ! Gone already ; [one.—

Inch-thick, knee-deep ! o'er head and ears a fork'd

Go, play, boy, play ;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave ; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play ;—There

have been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now ;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she hath been sluic'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour : nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates ; and those gates

open'd,

As mine, against their will : Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none ;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where'tis predominant ; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south : be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly ; know it ;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage : many a thousand of us

Have the disease and feel't not.—How now, boy ?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leo. Why, that's some comfort.—

What ? Camillo there ?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leo. Go, play, Mamillius ; thou'rt an honest
man.— [Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold ;

When you cast out, it still came home ².

Leo. Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions ; made
His business more material ³.

Leo. Didst perceive it ?— [ing ⁴.

They're here with me already ; whispering, round-

Sicilia is a *so-forth* : 'Tis far gone,

When I shall gust ⁵ it last.—How came't, Camillo,

That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty. [tinent ;

Leo. At the queen's, be't : good, should be per-

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken

By any understanding pate but thine ?

For thy conceit is foaking, will draw in

[there ? More than the common blocks :—Not noted, ¹,
But of the finer natures ? by some severals,

Of head-piece extraordinary ? lower messes ⁶,

Perchance, are to this business purblind : say.

Cam. Business, my lord ? I think, most under.

Bohemia stays here longer. [stand

Leo. Ha ?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why ?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties

Of our most gracious mistress.

Leo. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress ?—satisfy ?—

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well

My chamber-councils : wherein, priest-like, thou

Hast cleans'd my bosom ; I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd : but we have been

Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd

In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord !

Leo. To bide upon't ;—Thou art not honest ; or,

If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward ;

Which hoxes ⁷ honesty behind, restraining [counted

From course requir'd : Or else thou must be

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,

And therein negligent ; or else a fool ; [drawn,

That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake

And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful ;

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,

Amongst the infinite doings of the world,

Sometime puts forth : In your affairs, my lord,

If ever I were wilful-negligent,

It was my folly ; if industriously

I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,

Not weighing well the end ; if ever fearful

To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,

Whereof the execution did try out

Against the non-performance ⁸, 'twas a fear

Which oft infects the wisest : these, my lord,

Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty

Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,

Be plainer with me ; let me know my trespass

By its own visage : if I then deny it,

'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,

(But that's past doubt : you have : or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,

(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour

Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation

Resides not in that man, that does not think it)

My wife is slippery ? If thou wilt, confess ;

Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought : Then say,

My wife's a hobby-horse ; deserves a name

¹ That is, a horned one ; a cuckold. ² Meaning, the anchor would not take hold. ³ More urgent and important. ⁴ i. e. rounding in the ear. (*whispering*, or *telling secretly*) a phrase in use at that time. ⁵ i. e. taste it. ⁶ *Mess* is a contraction of *master*, an appellation used by the Scot. *Lower messes*, therefore, are graduates of a lower form. The speaker is now mentioning gradations of understanding, and not of rank. ⁷ To *hox* is to ham-string. ⁸ Meaning, that the act was not necessary to be done.

As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight : say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken : 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this ; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true ¹.

Leo. Is whispering nothing ?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip ? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh ? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot ?
Skulking in corners ? wishing clocks more swift ;
Hours minutes ? the noon, midnight ? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web ², but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked ? is this nothing ?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is nothing ;
The covering sky is nothing ; Bohemia nothing ;
My wife is nothing ; nor nothing have these no-
If this be nothing. [things,

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes ;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say, it be ; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leo. It is ; you lie, you lie :

I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee ;
Pronounce thee a gross lowt, a mindless slave ;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both : Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her ? [hanging

Leo. Why he, that wears her like her medal,
About his neck, Bohemia :—Who,——if I
Had servants true about me ; that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which should undo more doing : Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form [see
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship ; who may 'st
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—thou might'st be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting ³ wink ;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this ; and that with no rash ⁴ potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously ⁵, like poison : But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee——

Leo. Make that thy question, and go rot !
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation ? fully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep ; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,

Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't ? Would I do this ?
Could man so blench ⁶ ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't :
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down :
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leo. This is all :
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leo. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd
me. [Exit.

Cam. O miserable lady !—But, for me,
What case stand I in ? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes : and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master ; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows : If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't : but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forfake the court : to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now !
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange ! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak ?——
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir !

Pol. What is the news i' the court ?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself : even now I met him
With customary compliment ; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me ; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How ! dare not ? do not ? do you know,
and dare not
Be intelligent to me ? 'Tis thereabouts ;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must ;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,

¹ i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that (if committed) for which you suspect her.
² Disorders in the eye. ³ i. e. perpetual. ⁴ i. e. hasty. ⁵ i. e. malignantly. ⁶ To blench is to
start off, to shrink.

Which shews me mide chang'd too : for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper ; but
I cannot name the disease ; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How ! caught of me ?
Make me not fighted like the basilisk :
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. *Camillo*,—
As you are certainly a gentleman ; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle 's,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
Thereof to be inform'd ; imprison it not [ledge
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well !
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man, [least
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
Is not this fruit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my
counsel ;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *left*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo* ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he
As he had seen't, or been an instrument [queen
To vice you to't²,—that you have touch'd his
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to

A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shun'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake
The fabrick of his folly ; whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies inclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business ;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city : For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain ;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth : which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer [thereat,
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee :

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand ;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine : My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature : as she's rare,
Must it be great ; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent ; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me :
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theam, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion ! Come, *Camillo* ;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns : Please your highness
To take the urgent hour : come, sir, away. [Exeunt

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter Hermione, Manilius, and Ladies.

Her. 'TAKE the boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

¹ *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,

Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

¹ *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord ?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard ; and speak to me
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

² *Lady.* And why so, my lord ?

¹ Gentle is evidently opposed to simple ; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and peasantry. ² i. e. to draw, persuade you. The character called the Vice in the old plays, was the tempter to evil.

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught you this? [now]

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord. [nose]

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 Lady. Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come
fir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter:
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good fir.

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful

Mam. There was a man—— [at it.]

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on. [softly:]

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,

And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ships.

Leo. How blest am I

In my just censure? in my true opinion?—

Alack, for lesser knowledge!—how accurs'd,

In being so blest!—There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and seen
the spider.—

Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:—

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employed, was pre-employed by him:

He hath discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing²; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will:—How came the posterns

So easily open?

Lord. By his great authority;

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,

On your command.

¹ Hefts are what is heaved up. ² i. e. I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinch'd out
of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. ³ i. e. a confederate. ⁴ But is
here used for except.

Leo. I know't too well.—

Give me the boy; [*To Hermione.*] I am glad, you
did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport? [about her:]

Leo. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying;
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leo. You my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—Oh, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, *she's goodly*, come between,
Ere you can say *she's honest*: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leo. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federaly³ with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But⁴ with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-fwerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold't titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The center is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worsethan tears drown: 'Befeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!—

Leo. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*]

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'befeech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;

[*To her Ladies.*]

There is no cause: when you shall know, your
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears, [mistress
As I come out; this action¹, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never with'd to see you sorry; now,

I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leo. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Lord. 'Befeech your highness, call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

Lord. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.

Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't: 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn² him: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this provetruer, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib³ myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leo. Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see't, and feel't;
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel. [*Striking his brow.*]

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;

There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leo. What? lack I credit?

Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you (or stupified;
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation⁴,
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) do push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency⁵: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leo. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in publick: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Prison.

Enter Paulina, and Gentlemen.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!

No court in Europe is too good for thee,

What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

¹ *Action* is here applied in the legal sense, for charge, or accusation. ² Meaning, perhaps, I would rid the country of him; condemn him to quit the land. ³ To glib, or to lib, means the same as to geld. ⁴ *Approbation* here means proof. ⁵ Meaning, of abilities more than enough.

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have exprets commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray you now,
Call her: Withdraw yourselves. [Exit Gent.

Keep. And, madam, I must
Be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee. Here is such ado,
[Exit Keeper.
To make no stain a stain, as passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous unsafe lunes¹ o' the king! be-
threw them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best: I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blither;
And never to my red-look'd anger be.

The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Left she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
I know not what I shall incur to pass it, [babe,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand 'twixt you and danger. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

*Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other At-
tendants.*

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level² of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My lord?

Leo. How does the boy?

Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fatten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself:
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely: go,
[Exit Attendant.

See how he fares.—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a Child.

Lord. You must not enter. [me;

Paul. Nay rather, good my lords, be second to
Fear you his tyrannous passion, more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough. [manded

Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir.

I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true;

¹ i. e. frenzy, lunacy. ² Blank and level are terms of archery.

Honest, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leo. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leo. Good queen! [good queen;

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say,
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.

Leo. Out!

A mankind witch¹! Hence with her, out o' door:—
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leo. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? give her the bastard:—

[To Antigonus.

Thou, dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd², uncoasted
By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the prince's, by that forced³ baseness
Which he has put upon't!

Leo. He dreads his wife.

[all doubt,

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past

You'd call your children yours.

Leo. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leo. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow⁶ in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leo. A gross hag!—

And, lozel⁷, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll have thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation [your
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) something is
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone,
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: I will
send her

A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—

¹ Worst here implies lowest. ² The phrase of mankind-woman is still in use in some counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous; which is its meaning in this passage. ³ Woman-tyr'd is synonymous with the modern hen-pecked. ⁴ A croan means an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. ⁵ i. e. false baseness. ⁶ Yellow is the colour of jealousy. ⁷ Lozel is an ancient term of contempt, meaning a worthless fellow.

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so :—Farewel ; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child ? away with 't !—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire ;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine : If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so ;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire ;
For thou sett'st it on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir :
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can ; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.

[dit :
Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better cre-
We have always truly serv'd you ; and beseech
So to esteem of us : And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose ;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue : We all kneel.

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father ? better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it ; let it live :
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither :

[To Antigonus.]
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life :—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you ad-
To save this brat's life ? [venture]

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose : at least, thus much ;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

[the fail

Leo. Mark, and perform it ! (see'st thou ?) for
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife ;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence ; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions ; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely ¹ to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it : Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this ; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe :
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses ! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require ! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss !

[Exit, with the child.]

Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please your highness, potts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since : Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been absent : 'Tis good speed ; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords ;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady : for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me ;
And think upon my bidding.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Part of Sicily, near the Sea-side.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. **T**HE climate's delicate ; the air most sweet ;
Fertile the isle ; the temple much fur-
The common praise it bears. [passing]

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,

(Methinks, I so should term them) and the
reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice !
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering !

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafning voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey

¹ That is, commit it to some place as a stranger.

Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Gleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;
And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Court of Justice.

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leo. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes against our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

*Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina and
Ladies attending.*

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes,
"King of Sicilia, thou art here accused and ar-
"raigned of high treason, in committing adultery
"with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspi-
"ring with Camillo to take away the life of our
"sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband:
"the pretence² whereof being by circumstances
"partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to
"the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst
"counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to
"fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other [me
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare³: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so: Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near't of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude, [spoke,
To you, and towards your friend; whose love had
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level⁴ of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes, [shame,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all
(Those of your fact⁵ are so) so past all truth:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you will fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,

¹ i. e. equal. ² i. e. the design. ³ To spare means here, to let it go, to quit the possession of it.
⁴ To be in the level means to be within the reach. ⁵ Fact is here put for guilt.

Start'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Half'd out to murder: Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all fashion:—Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit¹. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No! life,
I prize it not a straw;—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I should be condemn'd
Upon furies; all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

Enter Dion and Cleomenes.

Lord. This your request

Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
Oh, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness² of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have [brought
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leo. Break up the seals, and read.

Off. "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
"Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
"his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king
"shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost,
"be not found."

Lord. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leo. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leo. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The session shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!—

Leo. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed³, is gone.

Leo. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice.—How now there?

[Hermione faints.]

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
And see what death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—

[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.]

I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—

'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose

Camillo for the minister, to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd

My swift command; though I with death, and with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,

Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended,

No richer than his honour:—How he glisters

Through my dark rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boil-
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture [ing?
Must I receive; whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—

Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.

That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasser,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and venge-
Not drop down yet.

Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear it: if word, nor
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,

¹ Limit is here put for limb. ² i. e. the *lowness* of my misery. ³ Meaning, of the *event* of the queen's trial.

Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Lea. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

Lord. Say no more;

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd [help,
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: Take your own patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Lea. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual: Once a day, I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come,
And lead me to these sorrows.

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus with the Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect¹ then, our ship hath
The deserts of Bohemia? [touch'd upon

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us. [aboard;

Ant. Their sacred wills be done;—Go, get
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away;

I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.²

Ant. Come, poor babe:—

I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits of the
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night: for she'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,—
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
"I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself; and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

[Laying down the child.

There lie: and there thy character²: there these;

[Laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewel! [have
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day.—A savage clamour!—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten
and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep
out the rest: for there is nothing in the between
but getting wenches with child, wronging the an-
ciency, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—
Would any but these boil'd brains of nineteen, and
two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have
scar'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear,
the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any
where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing

¹ Perfect here means certain, or well assured, as in many other passages of our Author's Plays.

² Meaning, the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita.

of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Cloven.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: Oh, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half-din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

[*Aside.*]

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now blefs thyself; thou mett'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a fight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth² for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling³:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the fins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curs, but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I THAT please some, try all; both joy,
and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it, Your patience this allowing,

I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument⁴ of Time: Of this allow,
If you have ever spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may. [*Exit.*]

¹ i. e. child. ² The mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when carried to church to be baptized. ³ Meaning, some child left behind by the fairies, in place of one which they had stolen. ⁴ i. e. subject.

SCENE

S C E N E I.

*The Court of Bohemia.**Enter Polixenes and Camillo.*

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious; than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly¹, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle² that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I

think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*The Country.**Enter Autolycus singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the daisy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tira-lirra chaunts,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay:—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts⁴,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, were three-pile⁵; but now am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And when I wander here and there,

I then do go most right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffick is sheets⁶; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsider'd trifles: With die, and drab, I purchas'd this carapison⁷; and my revenue is the silly cheat⁸: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Cl. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tod⁹; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [Aside.]

Cl. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—What will this filter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man¹⁰ song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means¹¹, and bates: but one puritan among them, and he

¹ i. e. occasionally. ² Meaning, the fishing-rod. ³ The meaning is, the spring, or red blood, reigns over the winter's pale blood. ⁴ A cant word for a bawd. ⁵ i. e. rich velvet. ⁶ Meaning, that he was a hawker or vender of sheet ballads, and other publications. ⁷ Meaning, with gaming and whoring. I brought myself to this reduced dress. ⁸ The cant term for picking pockets. ⁹ A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. ¹⁰ i. e. fingers of catches in three parts. ¹¹ Means are trebles.

sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies¹; *mace*—*dates*—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*: a *race*, or *tron*, of *ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound* of *prunes*, and as many *raisins* o' the *sun*.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

Clo. I' the name of me,—

Aut. Oh, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. Oh, fir, the loathfomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*]

Aut. Oh! good fir: tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul.

Aut. O good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*Picks his pocket*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir, no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames²: I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide³.

Aut. Vices I would say, fir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion⁴ of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies;

and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in a rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, fir; he, fir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, fir, I am no fighter: I am false at heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet fir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd fir; no, sweet fir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go to buy spices for our sheep-shearing. [*Exit.*]

Aut. Prosper you, sweet fir!—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily bent⁵ the stile-a:

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

A Shepherd's Cot.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of Do give a life; no shepherdess; but Flora, [you Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing Is a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me; Oh, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land⁷, you have obscur'd With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up⁸: But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To shew myself a glass⁹.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble

¹ That is, pies made of *wardens*, a species of large pears. ² *Trou-madame*, French. The game of nine-holes. ³ That is, reside but for a time. ⁴ That is, the puppet-show, then called *motions*. This term frequently occurs in our author. ⁵ Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unroll'd if he does not so and so. ⁶ That is, take hold of it. ⁷ The object of all men's notice and expectation. ⁸ To *prank* is to dress with ostentation. ⁹ i. e. One would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glass, you shew how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me.

To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: Oh, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these, my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend

Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires
Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king:
One of these two must be necessities, [purpose,
Which then will speak; that you must change this
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,

With these forc'd thoughts, I prythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine; to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming;
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,

Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants; with
Polixenes, and Camillo, disguis'd.*

Cl. See, your guests approach:

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth. [upon

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd,
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Sir, welcome!

[To *Pol.* and *Cam.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostessship o' the day:—You're welcome, sir!
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sir,

For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance¹, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,

There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature: change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put

The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only
therefore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

¹ Rue was called *herb of grace*. Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick.

The flower-de-lis being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What ? like a corse ?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitfun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so : and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an untain'd shepherd ;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill¹ to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come ; our dance, I pray :
Your hand, my Perdita : so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward : nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself ;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out : Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Der. Mopfa must be your mistress : marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time ! [manners.—

Clo. Not a word, a word ; we stand upon 'our
Come, strike up.

Here a Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fairswain is this, which dances with your daughter ?

Shep. They call him Doricles ; and he boasts him-
To have a worthy feeding² : but I have it [self
Upon his own report, and I believe it ;
He looks like sooth³ ; He says, he loves my daughter ;
I think so too ; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As'twere, my daughter's eyes : and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to chuse,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances feately.

Shep. So she does any thing ; though I report it,
That should be silent : if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe ; no, the bag-pipe could not move you :
he sings several tunes, faster than you'll tell money ;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's
ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better ; he shall come
in : I love a ballad but even too well ; if it be
doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very plea-
sant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
sizes ; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves :
he has the prettiest love-songs for maids ; so with-
out bawdry, which is strange ; with such delicate
burdens of *dil-do's* and *fadings* : *jump her and*
thump her ; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal
would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a
foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to an-
swer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man* ; puts him
off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good*
man.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-
conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided⁴ wares ?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rain-
bow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
can learnedly handle, though they come to him by
the gross ; inkles, caddisses⁵, cambricks, lawns :
why, he sings them over, 'as they were gods or
goddesses : you would think, a smock were a she-
angel ; he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the
work about the square on't⁶.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in ; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow ;
Cyprius, black as e'er was crow ;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses ;
Masks for faces, and for noses ;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber ;
Perfume for a lady's chamber ;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears ;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel :
Come, buy of me, come : come buy, come buy ;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry :
Come buy, &c.

¹ That is, reason. ² i. e. a considerable tract of pasturage. ³ i. e. truth. ⁴ i. e. undamaged.
⁵ Mr. Steevens conjectures *caddis* to mean *ferret*. ⁶ The work about the square on't probably signifies
the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shift, which might then have been of a square
form, or might have a square tucker. ⁶ These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of
to adjust the plaits of ruffs.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour¹ your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves².

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life³; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How an usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleis me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appear'd upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*; there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *Whither?*

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Exit.*]

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter⁵ all men's wear-a.

[*Exit, Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*]

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there are three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair⁶; they call themselves, saltiers: and they have a dance, which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o't the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shcp. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, at weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the square.

¹ When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. ² Sweet, or perfumed gloves, were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. *Tawdry laces* were worn about the ladies' heads, necks, and waists. ³ i. e. at life. ⁴ i. e. serious. ⁵ i. e. bring out, or produce. ⁶ Men of hair, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in those times.

Shep. Leave your prating ; since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in ; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir.

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. [*Afide.*] O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone ?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much.—How now, fair shepherd ?

Your heart is full of something, that doth take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young, And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks : I would have ranfack'd The pedler's filken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance ; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him : If your last Interpretation should abuse ; and call this, Your lack of love, or bounty ; you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,

She prizes not such trifles as these are : The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd, and lock'd, Up in my heart ; which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand ; this hand, As soft as dove's down, and as white as it ; Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this ?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand, was fair before !—I have put you out :—But, to your protestation ; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men ; the earth, the heavens, and all : That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy ; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve ; had force, and know-

ledge, [them, More than was ever man's,—I would not prize Without her love : for her, employ them all ; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter, Say you the like to him ?

Per. I cannot speak

so well, nothing so well ; no, nor mean better : By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain ;—

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't : give my daughter to him, and will make her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be

the virtue of your daughter : one being dead, shall have more than you can dream of yet ; enough then for your wonder : But, come on, attract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand ;—

And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you ; Have you a father ?

Flo. I have : But what of him ?

Pol. Knows he of this ?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more ;

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs ? is he not stupid [hear ?

With age, and altering rheums ? Can he speak ?

Know man from man ? dispute his own estate ?

Lies he not bed-rid ? and again does nothing,

But what he did being childish ?

Flo. No, good sir ;

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unfilial : Reason, my son

Should chuse himself a wife ; but as good reason,

The father (all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this ;

But, for some other reasons, my grave sir, Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son ; he shall not need to grieve At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call ; thou art too base

To be acknowledg'd : Thou a scepter's heir,

That thus affect'st a sheep-hook !—Thou old traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but

Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece

Of excellent witchcraft ; who, of force, must know

The royal fool thou cop'st with ;—

Shep. O, my heart !

[*made*

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh, [never

That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as

I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession ;

Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

Far than Deucalion off : Mark thou my words ;

Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,

Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee

From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchant-

ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsmen ; yea, him too,

That makes himself, but for our honour therein,

Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou

These rural latches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,

I will devise a death as cruel for thee,

As thou art tender to it.

[*Exit.*

¹ Meaning, perhaps, talk over his affairs.

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once, or twice,
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same fun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[*To Florizel.*]

I told you, what would come of this: 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou die'st.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[*To Florizel.*]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels-in dust!—O cursed wretch!

[*To Perdita.*]

That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st
adventure

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My least unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, 'till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often said, my dignity would last
But 'till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy²: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver,—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—

I'll hear you by and by.

[*To Camillo.*]

Cam. [*Aside.*] He's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour,
I'll point you where you shall have such re-
ceiving

As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by.
(As heavens forefend!) your ruin: Marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father I'll strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;

² This part of the *priest's* office was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. a i. e. love.

And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth, at every fitting ¹,
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;
But, as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certain, as your anchors ; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be : Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in ² the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so ? [years,
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, oh, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me ;
The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene, you play, were mine. For instance, sir,

That you may know you shall not want,—one
word. [They talk aside.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha ! what a fool honesty is ! and trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman ! I
have sold all my trumpery ; not a counterfeit stone,
not a ribbon, glass, pomander ³, brooch, table-
book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet,
horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting : they
throng who should buy first ; as if my trinkets
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to
the buyer : by which means, I saw whose purse
was best in picture ; and, what I saw, to my good
use, I remember'd. My clown (who wants but
something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love
with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his
petticoes, till he had both tune and words ; which
so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their
other senses stuck in ears : you might have pinch'd
a placket ⁴, it was senseless ; 'twas nothing, to geld
a codpiece of a purse ; I would have filed keys off,
that hung in chains : no hearing, no feeling, but
my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So
that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most
of their festival purses : and had not the old man
come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and
the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the
chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt. [there

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king

Cam. Shall satisfy your father. [Leontes,—

Per. Happy be you !

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here ?— [Seeing Autolycus.
We'll make an instrument of this ; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now,—why
hanging. [Aside.

Cam. How now, good fellow ? Why shakest
thou so ? Fear not, man ; here's no harm intended
to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still ; here's nobody will steal
that from thee : Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange : therefore, discase
thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity
in't) and change garments with this gentleman :
Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst,
yet hold thee, there's some ⁵ boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir :—I know ye well
enough. [Aside.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch : the gentleman is
half dead already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir ?—I smell the trick
of it.— [Aside.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest : but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

¹ The council-days, in our author's time, were called, in common speech, the *sittings*. ² i. e. subdue or overcome. ³ A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. ⁴ *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. ⁵ i. e. some profit, something over and above.

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dis mantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king

[*Aside.*

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose fight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt Flo. Per. and Cam.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requi-
site also, to smell out work for the other senses.
I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange?
Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we
may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself
is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his
father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought
it were not a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
withal, I would do't: I hold it the more knavery
to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my pro-
fession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain:
Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-
ing, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! there
is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changel-
ing, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;
and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd
by him. Shew those things you found about her;
those secret things, all but what she has with her:
This being done, let the law go whistle, I warrant
you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea,
and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no

honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go
about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off
you could have been to him; and then your blood
had been the dearer, by I know how much an
ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that
in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this com-
plaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily, he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so
sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my
pedler's excrement¹.—How now, rusticks? whi-
ther are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom?
the condition of that farthel, the place of your
dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,
breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known,
discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me
have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and
they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them
for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; there-
fore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one,
if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier.
See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfold-
ings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the
court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me?
reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt?
Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze² from
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am
courtier, cap-a-pe, and one that will either push
on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I
command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant;
say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor
hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them
not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being far-
tactical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the
picking on's teeth.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i' the farthel?
Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel,
and box, which none must know but the king;
and which he shall know within this hour, if I
may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

¹ That is, pedler's beard. ² To *tease*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. It here implies
to crawl out by importunity.

Shep. Why, fir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be't capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, fir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, fir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, fir, do you hear, an't like you, fir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be slay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd again with aquavive, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims¹, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd², I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though Authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, ston'd, and slay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, fir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, 'till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, fir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, fir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be slay'd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange fights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, 'till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blest'd in this man, as I may say, even blest'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clo.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. **S**IR, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leo. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:

If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or, from the all that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think so. Kill'd?

She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strik'st me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter [*now,* Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good Say so but seldom.

Cle. Not at all, good lady:

You might have spoke a thousand things, that would

¹ That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. ² The meaning is, "If you will give me a consideration or bribe worthy of a gentleman, I'll bring you, &c."

Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fall of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?
What holier, than—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes:
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
'Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

[To the king.]

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife; one worse,
And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
(Where we offend her now) appear soul-vest,
And begin, "Why to me?"—

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leo. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cle. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront^{*} his eye.

Cle. Good madam, I have done.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuse you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leo. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, 'till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leo. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder than that theme: *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equal'd,—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis threew'dly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not a full month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of. Sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

* *Affront* here signifies to meet.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity [seiz'd
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
His with'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,
And those that bear them, living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
(Good gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, sir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains; much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

That is, in high descent.

A 2 4

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me;
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leo. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leo. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forwear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. Oh, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marry'd?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be!
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leo. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leo. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty: and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth ' as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
Which he counts but a trifle. [mistress,

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such
Than what you look on now. [gazes

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter Autolycus, and a Gentleman.*

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;—But the changes I perceiv'd in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter a second Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *Oh, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter,

with clipping¹ her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many king's reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have matters to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 Gent. Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, oh, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: 'till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there², chang'd colour; some swoon'd, all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity³, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom⁴, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former

¹ That is, embracing her. ² i. e. most insensible, or petrified with wonder. ³ i. e. immortality. ⁴ i. e. of her trade,—would draw her customers from her.

life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Cl. You are well met, sir; You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Ant. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Cl. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Cl. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the prince's, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Cl. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Ant. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Cl. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Ant. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Cl. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Cl. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Cl. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall² fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Ant. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Cl. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—

¹ Franklin is a freeholder, or yeoman, a man above a villain, but not a gentleman.

² i. e. stay a while, be not so eager.

Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Paulina's House.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort I have had of thee! [*fort*

Paul. What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well: All my services You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit; It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

Leo. O Paulina, We honour you with trouble: But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities; but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excels whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart: But here it is; prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever [*well.* Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis [*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.* I like your silence, it the more shews off Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

Leo. Her natural posture!— Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she, In thy not chiding; for she was as tender, As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence; Which let's go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is Now piercing to my soul. Oh, thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her! I am aham'd: Does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—Oh, royal piece, There's magick in thy majesty; which has My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave; And do not say, 'tis superstition, that I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. Oh, patience³; The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's Not dry.

³ i. e. stand. Cam.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too fore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away ;
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy,
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain. [fancy

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't ; left your
May think anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it ?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd ? and that those
Did verily bear blood ? [veins

Pol. Masterly done :
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. [but

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you :
I could afflict you further.

Leo. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leo. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed ;
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music : awake her : strike.— [Music.
'Tis time ; descend ; be stone no more : approach ;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come ;

I'll fill your grave up : stir ; nay, come away ;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stir.

[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not ; her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful : do not shun her,
Until you see her die again ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her ; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leo. Oh, she's warm ! [Embracing her.
If this be magick, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck ;
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale ; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while—
Please you to interpose, fair madam ; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady ;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head !—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd ? where liv'd ?
how found

Thy father's court ? for thou shalt hear, that I,—
Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all ; your exultation
Partake to every one : I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament 'till I am lost.

Leo. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou shouldst fit a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine ;

But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand ; whose worth, and he-
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd [justi-
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place—
What ?—Look upon my brother ?—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king ; who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence ; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were sever'd : Hastily lead way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

MACBETH

M A C B E T H.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, } *Sons to the King.*

DONALBAIN, }

MACBETH, } *Generals of the King's army.*

BANQUO, }

LENOX, }

MACDUFF, }

ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*

MENTETH, }

ANGUS, }

CATHNESS, }

FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English forces.*

Young SIWARD, *his son.*

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor.

A Scotch Doctor. A Captain. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, *and three Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at Macbeth's Castle.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere th' set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon¹.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair²:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

SCENE II.

Alarum within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy foldier fought

'Gainst my captivity: Hail, brave friend!

Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,

And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,

The multiplying villanies of nature

Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallow-glassies is supply'd;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,

Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,

Which smok'd with bloody execution,

Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,

Till he fac'd the slave:

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

'Till he unseam'd him from the nave³ to the chops,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion⁴,

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;

So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:

No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,

¹ Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad. ² i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, *from the nape to the chops*; i. e. cut his skull in two. ⁴ i. e. the east.

Compell'd

Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Cap. Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize ¹ another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds! [geons.

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him sur-
Enter Ross.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthythane?

Ross. From Fife, great king,

Where the Norweyan banners flout ² the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons ³,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

King. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch ⁴,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use. [ceive

King. No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-
our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present
And with his former title greet Macbeth. [death,

Ross. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath
won. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

¹ *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

² *Witch.* Killing swine.

³ *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

¹ *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—*Give*
me, quoth I.

Aroint ⁵ thee, witch! the rump-fed ⁶ ronyon ⁷ cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

² *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

¹ *Witch.* Thou art kind.

³ *Witch.* And I another.

¹ *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ⁸ points they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid ⁹:

Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toft.

Look what I have.

² *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

¹ *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum.* *within.*

³ *Witch.* A drum, a drum;

Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters ¹⁰, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about;

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,

And thrice again, to make up nine:

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't call'd to Fores?—What are
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire; [the
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question ¹¹? You seem to understand
By each at once her choppy finger laying [me
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards ¹² forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

¹ *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane
of Glamis! [of Cawdor!

² *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

³ *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
hereafter. [fear

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to

¹ Memorize, for make memorable. ² To flout is to mock or insult. ³ i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. ⁴ Colme's inch, now called Inchcomb, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columba; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Ile of Columba*. ⁵ *Aroint*, or avaunt, be gone. ⁶ The weird sister here alludes to the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, as not being able to procure better provision than *rumps* and other offals. ⁷ i. e. scabby or mangy woman; from *rogneux*, *royne*, scurf. ⁸ i. e. the true exact points. ⁹ i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. ¹⁰ *Weird* is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word signifying a *prophecy*. The *weird sisters* here mean the *Fates* or *Destinies* of the northern nations. ¹¹ i. e. may hold converse with. ¹² *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins.

Things that do sound so fair?—T' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical¹, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having², and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time, [not;
And say, which grain will grow, and which will
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

¹ *Witch.* Hail!

² *Witch.* Hail!

³ *Witch.* Hail!

¹ *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

² *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

³ *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [none:

¹ *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's³ death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they van-
ish'd? [melted

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal,
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
Or have we eaten of the insane root⁴, [about?
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king. [so?

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's
here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post⁵; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,

To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

Only to herald thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true? [drefs me

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home⁶,
Might yet enkindle⁷ you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us [you.
In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word, I pray

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting⁸
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise⁹; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
Without my stir. [may crown me,

Ban. New honours, come upon him [mould,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your
leisure. [was wrought¹⁰

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain

¹ i. e. creatures of *fantasy* or imagination. ² *Having*, we have before observed, is estate, pos-
session, fortune. ³ The father of Macbeth. ⁴ Shakespeare here alludes to the qualities anciently
ascribed to hemlock. ⁵ That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. ⁶ i. e. carried
as far as it will go. ⁷ *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek. ⁸ Warburton thinks *soliciting* is
here put for *information*; while Johnson rather thinks it means *incitement*. ⁹ Meaning, "Of things
now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence."
¹⁰ i. e. was *worked*, *agitated*.

With

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Flourish. Enter *King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,*
and *Attendants.*

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he dy'd
As one that had been studied¹ in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,

To find the mind's construction² in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter *Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.*

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
Safe toward your love and honour³. [thing]

King. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,

The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence, to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland⁴!—That is a
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Exit]
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit]
King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full of
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter *Macbeth's Wife alone, with a Letter.*

Lady.—"They met me in the day of suc-
cess; and I have learned by the perfectest re-
port⁵, they have more in them than mortal
knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question
them further, they made themselves—air, into
"which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the
"wonder of it, came missives from the king, who
"all-hail'd me, *Thane of Cawdor*; by which title,
"before, these weird sisters saluted me, and re-
"ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with, *Hail,*
"king that shalt be! This have I thought good to
"deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness;
"that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing,
"by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd
"thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be [sure]
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy name:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without [highly]
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st
That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have
great Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have'st;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round⁶,
Which fate and metaphysical⁷ aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

¹ That is, instructed in the art of dying. ² i. e. the frame or disposition of the mind, whether it is determined to good or ill. ³ i. e. We do but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service. ⁴ Mr. Steevens observes, that "the crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king (as was often the case) the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief." ⁵ i. e. By the best intelligence. ⁶ i. e. the diadem. ⁷ *Metaphysical* is here put for *supernatural*.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The king comes here to-night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it :

Is not thy master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation. [*coming :*

Mef. So please you, it is true : our thane is
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Mef.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal ¹ thoughts, unsex me here ;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty ! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect, and it ² ! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall ³, you murd'ring
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances [*night,*
You wait on nature's mischief ⁴ ! Come, thick
And pall ⁵ thee in the dunest smoke of hell !
That my keen knife ⁶ see not the wound it makes ;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold* ⁷ ! -- Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant ⁸ present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never

Shall sun that morrow see !

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters : -- To beguile the time,
Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle ⁹ senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutty frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage ¹⁰, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See, see ! our honour'd hostess ! --
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us ¹¹ for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits ¹².

King. Where's the thane of Cawdor ?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor ; but he rides well ; [*him*
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp
To his home before us : Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever [*compt* ¹³,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand :
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys and Torches. Enter a Sewer ¹⁴, *and divers*
Servants with dishes and service over the stage.
Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twere well

It were done quickly : If the assassination

¹ That is, *murderous*, or *deadly designs*. ² i. e. nor delay the execution of my purpose. ³ i. e. Take away my milk, and put gall into the place. ⁴ *Nature's mischief* is mischief done to nature. ⁵ i. e. wrap thyself in a *pall*, which was a robe of state, as well as a covering thrown over the dead. ⁶ The word *knife* was anciently used to express a sword. ⁷ Mr. Tollet explains this passage thus : The thought is taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *hold*, to the intent to part them ; except that they did fight a combat in a place inclosed : and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid *hold*, but the general." ⁸ i. e. *unknowing*. ⁹ i. e. our calm composed senses. ¹⁰ Meaning, convenient corner. ¹¹ i. e. God reward ; or, perhaps, as Dr. Johnson suggests, *protect* us. ¹² *Hermits*, for beadsmen. ¹³ i. e. *subject to account*. ¹⁴ The office of a sewer was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm.

Could

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips¹. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air²,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now! what news?

Enter Lady.

Lady. He has almost supp'd; Why have you
left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest goss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage³?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
now

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,——

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel⁴ so convince⁵,
That memory, the warder⁶ of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt⁷ of reason
A limbeck only⁸: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell⁹?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males.
Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very dagger,
That they have done 't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exit.*]

¹ This obscure soliloquy, about the meaning of which none of the readers of Shakspeare agree, Dr. Johnson explains thus: "If that which I am about to do, when it is once done and executed, were done and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly; if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if its success could secure its surcease, if being once done successfully, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that this blow might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even here in this world, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of these cases in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us here in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example." ² *Couriers of air mean winds, air in motion. Sightless is invisible.* ³ The proverb alluded to is, "The cat loves fish, but does not wet her feet." ⁴ *Wassel or Wassail* is a word still in use in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, and signifies at present what is called Lambs Wool, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel*, however, may be here put for riot or intemperance. ⁵ i. e. *conquer* or *subdue*. ⁶ Or, the *centinel*. ⁷ i. e. the *receptacle*. ⁸ Meaning, it shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. ⁹ *Quell* is *murder*.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a torch before him.

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven,

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter Macbeth, and a servant with a torch.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largesse to your officers:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up¹

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve, [ness,

We would spend it in some words upon that busi-

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

['tis,

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent², when

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit Ban.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is

ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*]

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch

thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon³, gouts⁴ of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath

made me bold;

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire:—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd⁵

their possets⁵,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband?

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not

hear a noise?

[*cry.*]

Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets

Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*]

¹ To shut up, is to conclude. ² Consent for will. ³ Dudgeon properly means the hilt or handle of a dagger, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. ⁴ i. e. spots: the phrase is borrowed from heraldry. ⁵ It was the general custom in those days to eat possets just before bed-time.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd, *murder!* [them :
 That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard
 But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
 Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and, *Amen*, the other ;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands,
 Liftinging their fear ¹. I could not say, *Amen*,
 When they did say, *God blefs us*.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply. [Amen ?
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce,
 I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought
 After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, " Sleep
 " no more !

" Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep ;
 " Sleep, that knits up the ravel ² sleeve of care,
 " The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
 " Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 " Chief nourisher in life's feast ;"—

Lady. What do you mean ? [house :
Macb. Still it cry'd, " Sleep no more ! " to all the
 " Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore *Caw*, for
 " Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more ! "

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd ? Why,
 worthythane,
 You do unbend your noble strength, to think
 So brain-sickly of things :—Go, get some water,
 And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
 Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
 They must lie there : Go, carry them ; and smear
 The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more :
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;
 Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose !
 Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,
 Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.
 For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking ?
 How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine
 eyes !

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
 Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas ³ incarnardine,
 Making the green—one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

[Knock.
 At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :

A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it then ! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended.—Hark ! more knocking :

[Knock.
 Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
 And shew us to be watchers :—Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'Twere best not
 know myself ⁴. [Knock.
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would, thou
 couldst ! [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within.] *Por.* Here's a knocking,
 indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he
 should have old turning the key. [Knock.] Knock,
 knock, knock : Who's there, i' the name of Bel-
 zebub ? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on
 the expectation of plenty : come in time ; have
 napkins ⁵ enough about you ; here you'll sweat
 for't. [Knock.] Knock, knock : Who's there i' the
 other devil's name ? 'Faith, here's an equivocator,
 that could swear in both the scales against either
 scale ; who committed treason enough for God's
 sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : oh,
 come in, equivocator. [Knock.] Knock, knock,
 knock : Who's there ? 'Faith, here's an English
 taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French
 hose : come in, taylor ; here you may roast your
 goose. [Knock.] Knock, knock : never at quiet !
 What are you ? But this place is too cold for hell.
 I'll devil porter it no further : I had thought to
 have let in some of all professions, that go the
 primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knock.]
 Anon, anon ; I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
 That you do lie so late ?

Por. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing 'till the se-
 cond cock : and drink, sir, is a great provoker
 of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially
 provoke ?

Por. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
 Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes ; it
 provokes the desire, but it takes away the per-
 formance : Therefore, much drink may be said to
 be an equivocator with lechery : it makes him
 and it mars him ; it sets him on, and it takes him
 off ; it persuades him, and disheartens him ; makes
 him stand to, and not stand to : in conclusion,
 equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie,
 leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last
 night.

Por. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me :
 But I requited him for his lie ; and I think, being

¹ That is, *listening to their fear*. ² A skein of silk is called a *sleeve* of silk. ³ To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. ⁴ i. e. while I have the *thoughts* of this deed, it were best not know, or be lost to, myself. ⁵ i. e. handkerchiefs. ⁶ Meaning, a jesuit ; an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time ; the inventors of the execrable doctrine of *equivocation*.

too strong for him, though he took up my legs
sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him¹.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet. [him;

Macd. He did command me to call timely on
I have almost slept the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited² service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue
nor heart

Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

Macb. and Len. What's the matter? [piece!

Macd. Confusion now hath made his matter-
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty? [fight

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[Exit Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror!—Ring the bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lenox.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom? [done't:

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they star'd and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate,
and furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers

Steept in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd³ with gore: Who could
refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage, to make his love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

¹ To cast him up, to ease my stomach of him. ² i. e. appointed. ³ Upon this passage, which has been deemed the *crux criticorum*, almost every commentator has differed in opinion. Dr. Johnson proposes, instead of *breeched*, to read, *drenched with gore*. Dr. Warburton thinks *reeched* (i. e. soiled with a dark yellow) should be substituted for *breeched*, as well as *unmanly* for *unmannerly*. Mr. Steevens supposes, that the expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood quite to their breeches, i. e. their hilts or handles; the lower end of a cannon being called the *breech* of it. Warton pronounces, that whether the word which follows be *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *hatch'd*, or *drench'd*, he is at least of opinion, that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading, which he construes to mean *unseemly*. Dr. Farmer says, that the sense in plain language is, "Daggers filthily—in a foul manner—*steept with blood*."

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—
And when we have our naked frailties¹ hid,
That suffer an exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd² pretence³ I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it⁴ the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not comfort with
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office [*them:*
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Ross, with an Old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember
well;

Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore
Hath trifled former knowings. [*night*

Ross. Ah, good father, [*act,*
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tawring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most
strange, and certain)
Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old Man. 'Tis said, they eat each other. [*eyes,*

Ross. They did so; to the amazement of mine
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

[*Enter Macduff.*

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not? [*deed?*

Ross. Is't known, who did this more than bloody

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still:

Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither. [*—alien—*

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there;
Left our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewel, father. [*those*

Old Man. God's benison go with you; and with
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'd'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,

(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Senet sounded. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth, Lenox, Ross, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,

¹ Meaning, our half-dress bodies. ² i. e. intention, design. ³ Meaning, confidence in its quality.
⁴ To pretend, means here, propose to themselves. ⁵ Colmes-hill, or Colm-hill, means Iona, one of the
western isles, where most of the ancient kings of Scotland are buried. ⁶ i. e. prosper.

And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, fir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
Forever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

[*advice*]

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the bet-
I must become a borrower of the night, [ter 1,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.— [Exit *Banquo*.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night: to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself [you.
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords*.]

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our
pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit *Servant*.]

But to be safely thus;—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he
dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: And, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd² my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man³,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance⁴!—Who's there?

Re-enter Servant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit *Servant*.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, past in probation with you;
How you were borne in hand⁵; how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else,
that might,

To half a foul, and to a notion craz'd,

Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd⁶,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
Ashounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs⁷, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file⁸
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,

¹ i. e. If he does not go well. ² i. e. defiled. ³ the devil. ⁴ The word utterance is derived from the French *outrance*. A challenge or a combat *a l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fix'd term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other. ⁵ i. e. made to believe what was not true. ⁶ Meaning, are you of that degree of precise virtue? *Gospellers* was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards. ⁷ *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *shocks*. ⁸ The expression, *valued file*, seems to mean in this place, a post of honour; the first rank, in opposition to the last. *File* and *list* are synonymous.

So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune ¹,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance ²
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near't of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.

Mur. Though our lives——

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time ³,
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness ⁴: And with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content;
⁵'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest ⁶ fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd

With them they think on? Things without all
remedy

Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds
suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,

That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy ⁶.—Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;

Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,

Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on; Gentle my lord,

Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;

And so, I pray, be you: Let your remembrance

Apply to Banquo; present him eminence ⁷, both

With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we

Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;

And make our faces vizards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne ⁸.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown

His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecat's summons,

The shard-borne beetle ⁹, with his drowsy hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
chuck ¹⁰,

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling ¹¹ night,

Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond

Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens ¹²; and
the crow

Makes wing to the rooky wood ¹³;

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill:

So, prythee, go with me. [Exit.

¹ i. e. worried by fortune. ² Such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other when the quarrel must be determined by the sword. ³ Meaning, the exact time. ⁴ i. e. Always remembering, that throughout the whole transaction I must stand clear of suspicion. ⁵ i. e. Worthless, vile. ⁶ Ecstasy here signifies any violent emotion of the mind, pain, agony. ⁷ i. e. Do him the highest honours. ⁸ Eterne for eternal. ⁹ i. e. according to Mr Steevens, the beetle borne along the air by its shards or scaly wings; shards signifying scales. But Mr. Tollet says, that shard-borne beetle is the beetle born in dung; and that shard signifies dung, is well known in the North of Staffordshire, where cowshard is the word generally used for cow-dung. ¹⁰ A term of endearment. ¹¹ i. e. blinding. ¹² i. e. The light grows dull or muddy. ¹³ i. e. to a rookery.

S C E N E III.

*Enter three Murderers.***1 Mur.** But who did bid thee join with us?**3 Mur.** Macbeth.**2 Mur.** He needs not our mistrust; since he deliversOur offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.**1 Mur.** Then stand with us.The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.**3 Mur.** Hark! I hear horses.*[Banquo within.]* Give us a light there, ho!**2 Mur.** Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.**1 Mur.** His horses go about.**3 Mur.** Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate,
Make it their walk.*Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.***2 Mur.** A light, a light!**3 Mur.** 'Tis he.**1 Mur.** Stand to't.**Ban.** It will be rain to-night.**1 Mur.** Let it come down. *[They assault Banquo.]***Ban.** Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—Oh slave!*[Dies. Fleance escapes.]***3 Mur.** Who did strike out the light?**1 Mur.** Was 't not the way?**3 Mur.** There's but one down; the son is fled.**2 Mur.** We have lost best half of our affair.**1 Mur.** Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

*A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.***Macb.** You know your own degrees, sit down :
And last, the hearty welcome. *[at first,***Lords.** Thanks to your majesty.**Macb.** Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.**Lady.** Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.*Enter first Murderer, to the door.***Macb.** See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.**Mur.** 'Tis Banquo's then.**Macb.** 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?**Mur.** My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.**Macb.** Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non-pareil.**Mur.** Most royal sir,Fleance is 'scap'd. *[perfect;***Macb.** Then comes my fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?**Mur.** Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched² gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.**Macb.** Thanks for that:—There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. *[Exit Murderer.]***Lady.** My royal lord,You do not give the cheer: the feast is fold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome³: To feed, were best at
home;From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.*[Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.]***Macb.** Sweet remembrancer!—Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!**Len.** May it please your highness sit? *[roo'd,***Macb.** Here had we now our country's honour
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mitchance!**Ross.** His absence, sir, *[ness]*
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
To grace us with your royal company?**Macb.** The table's full.**Len.** Here is a place reserv'd, sir.**Macb.** Where? *[your highness?***Len.** Here, my good lord. What is't that moves**Macb.** Which of you have done this?**Lords.** What, my good lord?**Macb.** Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.**Ross.** Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.**Lady.** Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thoughtHe will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion⁴;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?**Macb.** Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.**Lady.** O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:

This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws⁵, and starts,

¹ That is, the best means to evade discovery. ² From *trancher*, to cut. ³ The meaning is, that which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift. ⁴ i. e. prolong his suffering. ⁵ Flaws are sudden gusts.

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. [say you?]

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back; our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites.

Lady. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal¹;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there'an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse² at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing [all:
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill full:—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Re-enter Gbolf.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! To all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all³.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [hide thee!]

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit⁴, then protest me
The baby of a girl! Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
With most admir'd disorder. [good meeting,

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us⁵ like a summer's cloud, [strange
Without our special wonder? You make me
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear⁶.

Rosse. What sights, my lord? [and worse]

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
Attend his majesty!

Lady. A kind good night to all! [Exeunt Lords]

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will
have blood: [speak;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations⁷, have [forth
By magot-pies⁸, and choughs, and rooks, brought
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which. [person,

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I heard it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd⁹.

Lady. You lack the season¹⁰ of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and
self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt,

SCENE V.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecat? you look
angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldames as you are,
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,

¹ The gentle weal is the peaceable community. ² i. e. wonder. ³ i. e. all good wishes to all;
such as he had named above, love, health, and joy. ⁴ Pope reads, and we think properly, inhabit;
that is, if I refuse, or evade thee. ⁵ Meaning, pass over us like a summer's cloud. ⁶ Mr. Steevens
elucidates this passage thus: "You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition,
"when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek, permits it to remain
"in yours. In other words,—You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained
"of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it." ⁷ By relation is here meant
the connection of effects with causes. ⁸ i. e. magpies. Magot-pie is the original name of the bird,
from magot, Fr. and hence also the modern abbreviation of mag, applied to pies. ⁹ To fear it
to examine nicely. ¹⁰ i. e. refreshment.

Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound¹;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic flights²,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. [*Music and a song.*]

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*]

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lennox, and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
Which can interpret further: only, I say, [thoughts,
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key, [find
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not) they should
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [fail'd
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff is gone
To pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free³ from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accus'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* **T**Hrice⁴ the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the
hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper⁵ cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.
1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:

¹ Meaning, a drop that has *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. ² i. e. magic arts. ³ i. e. deliver or exempt our feasts from bloody knives, &c. ⁴ Odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations, even numbers being always reckoned inauspicious. ⁵ Meaning, perhaps, some lump, or familiar spirit.

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's¹ sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf²,
Of the ravin'd³ salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd⁴ in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron⁵,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a song.

*Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and mid-
What is't you do? [night hags?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty⁶ waves
Confound and swallow navigation up; [down;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown
Though castles topple⁷ on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
Of nature's germins⁸ tumble all together, [sure
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
Or from our masters' ? [mouths,

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, dost thou⁹ show. [Thunder.
1st Apparition, an armed head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought. [Macduff;
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good can-
tion, thanks;

Thou hast harp'd¹⁰ my fears aright:—But one
word more— [another,

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's
More potent than the first. [Thunder,

2d Apparition, a bloody child.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee. [from

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descend,

Macb. Then live Macduff; What need I fear
But yet I'll make assurance double sure, [of thee?
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*3d Apparition, a child crowned, with a tree in his
band.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty¹¹?

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descend,

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest; bid the tree [good!
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodement!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why finks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[Hautboys

¹ That is, the *slow-worm*. ² i. e. the *swallow*, the *throat*. ³ *Ravin'd* means glutted with prey.

⁴ *Sliver'd* is a common word in the north, and implies, to cut a piece, or slice. ⁵ i. e. *entrails*.

⁶ i. e. *foaming*, or *frothy waves*. ⁷ i. e. *tumble*. ⁸ *Germins* are seeds which have begun to sprout.

⁹ i. e. *adroitly*, *dextrously*. ¹⁰ To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. ¹¹ This
alludes to the make or figure of the crown.

1 *Witch.* Shew ! 2 *Witch.* Shew ! 3 *Witch.* Shew !
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
 Come like shadows, so depart.

[*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo ; the last with a glass in his hand.* [down !

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ;
 Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls :—And thy air,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first :—
 A third is like the former : Filthy hags ! [eyes !
 Why do you shew me this ?—A fourth ?—Start
 What ! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom ?—

Another yet ?—A seventh ?—I'll see no more :—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more ; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry :
 Horrible sight !—Now, I see 'tis true ;
 For the blood-bolter'd 4 Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What ? is this so ?

1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so :—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?—
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And shew the best of our delights ;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round :
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The witches dance and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they ? Gone ?—Let this
 pernicious hour
 Stand eye 5 accursed in the calendar !—
 Come in, without there !

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will ?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
 And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
 The galloping of horse : Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring
 Macduff is fled to England.

[*you word,*

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st 6 my dread exploits :
 The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
 Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
 The very firrings 7 of my heart shall be
 The firrings of my hand. And even now [done :
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
 Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword

His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace 8 him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
 But no more fights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
 Come, bring me where they are. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Enter Macduff's wife, her son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly
 the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave
 his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
 He wants the natural touch 9 : For the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself : But for your husband,
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season 10. I dare not speak much
 further :

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
 And do not know ourselves 11 ; when we hold ru-
 mour 12

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear ;
 But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again :

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
 I take my leave at once. [Exit *Rosse.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;

And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Sen. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Sen. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the
 net nor lime,
 The pit-fall, nor the gin.

1 i. e. does blind me ; alluding to the ancient practice of destroying the sight, by holding a piece of hot or burning iron before the eye, which dried up its humidity. 2 i. e. the dissolution of nature. 3 Warburton says, this was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two islands and the three kingdoms under one head ; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. 4 *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakespeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. 5 i. e. for ever. 6 i. e. thou preventest. 7 i. e. the thing first thought or done. 8 i. e. follow him. 9 Meaning, natural sensibility, or affection. 10 i. e. the convulsions or violent disorders of the times. 11 i. e. we think ourselves innocent, the government thinks us traitors ; therefore we are ignorant of ourselves. 12 *To hold rumour* signifies to believe rumour.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying. [*father?*]

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect¹.

I doubt some danger doth approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you² were fell cruelty, [you!]

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence, [faces?]

To say, I have done no harm—What are these

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified, Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[*Exit L. Macduff, crying murder.*]

SCENE III.

England.

Enter Malcolm, and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and Weep our sad bosoms empty. [there]

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men, Beside our down-fallen birthdom³: Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new far-

Strike heaven on the face, that it rebound

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of doleour.

Mal. What I believe I'll wait;

What know, believe; and, what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend⁴, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something

You may deserve of him through me: and will

To offer up a weak, poor innocent lamb,

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil, [den;]

In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your per-

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpire:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of

Yet grace must still look so. [grace]

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find

my doubts.

Why in that rawness⁵ left you wife, and child,

(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!

Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,

For goodness dares not check thee!—wear thou

thy wrongs,

His title is affear'd⁶!—Fare thee well, lord:

I would not be the villain that thou think'st,

For the whole space that's within the tyrant's grasp

And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.

I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke:

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,

¹ That is, though I am perfectly acquainted with your rank. ² i. e. not to acquaint you with, or give you warning of, your danger. ³ i. e. protect from utter destruction the privileges of our birth-right. ⁴ i. e. to befriend. ⁵ Without previous provision, without due preparation. ⁶ Mr. Pope says *affear'd* is a law term for *confirm'd*. Mr. Tollet proposes to read, "The title is *affear'd*," and explains the passage thus: "Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it. *Affearers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amercements."

There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden¹, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a fauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons² to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again;
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accus'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Often upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains, hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point³, was setting forth:
Now we'll together: And the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth,
I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces⁵
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,

¹ That is, passionate, violent, hasty. ² i. e. plenty. ³ i. e. ready at a time. ⁴ The author of
The *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be this: And may the success of that goodness,
which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel. ⁵ i. e. over-
powers, subdues.

Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp¹ about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern² ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Ross. No; they were all at peace when I did leave
them. [goes it?

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create foldiers, make our women fight,
To doff³ their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better foldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch⁴ them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief⁵,
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it. [babes,

Ross. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry⁶ of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—All?

What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop⁷?

Mal. Dispute⁸ it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were, [on,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [now!
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let
grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. Oh, I could play the woman with mine
eyes, [ven,

And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle hea-
Cut short all intermission⁹; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above [may;
Put on their instruments¹⁰. Receive what cheer you
The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

¹ Meaning the coin called an *angel*, the value of which was ten shillings. ² i. e. common. ³ To doff is to do off, to put off. ⁴ The folio reads *latch them*, and perhaps rightly, as to *latch* (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to catch. ⁵ A grief that hath a single owner. ⁶ Quarry is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*, and in both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. ⁷ Swoop is the descent of a bird of prey on his game. ⁸ i. e. contend with your sorrow like a man. ⁹ i. e. all pause. ¹⁰ i. e. encourage us their instruments against the tyrant.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but I can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out, damn'd spot! out, I say!—One; Two; Why, then 'tis time to do 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly. [Exeunt]

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good-night: My mind she has mated², and amaz'd my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [Malcolm, Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man³.]

Ang. Near Birnam wood [Ing.]

Shall we well meet them; that way are they come—
Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths⁴, that even now Protect their first of manhood.

¹ Mr. Steevens with great acuteness observes on this passage, that Lady Macbeth is acting over in a dream the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as when awake; and certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice; *Hell is murky!—Fie, fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid?* ² i. e. astonished, confounded. ³ By the mortified man, is meant a religious; one who has subdued his passions, is dead to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*. ⁴ i. e. smooth-faced, unbearded youths.

Ment. What does the tyrant ?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say, he's mad ; others, that leffer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands ;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach ;
Those, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love : now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peffer'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there ?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
Meet we the medicin¹ of the sickly weal ;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane, [all :
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus :
*Fear not, Macbeth ; no man, that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epicures : [thanes,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never fagg² with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon³ !
Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What foldiers, patch⁴ ?
Death of thy foul ! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear⁵. What foldiers, whey-face ?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton !—I am
sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton, I say !—This push
Will cheer me ever, or defeat me now.
I have liv'd long enough : my May of life
Is fall'n into the fear⁶, the yellow leaf :
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not,
Seyton !—

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be
hack'd.—

Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr⁷ the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine
armour.—

How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff :—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me :—
Come, sir, dispatch :—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water⁸ of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence ?—Hearest thou
of them ?

Doct. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff,
Siward's Son, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and
Soldiers marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us ?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant

¹ i. e. physician. ² To *fag*, or *fwag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an overload.
³ *Loon* signifies a base fellow. ⁴ i. e. fool. ⁵ The meaning is, they infect others who see them
with cowardice. ⁶ *Sear* is dry. ⁷ To *skirr*, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. ⁸ To *cast the water*
was the phrase in use for finding out disorders by the inspection of urine.

Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :
For where there is advantage to be given ¹
Both more and less ² have given him the revolt ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldierhip.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thought speculative their unsure hopes relate ;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate ³ :
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ; and my ⁴ fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have sapt full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded ⁵ time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Mes. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave !

[*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so :
Within this three mile may you see it coming :
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling ⁶ thee : if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution ; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth : *Fear not 'till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunfinane ;—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, [done.—
And with the estate o' the world were now un-
Ring the alarum bell :—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough ; your leavy screens
throw down,

And shew like those you are :—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. [all breath,

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake ; I can-
not fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. [name

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth. [a title

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful. [my sword

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight ; and Young Siward is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, shew
thy face ;

¹ That is, opportunity to be gone. ² More and less is the same with greater and less. ³ i. e. deter-
mine. ⁴ My hairy part, my capillitium. Fell is skin. ⁵ Recorded is probably here used for recording,
or recordable. ⁶ Clung, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up.
By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. To be clem'd is a Staffordshire expression sig-
nifying to be starv'd. To cling likewise signifies to compress, to embrace.

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited¹: Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. *[Exit. Alarum.]*

Enter Malcolm and Old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently
render'd:

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. *[Exeunt. Alarum.]*

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! *[Fight. Alarum.]*

Macb. Thou lovest labour:

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air²
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accur'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter³ with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough!*

[Exeunt, fighting. Alarum.]

Re-enter fighting, and Macbeth is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter with drum and colours, Malcolm, Old Siward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe
arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man; *[debt:]*
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then he is dead? *[of sorrow]*

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer
comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold,
where stands

The usurper's cur'd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl's,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! *[Flourish.]*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, *[men]*
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

¹ To bruit is to report with clamour; to noise. ² i. e. air which cannot be cut. ³ i. e. that *suffice*
with ambiguous expressions. ⁴ See note ⁸, p. 367. ⁵ i. e. thy kingdom's wealth.

K I N G J O H N¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN.

Prince HENRY, Son to the King.

ARTHUR, Duke of Bretagne, and Nephew to the King.

PEMBROKE²,

ESSEX³,

SALISBURY⁴,

HUBERT,

BIGOT⁵,

FAULCONBRIDGE, Bastard Son to Richard the First.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Half-brother to the Bastard.

JAMES GURNEY, Servant to the Lady Faulconbridge.

PETER of POMFRET, a Prophet.

PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

Arch-duce of AUSTRIA.

Cardinal PANDULPHO, the Pope's Legate.

MELUN, a French Lord.

CHATILLON, Ambassador from France to King John.

ELINOR, Queen-mother of England.

CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.

BLANCH, Daughter to Alphonso King of Castile, and Niece to King John.

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, Mother to the Bastard, and Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of state in the palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. NOW, say, Chatillon, what would France with us? [France,

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of In my behaviour⁶, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul⁷ of fierce and bloody To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld. [war,

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my The farthest limit of my embassy. [mouth,

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France: [peace:

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen preface of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have;—

Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chat. and Pem.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,

¹ Mr. Theobald remarks, that though this play hath the title of *The Life and Death of King John*, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign at the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. Mr. Steevens observes, that Hall, Holinshed, Stowe, &c. are closely followed not only in the conduct, but sometimes in the expressions throughout the following historical dramas; viz. *Macbeth*, this play, *Richard II.* *Henry IV.* 2 parts, *Henry V.* *Henry VI.* 3 parts, *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* ² William Marshall. ³ Jeffrey Fitzpeter, Ch. J. of England. ⁴ William Longsword, son to Hen. II. by Rosamond Clifford. ⁵ Roger, Earl of Norfolk and Suffolk. ⁶ i. e. in my character. ⁷ i. e. opposition.

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
'Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage¹ of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate. [us.]

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me: [right;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear:
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Effex.

Effex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [*Exit Sheriff.*
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay
Re-enter Sheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip,
his brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Phil. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Phil. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame
thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a' pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being
younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But wher I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him;—

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven
lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick² of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat³ five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phil. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:

The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak;
But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself)

When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept.
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him: This concludes—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faul-
conbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;

¹ That is, conduct, administration. ² Meaning, that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. ³ Our author is here knowingly guilty of an anachronism, as he alludes to a coin not struck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bore but half faces impressed. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above mentioned, coined groats and half groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The first groats of king Henry VIII. were like those of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. In the time of King John there were no groats at all, they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King Edward III.

Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence¹, and no land beside?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, fir Robert's his, like him²;
And if my legs were two such riding-roads,
My arms such eel-skins stuf; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose³, [goes]
Left men should say, Look, where three-farthings
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case. [tune,

Eliz. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy for-
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year;
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eliz. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
form thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand;

Phil. Brother by the mother's side, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land:—

Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,

When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eliz. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—

I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth:
What though⁴?

Something about, a little from the right,

In at the window, or else o'er the hatch⁵:

Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;

And have is have, however men do catch:

Near or far off, well won is still well shot;

And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy
desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire—

Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; Good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i' the way of honesty!

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*]

A foot of honour⁶ better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a Lady:—

Good den, Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow⁷;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;

'Tis too respective⁸, and too sociable,

For your converfing. Now your traveller,—

He and his tooth-pick⁹ at my worship's melf;

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I fuck my teeth, and catechise

My piked¹⁰ man of countries:—*My dear fir,*

(Thus, leaning on my elbow, I begin)

I shall beseech you—That is question now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book¹¹:—

O fir, says answer, at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, fir:—

No, fir, says question; I, sweet fir, at yours:

And so, e'er answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,

And fits the mounting spirit, like myself:

For he is but a bastard to the time,

That doth not smack of observation;

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no)

And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:

Which¹² though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste, in riding robes?

What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her¹³?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady?

What brings you here to court so hastily? [he,

Lady. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is

That holds in chafe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?

¹ i. e. master of thy majestic figure and dignified appearance. ² The meaning is, "If I had his shape—Sir Robert's—as he has." *Sir Robert his*, for *Sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. ³ Theobald says, that in this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humourously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the same time coined shillings, six-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence; and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the rose behind, and without the rose. The shilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, viz. the six-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the rose. But Dr. Warburton observes, that the sticking roses about them was then all the court-fashion. ⁴ What then? ⁵ These expressions mean, says Mr. Steevens, to be *born out of wedlock*. ⁶ i. e. a step. ⁷ Faulconbridge here entertains himself with ideas of greatness.—*Good den, Sir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal. *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. ⁸ i. e. *respectful*. ⁹ *To pick the teeth*, and wear a *figged beard*, were, in that time, marks of a traveller, or man affecting foreign fashions. ¹⁰ See note ⁸, p. 164. ¹¹ i. e. as they then spoke and wrote it, an *abssey-book*, meaning a *catechism*. ¹² Which for *this*. ¹³ Dr. Johnson says, our author means, that a woman who travelled about like a *post*, was likely to *horn* her husband.

Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek for?

Lady. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. [while?]

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave?

Gur. Good leave¹, good Philip.

Phil. Philip?—sparrow!—James,

There's toys abroad²; anon I'll tell thee more.

[Exit James.]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have eat his part in me

Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:

Sir Robert could do well; Marry, to confess!

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mo-

To whom am I beholden for these limbs? [ther,

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine hon-
our?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco
like³:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Phil. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not with a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand⁴.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well—

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says, it was, he lyes; I say, 'twas not.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

*Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the
Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.*

Lewis. BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Au-
stria.—

Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,

And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,

At our importance⁵ hither is he come,

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;

And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's

The rather, that you give his offspring life, [death,

Shadowing their right under your wings of war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

'Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even 'till that utmost corner of the west,

Salute thee for her king: 'till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks, [strength,

'Till your strong hand shall help to give him

To make a more⁶ requital to your love.

¹ Good leave means a ready assent. ² i. e. rumours, idle reports. ³ Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of satire on a stupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perseda*. In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Basilisco. His pretension to valour is so blown, and seen through, that Pistol, a buffoon-servant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not disengage him, till he makes Basilisco swear upon his dudgeon dagger that he was a *knave, knave, knave*, and no *knight, knight, knight*, as Basilisco arrogantly styled himself. In the same manner Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throws off that reproach by humourously laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*. ⁴ Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria; for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. ⁵ i. e. *importance*. ⁶ i. e. greater.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift
In such a just and charitable war. [their swords]

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon
shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages :—

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Conf. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Left unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood :

My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war ;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Philip. A wonder, lady !—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

We coldly pause for thee ; Chatillon, speak. [sings,

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paitry

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms ; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I :

His marches are expedient ¹ to this town,

His forces strong, his foldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife ;

With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;

With them a bastard of the king deceas'd :

And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,

Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,

To do offence and scath ² in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums

[Drums beat.

Cuts off more circumstance : They are at hand,

To parley, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this ex-
pedition !

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence ;

For courage mounteth with occasion :

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King John, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch,
Pembroke, and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France ; if France in peace

Our just and lineal entrance to our own ! [permut

If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Philip. Peace be to England ; if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace !

England we love ; and for that England's sake,

With burthen of our armour here we sweat :

This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;

But thou from loving England art so far,

That thou hast under-wrought ³ its lawful king,

Cut off the sequence of posterity,

Out-faced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.

Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face ;—

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :

This little abstract doth contain that large,

Which dy'd in Geoffrey ; and the hand of time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,

And this his son ; England was Geoffrey's right,

And this is Geoffrey's : In the name of God,

How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,

When living blood doth in these temples beat,

Which owe the crown that thou o'er-matterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great com-
mission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles ? [thoughts

K. Phil. From that supernal judge, that stirs good

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right.

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;

And by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Philip. Excuse it ; 'tis to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Conf. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;

That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !

Conf. My bed was ever to thy son as true,

As thine was to thy husband : and this boy

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,

Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,

As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,

His father never was so true begot ;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother. [father.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy

Conf. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou ?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An a' may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ;

I'll smother your skin-coat, an I catch you right ;

Surren, look to't ; I'faith, I will, I'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe !

Faulc. It lies as lightly on the back of him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ais :—

But, ais, I'll take that burden from your back ;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deafs our

With this abundance of superfluous breath ? [ears

King Lewis, determine what we shall do strait.

¹ That is, expeditious. ² i. e. destruction, harm. ³ i. e. undermined.

K. Philip. Women, and fools, break off your conference.—

King John, this is the very fum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as soon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no !
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee ; [eyes,
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth !

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth !
Call not me slanderer ; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy : This is the eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee ;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child ;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
And with her ¹.—Plague her son ; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her ² ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son. [will ;

Const. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked
A woman's will ; a cankered grandam's will !

K. Philip. Peace, lady ; pause, or be more tempe-
It ill befeems this presence, to cry aim ³ [rate :

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

These men of Angiers ; let us hear them speak,

Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

[Trumpets sound.

Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls ?
K. Philip. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself :
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Philip. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage ;—Therefore, hear
us first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates ;
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who, painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle :
And now, instead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears :
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king ; whose labour'd spirits,
Foreweary'd in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Philip. When I have said, make answer to us
Lo, in this right hand, whose protection [both
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet ;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town,
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes ⁴ it ; namely, this young prince :
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,

¹ Dr. Johnson thus explains this very obscure passage : " He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime* ; but her *sin*, her *offspring*. and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant ; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her* ; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil." ² The same able and judicious commentator assigns the following meaning to this perplexed sentence : " Instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring : then the affliction will fall where it is deserved ; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punished in the person of this child*."

³ i. e. to encourage. See note ⁸, p. 57. ⁴ i. e. owns it.

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up ;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven ;
 And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
 But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure¹ of your old fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war ;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession ? [jects ;

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subject
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town. [in.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me

Cit. That can we not ; but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal ; 'till that time,
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
 the king ?

And, if not that, I bring you witness,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—
Faulc. Bastards, and else.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Philip. As many, and as well-born bloods as
Faulc. Some bastards too. [those,—

K. Philip.—Stand in his face, to contradict his
 claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
 That to their everlasting residence, [souls
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

K. Philip. Amen, Amen !—Mount, chevaliers !
 to arms ! [and e'er since

Faulc. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon,
 Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
 Teach us some fence !—Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, with your lions,
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
 And make a monster of you.— [To Austria.

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Faulc. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll
 In best appointment, all our regiments. [set forth,

Faulc. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Philip. It shall be so ;—and at the other hill
 Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !
 [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*After excursions, enter the Herald of France, with
 trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
 And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ; [gates
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
 Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells ; [proach,
 King John, your king, and England's, doth ap-
 Commander of this hot malicious day !
 Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :

Open your gates, and give the victors way. [hold,

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might be-
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured : [blows ;
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power :

Both are alike ; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest ; while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at several doors.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 Say, shall the current of our right run on ? [away ?
 Whose passage vex with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep

A peaceful progress to the ocean. [blood,

K. Philip. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate over-looks,—
 Before we will lay by our just-borne arms, [bear,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;

Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
 Oh, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his phangs ;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?

Cry, Havock, kings² ! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents³, fiery-kindled spirits !

Then let confusion of one part confirm [death !
 The other's peace ; 'till then, blows, blood, and

¹ i. e. the circle. ² i. e. command slaughter to proceed. ³ Potentates.

K. John.

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit? [your king?]

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king. [his right.]

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy, And bear possession of our person here; Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power, than ye, denies all this; And, 'till it be undoubted, we do lock Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates: Kings of our fears; until our fears, resolv'd, Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faulc. By heaven, these scroyles¹ of Angiers flout you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements, As in a theatre, whence they gape and point At your industrious scenes and acts of death. Your royal presences be rul'd by me;

Do like the mutines of Jerusalem, Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:

By east and west let France and England mount Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;

'Till their foul-fearing clamours have brawld down The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:

I'd play incessantly upon these jades, Even 'till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,

And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

Out of one side her happy minion;

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,

I like it well:—France, shall we knit our powers,

And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Faulc. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—

Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these faucy walls:

And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,

Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

K. Philip. Let it be so: Say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Philip. Our thunder from the south

Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! From north to south;

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[Aside.] I'll stir them to it: Come, away! away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field:

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear. [Blanch²,

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady

Is near to England: Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous³ love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious fought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, oh say, he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

Oh, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,

With swifter spleen⁴ than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance: but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion; no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, [seas;

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoak, and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;

Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethumpt with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unfur'd assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France; [souls

Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while they

¹ i. e. scabby, scrophulous fellows. ² The Lady Blanch was niece to king John by his sister Elianor. ³ i. e. pious. ⁴ Our author uses spleen for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed.

Are capable of this ambition ;

Left zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town ?

K. Phil. Speak England first, that hath been for-
To speak unto this city : What say you ? [ward first

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely
Can in this book of beauty read, I love, [son,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen ;

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea

(Except this city now by us besieg'd)

Find liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed ; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world. [face.

K. Phil. What say'st thou, boy ? look in the lady's

Lewis. I do, my lord ; and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye ;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,

'Till now infixed I beheld myself,

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—

And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth spy

Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine :

If he see ought in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will ;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
your judge)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What
say you, my niece ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you
love this lady ?

Lewis. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly. [Maine,

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen¹, Touraine,
Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee ; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well ;—Young princes,
close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too ; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd².

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made ;

For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Constance in this troop ?—

I know, she is not ; for this match, made up,

Her presence would have interrupted much :—

Where is she and her son ; tell me, who knows ?

Lewis. She is sad and passionate at your high-
ness' tent. [have made,

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we
Will give her sadness very little cure.—

Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady ? In her right we came ;

Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all :

For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,

And earl of Richmond ; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance ;

Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity :—I trust we shall,

If not fill up the measure of her will,

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,

That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,

To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Mad world ! mad kings ! mad compo-
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole, [tion !

Hath willingly departed³ with a part :

And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,

As God's own soldier) rounded in the ear⁴

With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil ;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;

That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,

Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,

(Who having no external thing to lose

But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—

Commodity⁵, the bias of the world ;

The world, who of itself is peised well,

Made to run even, upon even ground ;

'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this commodity,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent :

And this same bias, this commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,

Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,

From a resolv'd and honourable war,

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity ?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet :

¹ This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin*. ² i. e. affianced, contracted.

³ To part and to depart were formerly synonymous, ⁴ i. e. whispered in the ear. ⁵ i. e. interest.

Not that I have the power to clutch my hand¹,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raieth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee! [Exit.]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

The French King's pavilion.

Enter Constance, Arbur, and Salisbury.

Const. **G**one to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone
to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those pro-
vinces?

It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
I trust, I may not trust thee: for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confests, thou didst but jest,
With my vext spirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be these sad sighs confirmers of thy words?
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! Oh boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy sight;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bidst me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless² stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart³, prodigious⁴,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,

I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go
with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Austria.*

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
Ever in France shall be kept festival: [day
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!— [Kings
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;

That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides⁵, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:

¹ To clutch the hand, is to clasp it close. ² Sightless here means disagreeable to the sight. ³ i. e. black, tawney. ⁴ i. e. portentous, such as may seem a prodigy. ⁵ i. e. solemn seasons.

Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost¹ :
But² on this day, let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break, that are not this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curie the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguild me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty ; which, being touch'd, and
try'd,

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league :—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace : but, ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings !
Hear me, oh, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges ! O Austria ! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward ;

Thou little valiant, great in villainy !
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
And soust³ up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Been sworn my soldier ? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
Thou wear a lion's hide ! dost it⁴ for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs⁵.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me !

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant⁵
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven !—
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn ; and, force perforce,

Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?

This, in our 'forefaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can take the free breath of a sacred king ?

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale ; and, from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand :
So tell the pope ; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of
Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out ;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself :
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate :
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic ;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, Amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go
thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
limbs.

¹ i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, or monster. ² But here signifies except.
³ i. e. put it off. ⁴ When fools were kept for amusement in great families, they were distinguished
by a calf-skin coat, which had the buttons down the back. This circumstance will explain the
sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a fool. ⁵ i. e. cowardly.

Aust.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because——

Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome. [here

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee
In likeness of a new untrimmed¹ bride. [faith,

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,——
That faith will live again by death of need:

O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down. [this.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.

Faulc. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
lout. [say.

K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
Pand. What can'st thou say, but will perplex
thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst? [yours,

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls

Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

With all religious strength of sacred vows;

The latest breath, that gave the found of words,

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,—

No longer than we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace,——

Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:

And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret²?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,

Give what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased³ lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is't not amiss, when it is truly done?

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better act of purposes mistook

Is, to mistake again; though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;

But thou hast sworn against religion: [swear'st;

By which thou swear'st against the thing thou

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth

Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure

To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;

Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?

But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;

And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.

Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,

Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:

And better conquest never canst thou make,

Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts

Against these giddy loose suggestions:

Upon which better part our prayers come in,

If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, fiat rebellion!

Faulc. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—

Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—aye, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which 'till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. Oh, upon my knee,

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,

Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom

Fore-thought by heaven. [may

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love; what motive

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee up-
holds, [mour!

His honour: Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine ho-

¹ i. e. undressed. ² A regret is an exchange of salutation. ³ Some editions read chafed.

Lewis. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall
from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour. [ton time,

Faulc. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sex-
is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercaft with blood: Fair day,
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adien!

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my
life dies. [ther.—

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance toge-
[Exit Faulconbridge.

France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath;

A rage whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou
shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To
arms, let's lie! [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A field of battle.

*Alarums, excursions: enter Faulconbridge, with Aus-
tria's head.*

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous
Some airy devil hovers in the sky, [hot:
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy:—Philip¹, make
My mother is assailed in our tent, [up;
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Alarums, excursions, retreat. Re-enter King John,
Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.*

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay
behind, [To Elinor.

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:

[To Arthur.
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was. [grief.

Artb. O, this will make my mother die with

K. John. Cousin, away for England; haste be-
fore: [To Faulconbridge.

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force. [back,

Faulc. Bell book and candle shall not drive me
When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [Exit Faulc.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[Taking him to one side of the stage.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert, O my gentle Hu-
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh [bert,

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty. [foyet:

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,

Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven; and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds²,

To give me audience:—If the midnight bell

Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,

Sound on³ unto the drowsy race of night;

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that fury spirit, melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;

(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,

Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,

And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes)

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,

Hear me without thine ears, and make reply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;

Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:

But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;

And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye

On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,

¹ Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. ² *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. ³ Warburton thinks we should read, "sound one;" and Mr. Malone observes, that *on* and *one* are perpetually confounded in the old copies of Shakespeare.

He is a very serpent in my way ;
And, wherefoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : Dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord ?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee ;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee :
Remember.—Madam, fare you well :
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

El. My blessing go with thee !

K. John. For England, cousin, go :

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French Court.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandolph, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armada of collected sail
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort ! all shall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have
run so ill ?

Are we not beaten ? Is not Angiers lost ?
Arthur ta'en prisoner ? divers dear friends slain ?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France ?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd :
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce¹ a cause,
Doth want example : Who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred action like to this ?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had
this praise,

So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath :—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phil. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle
Constance !

Const. No, I defy² all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death :—Oh amiable, lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself :

Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife ! Misery's love,
Oh, come to me !

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a modern³ invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art unholy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey's wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :

If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity. [note]

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses : Oh, what love I
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends⁴
Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs. [do it ?]

Const. Yes, that I will : And wherefore will I
I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,
" Oh that these hands could so redeem my son,
" As they have given these hairs their liberty !"
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday fustire⁵,
There was not such a gracious⁶ creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit :
And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

¹ Fierce here means, sudden, hasty. ² i. e. I refuse. ³ Modern here implies, as has been be-
fore remarked in other plays, trite, common. ⁴ The old copy reads wiry friends. ⁵ i. e. breathe.
⁶ i. e. graceful.

Conf. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [*Exit.*]

K. Phil. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[*Exit.*]

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, [*me joy:*]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange, to think how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lewis. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lewis. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:

For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood¹,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That none so small advantage shall step forth,
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature², no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,
Offending charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the king; 'Tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their discontent:
Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reasons make strong actions:—

Let us go;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

England.

Northampton. A room in the castle.

Enter Hubert, and Executioners.

Hub. **H**EAT me these irons hot; and, look
thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth;
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.— [*Exeunt executioners.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

¹ Meaning, the blood of him that has the just claim. ² The author very finely calls a monstrous birth, an escape of nature: as if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. D d Enter

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I:

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me:

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, isn't not; And I would to heaven,

I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be fudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale
to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;

That I might sit all night, and watch with you:

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—

Read here, young Arthur— [*Shewing a paper.*]

How now, foolish rheum!

Turning spiteous torture out of door?

I must be brief; lest resolution drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head
did but ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)

And I did never ask it you again:

And with my hand at midnight held your head;

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?

Many a poor man's son would have lain still,

And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;

But you at your sick service had a prince.

Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,

So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,

Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench this fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence?

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,

And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but

Hubert's. [*Hubert stamps, and the men enter.*]

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes
are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boistrous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor vince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you;

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed. [*Exit.*]

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may

Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes. [*In your,*]

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boistrous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:

Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,

So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy. [*grin*]

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with

Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;

There is no malice in this burning coal;

The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluish

And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;

And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office; only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend;

Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

* i. e. an intense
guilt, and

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes * :
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again
crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness
pleas'd,

Was once superfluous : you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off ;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt ;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To guard¹ a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Into the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told ;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured :
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about ;
Startles and frights consideration ;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. [well,

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than
They do confound their skill in covetousness² :
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse ;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel : but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it ; and we are all well pleas'd ;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Must make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong ;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear)
I shall endue you with : Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well ;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear, and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound³ the purposes of all their hearts)
Both for myself and them (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur ; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument :—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty ;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so ; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you ?
Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody
deed ;

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine :
The image of a wicked, heinous fault
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast ;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience⁴,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks, I fear will issue
thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong
hand :—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he
was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
on me ?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

* i. e. owns. ¹ To guard, is to fringe. ² i. e. not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation,
an intense desire of excelling. ³ i. e. to declare, to publish. ⁴ i. e. between his consciousness of
guilt, and his design to conceal it by fair professions. ⁵ i. e. placed.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. *[Exeunt.]*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England.—Never such a
For any foreign preparation, *[power]*
Was levy'd in the body of a land!

The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd. *[drunk:]*

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
Where it hath slept? Where is my mother's care;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mef. My liege, her ear
Is stop't with dust; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mef. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Falconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The turns I have collected shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st
thou say so? *[to.]*

Peter. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety¹, and return,

For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[Exit Hubert, with Peter.]
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again;
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will seek them out. *[before.—]*

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *[Exit.]*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege. *[Exit.]*

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert. *[to-night:]*

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophecy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet²)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattel'd and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

¹ i. e. into custody. ² From this we are to infer, that some shoes of those times could only be worn on that foot for which they were made.

Thy hand hath murder'd him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord ! why, did not you
provoke me ?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life :
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt
heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation !
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done ? Hadest not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted¹, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind :
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death ;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'st it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,——

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or
made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd ;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
Or bid me tell my tale in express words ; [off,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
But thou didst understand me by my signs, [me :
And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name—
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to
the peers,

Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !

Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

A Street before a Prison.

Enter Arthur on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down :—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !—
There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.

Oh me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

[Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's-bury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melan, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private² with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward : for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or ere³ we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords !

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us ;
We will not line his thin-betained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best. [now.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason⁴

Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief :

Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath its privilege.

Faulc. 'Tis true ; to hurt his master, no man
else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

[Seeing Arthur.

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty !

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge. [grave,

Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you
beheld,

¹ i. e. observed, distinguished. ² Meaning, his private account, or letter to me. ³ i. e. before.
⁴ i. e. speak.

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,¹
Till I have set a glory² to this hand,
By giving it the worship³ of revenge.

Pemb. Bigot. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death:—
Arrant, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [*Drawing his sword.*]

Faulc. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;

By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true⁴ defence;
Left I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove⁵ me so; [*false,*
Yet⁶, I am none: Whose tongue foe'er speaks
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Faulc. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury:
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot, [*bury*;
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer? [*bridge?*]

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Bigot. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out. [*Exeunt lords.*]

Faulc. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach [*fair work?*]
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what:
Thou art damn'd so black—nay, nothing is so black,
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Faulc. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd⁷ interest of proud swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarlth in the gentle eyes of peace;

¹ This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. ² Glory here means splendour, or renown. ³ i. e. the honour or dignity. ⁴ i. e. honest. ⁵ i. e. do not make me one. ⁶ Yet for hitherto. ⁷ i. e. unclaimed, or unowned.

Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.¹
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can

Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and attendants.

K. John. **T**HUS have I yielded up into your hand

The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the crown.*]

Pand. Take again

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority. [*the French;*]

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.

Our discontented counties do revolt;

Our people quarrel with obedience;

Swearing allegiance, and the love of foul,

To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.

This inundation of mitemper'd humour

Reits by you only to be qualify'd.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,

That present medicine must be ministr'd,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

[*up,*]

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:

But, since you are a gentle convertite²,

My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,

And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the Pope,

Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*]

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the

Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon, [*prophet*]

My crown I should give off? Even so I have:

I did suppose, it should be on constraint;

But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds

But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd, [*out,*]

Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy;

And wild amazement hurries up and down

The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,

After they heard young Arthur was alive? [*streets;*]

Faulc. They found him dead, and cast into the

An empty casket, where the jewel of life,

By some damn'd hand, was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den? [*there?*]

And fright him there; and make him tremble

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage³, and run

To meet displeasure farther from the doors;

And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh. [*me,*]

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with

And I have made a happy peace with him;

And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers

Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,

Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,

Insinuation, parley, and base truce,

To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,

A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:

Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,

They saw we had a purpose of defence. [*time.*]

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,

Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,

Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,

And keep it safe for our remembrance:

Return the precedent⁴ to these lords again;

That, having our fair order written down,

Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,

¹ *Wrested pomp* means, greatness obtained by violence. ² *i. e.* convert. ³ *i. e.* range abroad.
⁴ *i. e.* the original treaty between the Dauphin and the English lords.

May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandolph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,

To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew. [back;

Lewis. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at controul,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chafis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return
'Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To out-look conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds.]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Faulconbridge, attended.

Faulc. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

¹ This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd¹ sawciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your
door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch²;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his airy³ towers,
To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face
in peace;

We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

Faulc. No, I will speak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will
cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not
doubt. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell
me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?
K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me; Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulcon-
bridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field;
And send him word by me, which way you go.
K. John. Tell him, toward Swinestead, to the
abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin-sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁴ but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinestead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. [field.

Pemb. They say, king John, sore sick, hath left the

Enter Melun wounded, and led by soldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my
Retaining but a quantity of life; [view,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire⁵?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

¹ i. e. unhearded sawciness, alluding to the Dauphin's youth. ² To take the hatch, is to leap the hatch. ³ An airy is the nest of an eagle. ⁴ Meaning, Faulconbridge. ⁵ Alluding to the images made by witches.

Why should I then be false; since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandfire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do see the cruel pangs of death [flight;
Right¹ in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New
And happy newness, that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V.

A different part of the French Camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth
to set;
But fad, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground
In faint retire: Oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needful shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!—

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lewis. Here:—What news? [Lords,

Mes. The Count Melun is slain; the English
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lewis. Ah foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy
very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mes. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lewis. Well; keep good quarter and good care
to-night:

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinfield Abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly,
or I shoot.

Faulc. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Faulc. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may I not de-
mand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Faulc. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
Who art thou?

Faulc. Who thou wilt: an if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame:—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; fans compliment, what
news abroad? [night,

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitted to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk;
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all
come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Faulc. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;

I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Right signifies immediate; this sense, however, is now obsolete.

S C E N E VII.

*The Orchard in Swinestead-Abbey.**Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them: invisible his siege is now,
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

Hen. How fares your majesty? [cast off:]

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. Oh, cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the shrewds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turn'd to one thread, one little hair;

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but 'till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [The king dies.]

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
ear.—

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Faulc. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres, [faiths:]

Where be your powers? Shew now your mended
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we:
The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well finew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Faulc. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [thanks,]

Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt omnes.]

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K. Rich.

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THE LIFE¹ AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King RICHARD the Second.

EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York,
JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster,

} Uncles to
the King.

HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford, afterwards King Henry the Fourth, son to John of Gaunt.

Duke of AUMERLE², son to the Duke of York.

MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of SURREY.

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl BERKLEY³.

BUSHY,

BAGOT,

GREEN,

} Creatures to King Richard.

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

PERCY, son to Northumberland.

Lord ROSS⁴.

Lord WILLOUGHBY.

Lord FITZWATER.

Bishop of CARLISLE.

Sir STEPHEN SCROOP.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

Abbot of WESTMINSTER.

Sir PIERCE of EXTON.

Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

Queen to King Richard.

Dutchess of GLOSTER.

Dutchess of YORK.

Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly, in England and Wales.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Court.

Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

K. Rich. OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,

Hast thou, according to thy oath and band⁵,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son;
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege. [him,

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou founded
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;

Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—

On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence; face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:—
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall

My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

¹ This history, however, comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. ² Aumerle is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. ³ Mr. Steevens says, it ought to be Lord Berkley, as there was no Earl Berkley 'till some ages after. ⁴ Now spelt *Ross*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. ⁵ i. e. bond.

Mowb.

Mowb. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but
flatters us,

As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First (heaven be the record to my speech!)
In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,

And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuse my
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me,
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground² inhabitable
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw
my gage,

Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Mowb. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,

Or chivalrous design of knightly trial;

And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's?
It must be great, that can inherit us³

So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true;—

Boling. Look, what I said, my life shall prove it.
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge

That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,

Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.

Further I say,—and further will maintain
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—

That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;

And, consequently, like a traitor coward, [blood;
Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,

Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;

And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution foars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,

'Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize

The unstooping firmness of my upright soul:
He is our subject, Mowbray, to art thou;

Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his highness' soldiers:

The other part reserv'd I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,

Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France, to fetch his queen:

Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,—

I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—

For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,—

Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:

But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd

Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.

¹ Meaning, his sword drawn in a right or just cause. ² i. e. not habitable. ³ i. e. possession.

This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by
Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no physician ;
Deep malice makes too deep incision :
Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age ;
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid : there
is no boot ¹.

Mowb. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
(Despight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled ² here ;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
Give me his gage :—Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their spots : take
but my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mae honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honour from me, and my life is done :
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you
begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my soul from such
foul sin !

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's fight ?
Or with pale beggar face ³ impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or found so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear ;
And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand :

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice decide the victor's chivalry.—

Lord marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas ! the part ⁴ I had in Gloster's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But, since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur ?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches, springing from one root :
Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut .
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.

Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that
womb,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death,

In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,

Thou shew'st the naked path-way to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :

That which in mean men we entitle—patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,

The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's
substitute,

His deputy anointed in his fight,

Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift

An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and
defence.

¹ i. e. no advantage in delay or refusal. ² Baffled, in this, as has been noted in a former place, means, treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. ³ i. e. with a face of supplication. ⁴ i. e. my relation of consanguinity to Gloster.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewel, old Gaunt !
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
O, fit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford !
Farewel, old Gaunt ; thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewel : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Dutch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth
where it falls,

Not with the empty hollownefs, but weight :
I take my leave before I have begun ;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;
I shall remember more. Bid him—Oh, what ?—
With all good speed at Plafhy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there see,
But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?
Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,
To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where :
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Lift at Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd ?

Aum. Yea, at all points ; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd,
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*
The trumpets found, and the King enters with Gaunt,

Busby, Bagot, and others : when they are set,
enter the Duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms :

Ask him his name ; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art, [*To Mowbray.*

And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms ;
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel :
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath,
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Who hither come engaged by my oath, [*Norfolk ;*
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and his succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;

And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

*Trumpets found. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in
armour.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st
thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal lists ? [*To Boling.*
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sove-
reign's hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your high-
ness, [*To K. Rich.*

And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend and fold him in our
arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !

Farewel, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :

As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—

My loving lord, I take my leave of you ;—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle ;—

Not sick, although I have to do with death ;

But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret

The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :

Oh thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

[*To Gaunt.*

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen¹ coat,

¹ Mr. Steevens observes on this passage, that "waxen may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form to every motion of the body."

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous !

Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :

Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and saint George to
thrive !

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, cast my
lot,

There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
As gentle, and as jocund, as to jest¹,
Go I to fight ; truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord : securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, Marhal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receivethy lance ; and heaven defend the right !

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry--Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of
Norfolk.

¹ *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Der-
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

² *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
On pain to be found false and recreant, [Norfolk,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal ;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin. [*A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets ; and set forward, com-
batants.

Stay, the king has thrown his warder² down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again :—
Withdraw with us ;—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish ; after which, the king
speaks to the combatants.*

Draw near,
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be foil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered,

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour's swords ;

[³ And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep ;]

Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,

And harsh-responding trumpets' dreadful bray,

And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,

And make us wade even in our kindred's blood,—

Therefore, we banish you our territories.—

You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,

'Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,

Shall not regret our fair dominions,

But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done : This must my
comfort be,—

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me ;

And those his golden beams, to you here lent,

Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce :

The fly-flow hours shall not determinate

The dateless limit of thy dear exile ;—

The hopeless word of—never to return,

Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Mowb. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth :

A dearer merit⁴ not so deep a maim

As to be cast forth in the common air,

Have I deserved at your highness' hand.

The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego :

And now my tongue's use is to me no more

Than an unstringed viol, or a harp ;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

Within my mouth you have engag'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips ;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance

Is made my gaoler to attend on me.

I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,

Too far in years to be a pupil now ;

What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate⁵ ;

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's

light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands ;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,

(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)

To keep the oath that we administer :—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven !)

¹ Mr. Farmer remarks, that *to jest* sometimes signifies in old language *to play a part in a mask*.

² A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. ³ Mr. Pope restored these five verses from the first edition of 1598. ⁴ Instead of *merit* Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "a dearer meed," or *reward*—have I deserved, &c. ⁵ *Compassionate for plaintive*.

Embrace each other's love in banishment ;
Nor ever look upon each other's face ;
Nor ever write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate ;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complet any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk,—so far as to mine enemy¹ ;—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land :
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm ;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence !
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know ;
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege :—Now no way can I stray ;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart : thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away ;—Six frozen winters spent,

[*To Boling.*]

Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word !
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word : Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile :
But little vantage shall I reap thereby ;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night ;
My inch of taper will be burnt and dene,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou can'st give :
Shorten my days thou can'st with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou can'st help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage ;
Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ? [*four.*]

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would have been more mild ;
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong :

A partial slander² fought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd. [*to ;*]

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him
Six years we banish him, and he shall go. [*Flewish.*]

[*Exit.*]

Aun. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not
From where you do remain, let paper show. [*know,*]

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side. [*word,*]

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one
hour ten. [*sure.*]

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for plea-

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages ; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief ?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wife man ports and happy havens :
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;
There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee ;
But thou the king : Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee : or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st :
Suppose the singing birds, musicians ; [*strow'd ;*]
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence
The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure or a dance :

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast ?

Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat ?

Oh, no ! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse :

¹ Dr. Johnson understands this passage thus : " Norfolk, so far I have address'd myself to thee as to mine enemy, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, confess thy treasons." ² i. e. the reproach of partiality.

Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way :

Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell ; sweet
foil, adieu ;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet !

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,——

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Court.

*Enter King Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door,
and the Lord Aumerle at the other.*

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way ?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him
so,

But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed ?

[*wind,*

Aum. 'Faith, none by me : except the north-east
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleepy rheum ; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you
parted with him ?

Aum. Farewel :

And for my heart disdain'd that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,

He should have had a volume of farewells ;

But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin ; but 'tis
doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common people :

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy ;

What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;

Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;

A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee, [*friends ;*—

With——“ Thanks, my countrymen, my loving

As were our England in reversion his,

And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone ; and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland ;—

Expedient¹ manage must be made, my liege ;

Ere further leisure yield them further means,

For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.

And, for our coffers—with too great a court,

And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,

We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;

The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand : If that come short,

Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;

Whereto, when they shall know what men are
rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,

And send them after to supply our wants ;

For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news ? [*lord ;*

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,

To intreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he ?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

[*mind,*

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's
To help him to his grave immediately !

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :

Pray heaven, we may make haste, and come too
late !

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

London.

A room in Ely-house.

Gaunt brought in sick : with the Duke of York.

Gaunt. **W**ILL the king come ? that I may
breathe my last

In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with
your breath ;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say the tongues of dying
men

Inforce attention, like deep harmony :

Where words are scarce they are seldom spent in
vain ;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
He, that no more must say, is listen'd more [*pain.*

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to
glose ;

[*fore :*

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be—

The setting sun, and music at the close,

¹ i. e. expeditious.

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last ;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past :
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear. [sounded,

York. No ; it is stop'd with other flattering
As, praises of his state : then, there are found
Lascivious meeters¹ ; to whose venom'd sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen :
Report of fashions in proud Italy ;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears ?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard².
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse³ ;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd ;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him :—
His rash⁴ fierce blaze of riot cannot last ;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves :
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short ;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes ;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder :
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise ;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection⁵, and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian-service, and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son ;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement ; or pelting⁶ farm :
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds⁷ ;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
Ah ! would the scandal vanish with my life,

How happy then, were my ensuing death !

*Enter King Richard, Queen, Aumerle, Busby, Green,
Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.*

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his
youth ;

For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with
aged Gaunt ?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition !
Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :

The pleasure that some fathers feed upon,

Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;

And, therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt :

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,

Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,

I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those
that live ?

Gaunt. No, no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st
me. [He.]

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou dy'st, though I the sicker

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I see thee
ill. [Ill ;]

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee
ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Giv'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

Oh, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Who art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease :

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame, to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law⁸ ;

And—

¹ i. e. metres, or verses. ² Meaning, where the will rebels against the understanding. ³ i. e. will follow his own course. ⁴ i. e. hasty, violent. ⁵ i. e. against pestilence. ⁶ i. e. mean, paltry. ⁷ Alluding to the great sums raised upon the subject by loans and other exactions, in this reign. ⁸ Dr. Johnson interprets this passage thus : " By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty ; thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords ; by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law ; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt."

K. Rich. —Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chafing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my feat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)
May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood:
Join with the present sickness that I have;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!
These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
Love they to live¹, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out.]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and fullness have;

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love,
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is. [to his;

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to

K. Rich. What says he? [your majesty.]

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:

His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. [to

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns²;

Which live like venom, where no venom else³,
But only they, hath privilege to live.

And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,—
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us

The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd. [long

York. How long shall I be patient? Oh, how
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?

Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,

Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—

I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,

Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?

Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time

His charters, and his customary rights;

Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;

Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,

But by fair sequence and succession?

Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!)

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,

Call in his letters patents that he hath

By his attornies-general to sue

His livery, and deny⁴ his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think. [hands

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:

What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;

But by bad courses may be understood,

That their events can never fall out good. [Exit.

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house, [straight;

To see this business: To-morrow next

We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;

And we create, in absence of ourself,

Our uncle York lord-governor of England,

For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—

Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short. [Flourish.

[Exeunt King, Queen, &c.]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue. [silence,

¹ That is, let them love to live. ² Kern signifies an Irish foot-soldier; an Irish boor. ³ Alluding to a tradition, that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from every species of venomous reptiles. ⁴ i. e. refuse.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er
speak more,
That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Will. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of
Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Ros. No good at all, that I can do for him;
Unless you call it good, to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame such
wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ros. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous
taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are devis'd;
As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. War hath not wasted it, for warr'd he
hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ros. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in
farm. [man.]

Will. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over
him.

Ros. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthensous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke. [king!]

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit fore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not¹, but securely perish.

Ros. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoids is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes
I spy life peering: but I dare not say, [of death,
How near the tidings of our comfort is. [doth ours.]

Will. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou

Ros. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc,
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence, [a bay

That Harry Hereford, Reignold Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter²;
His brother, archbishop late³ of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Imp out⁴ our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself.

Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge:

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ros. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them
that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be
there. [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

The Court.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is much too sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty
shadows,

Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives⁵, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,

¹ To strike the sails, is, to contract them. ² Mr. Steevens observes, that this circumstance, of having broke from the duke of Exeter, applies solely to Thomas Arundel, son and heir to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign; and from thence conjectures, that a line is lost, in which his name had originally a place. The archbishop next mentioned, was uncle to this young lord, though Shakspeare mistakenly calls him his brother. ³ Having been deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king. ⁴ This expression is borrowed from falconry. To imp a hawk, was to supply such wing-feathers as dropped, or were forced out by any accident. ⁵ Warburton says this is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this; "Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in optics, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of perspective are inverted: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of perspective, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakspeare says, ey'd awry."

Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's
not seen :

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious
lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less : conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father grief ; mine is not so ;
For nothing hath begot my something grief ;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve :
'Tis in reversion that I do possess ;
But what it is, that is not yet known ; what
I cannot name ; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven save your majesty !—and well
met, gentlemen :—
I hope the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'st thou so ? 'tis better hope, he is ;
For his designs crave haste, his hate good hope ;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd ?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd
his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land :
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspur.

Queen. Now Gbd in heaven forbid !

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true : and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry
Percy,

The lords of Roos, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northum-
berland,

And the rest of the revolted faction, traitors ?

Green. We have : whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir ;
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy ;
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me ?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope : he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck ;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks !—

Uncle, for heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts :
Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home :
Here am I left to underprop his land ;
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself :—
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made ;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was ?—Why, so !—go all which way
it will !—

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby², to my sister Gloster
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound :—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship :
To-day, I came by, and call'd there ;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave ?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutchess dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy ! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once !

I know not what to do :—I would to heaven,
(So my untruth³ hath not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland ?—
How shall we do for money for these wars ?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say ; pray, pardon
me.—

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

[To the servant.]

And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go muster men ? If I know
How, or which way, to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen ;—
The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend ; the other again,
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd ;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you :—Go, muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.
I should to Plasby too ;—
But time will not permit :—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exeunt York and Queen.]

Busby. The wind fits fair for news to go to Ire-
But none returns. For us to levy power, [land,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

¹ i. e. drawn it back. ² The lordship of Plasby was a town of the dutchess of Gloster's in Essex.
³ i. e. disloyalty, treachery.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the king. [castle;

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas! poor duke, the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Busby. Farewel at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenspurgh to Cotswold, will be found
In Rofs, and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possess:

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
By fight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen? [court,

Percy. No; my good lord; he hath forsook the
broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh, [traitor.

To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is
the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and
None else of name, and noble estimate. [Seymour,

Enter Rofs and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Rofs and
Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste. [pursues

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love
A banish'd traitor; all my treasury

Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Rofs. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor;

Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my
meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will)
From the most glorious of this land,

The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,¹
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle!

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy
Whose duty is deceivable and false. [knee,

¹ Meaning, perhaps, the time of the king's absence,

Boling. My gracious uncle !—

York. Tut, tut !

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle :
I am no traitor's uncle ; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground ?
But more than why,—Why have they dar'd
to march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom ;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of despised arms ?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence ?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French ;
Oh, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault !

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault ;
On what condition stands it, and wherein ?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign. [ford ;

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Here—
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive ; O, then, my father !
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond ; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts ? Wherefore was I born ?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
Had you first dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am deny'd to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave :
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold :
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
And challenge law : Attornies are deny'd me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent. [abus'd.

North. The noble duke hath been too much

Refs. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made
great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right :

But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be ;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own : and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left :
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you :—but yet
I'll pause ;

For I am loth to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are :
Things past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*

2 SCENE IV.

In Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king ;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman ;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee. [*stay.*

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead ; we will not
The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven :
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change ;
Rich men look sad, and rustians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war :
These signs forerun the death of kings—
Farewel ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ On for in. ² Dr. Johnson conjectures that this dialogue was probably the second scene in the ensuing Act, and advises the reader to insert it there.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.**Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Ross, Percy, Willoughby, with Bushy and Green, prisoners.**Boling.* **B**RING forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls

(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
 I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have mist a prince, a royal king,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappy'd and disgrac'd clean.
 You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
 Broke the possession of a royal bed,
 And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 'Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd¹ my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From mine own windows torn my household coat²,
 Raz'd out my imprese³, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
 over

To execution and the hand of death.

[*me,**Bushy.* More welcome is the stroke of death to
Than Bolingbroke to England.—*Lords, farewell.**Green.* My comfort is,—that heaven will take
our souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dis-
patch'd.—

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.*Boling.* Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords,
away;[To fight with Glendower and his complices⁴;A while to work; and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*The coast of Wales. A castle in view.**Flourish: drums and trumpets.**Enter King Richard, Aumerle, Bishop of Carlisle,
and soldiers.**K. Rich.* Barkloughly cattle call you this at hand?*Aum.* Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace
the air,

After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep
for joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
 As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that
made you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.

The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,

And we would not heaven's offer, we refuse

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know 't thou not,

That, when the searching eye of heaven is hid

Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseem,

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detected sins, [back;

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their

¹ To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. ² It was then the practice to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. ³ The *imprese* was a device or motto. ⁴ Theobald is of opinion (and we think his reasons for thinking so are just), that this line is an interpolation. ⁵ Here Dr. Johnson thinks, may be properly inserted the last scene of the second Act.

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
 So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
 Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
 Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
 Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
 His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
 Not able to endure the sight of day,
 But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
 Not all the water in the rough rude sea
 Can wash the balm from an anointed king ;
 The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord :
 For every man that Bolingbroke hath prest,
 To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
 God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
 A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
 Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the
 right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
 Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my
 tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
 One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
 Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
 Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return,
 And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !
 To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
 O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
 For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aun. Comfort, my liege ; Why looks your
 grace so pale ? [men

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;

And 'till so much blood thither come again,

Have I not reason to look pale, and dead ?

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride. [are.

Aun. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?

Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleepest.

Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?

Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes

At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,

Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?

High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York

Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who

Comes here ?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him !

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd ;

The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care ;

And what loss is it, to be rid of care ?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we ?

Greater he shall not be ; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so ;

Revolt our subjects ? that we cannot mend ;

They break their faith to God, as well as us :

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay ;

The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears ;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty ; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :

Thy very beadsmen¹ learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal² yew against thy state ;

Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat : both young and old rebel,

And all gees worse than I have power to tell. [ill.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale to

Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?

What is become of Bushy ? where is Green ?

That they have let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed,
 my lord. [demption !

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without re-

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man ! [heart !

Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas !

Would they make peace ? Terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate :—

Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands : those whom you
 curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aun. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wilt-
 shire dead ?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aun. Where is the duke my father with his
 power ? [speak :

K. Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's chuse executors, and talk of wills :—

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death ;

And that small model³ of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;

¹ The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. ² Called so, because the leaves of the yew are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death. ³ i. e. mould.

All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic¹ fits,
Scoffing his fate, and grinning at his pomp ;
●llowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, —
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition², form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live on bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends ;—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Carl. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death³ ;
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

Thisague-fit of fear is over-blown ;

An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day ;

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;

And all your northern castles yielded up ;

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Bestrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

[*To Aumerle.*]

Of that sweet way I was in to despair !

What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint castle ; there I'll pine away ;

A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge ; and let them go

To ear the land⁴ that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none :—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

¹ This alludes to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whose principal business is to ridicule the graver and more splendid personages. ² Tradition seems here used for *traditional practices*. ³ The meaning is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. ⁴ i. e. to *plough* it. ⁵ To *take the head* is, to take undue liberties.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers, let them hence ;—Away,
From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Camp of Bolingbroke, before Flint Castle.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and Attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd ; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord ;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
To say—king Richard :—Alack the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !

North. Your grace mistakes ; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head⁵, the whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you
should. [should,

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you
Left you mis-take : The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle ; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here ?

[*Enter Percy.*]

Welcome, Harry ; what, will not this castle yield ?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally ! Why, it contains no king ?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king ; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone :
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop ; besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [To North.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;

Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver :

Harry of Bolingbroke, on both his knees,

Doth kiss king Richard's hand ;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person ; hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench

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i. i.

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
Go, signify as much : while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
That from this castle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east ;
When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the tract
Of his bright passage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have
we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*]
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do prophane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That list your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond', methinks, he is)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face¹ ;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pasture's grafs with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord
the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon ! Thy thrice-noble cousin,

Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones ;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that spring from one most gracious head ;
And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt ;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said ;—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just ;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns :—

His noble cousin is right welcome hither ;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debate ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To Aum.*]
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair ?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die ? [words,
Aum. No, good my lord ; let's fight with gentle
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords. [cf mine,

K. Rich. Oh God ! oh God ! that e'er this tongue
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth² ! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been !
Or not remember what I must be now ! [beat,
Swell'st thou, proud heart ? I'll give thee scope to
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bo-
lingbroke. [submit ?

K. Rich. What must the king do now ? Must he
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd ?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king ? o' God's name, let it go :
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown ;
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff ;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave :—
Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head :
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head ?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st ; My tender-hearted
cousin !—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,

¹ i. e. the flowery surface of England's soil.

² In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or *softness*.
And

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus;—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.

[*North. advances.*]

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? Will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live 'till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court¹ he doth
attend
To speak with you; may't please you to come
down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring
Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

[*North. retires to Bol.*]

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace. [*base,*
In the base court? Come down? Down, court!
down, king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks
should sing. [*Exeunt, from above.*]

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart

Makes him speak fondly², like a frantic man:
Yet he is come. [*Enter Richard, &c. below.*]

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,— [*Kneels.*]

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely
knee,

To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.

Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

[*Touching his own head.*]

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine
own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours,
and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well de-
serve to have,

That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London:—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley.

The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full
of rubs,

And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief;
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;

Or if of grief, being altogether had,

It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:

For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it boots not to complain.

Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause:

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
weep. [*good.*]

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do
me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

But stay, here come the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,

Enter a Gardener, and two servants.

They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change; Woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and Ladies retire.*]

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their fire

Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;

Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and like an executioner,

Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,

That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—

You thus employ'd, I will go root away

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck

The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,

Shewing, as in a model, our firm state;

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,

Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers choak'd up,

Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,

Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs

Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

¹ *Bas court, Fr.* ² *i. e. foolishly.*

Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf :
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did
shelter,

That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke ;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead ?

Gard. They are ; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden ! who at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees ;
Left, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself :
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live :
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What think you then, the king shall be
depos'd ?

Gard. Depres'd he is already ; and depos'd,
Tis doubt, he will be : Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am pres'd to death, through want of
speaking !—

[*Coming from her concealment.*

Thou old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh tongue sound this unpleasing
news ?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of curst man ?

Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd ?

Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how,
Can'st thou by these ill tidings ? Speak, thou
wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam : little joy have I
To breathe these news, yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke ; their fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light ;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Post you to London, and you'll find it so :
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Dost not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it ? Oh, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke !—
Gard'ner, for telling me these news of woe,
I would, the plants, thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state might be
no worse,

I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, four herb of grace :
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt Gard. and Serv.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

London. The Parliament-House.

*Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy,
Fitzwater, Surry, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of
Westminster, Herald, Officers, and Bagot.*

Boling. CALL forth Bagot :

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind ;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death ;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless¹ end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that
man.

[*tongue*

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know, your daring
Sotus to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.

In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—“Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restless English court

“As far as Calais, to my uncle's head ?”

Amongst much other talk, that very time,

I heard you say, “You rather had refuse
“The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
“Than Bolingbroke return to England ;
“Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
“In this your cousin's death.”

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars²,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell : Thou liest, and
I will maintain what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitzw. If that thy valour stand on sympathies³,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :

¹ Timeless for untimely. ² Meaning, his high or noble birth. ³ i. e. upon equality of blood.

By that fair sun that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing! Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Another Lord. I take the earth¹ to the like, for-
sworn Aumerle;

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be halloo'd in thy treacherous ear
From sin to sin: there is my honour's pawn:
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

[all:]
Aum. Who sets me else? By heaven, I'll throw at
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surry. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surry. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.

Surry. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
'Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.

In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

[horse?]
Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—

As I intend to thrive in this new world²,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field

Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Carl. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom

Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
'Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best becoming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this curst earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, sir: and, for
your pains,

Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge

¹ Dr. Johnson supposes, that for *the earth*, we should read *thy oath*. ² Meaning, in this world,
where I have just begun to be an actor. Surry has just before called him *boy*.

To keep him safely 'till his day of trial.— [suit ?

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons'

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common
He may surrender; so we shall proceed [view
Without suspicion.

Tork. I will be his conduct. [Exit.

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our
arrest,

Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—

Little are we beholden to your love, [To *Carlisle*.

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter Tork, with King Richard.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,

Before I have shook off the regal thoughts

Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—

Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me

To this submission. Yet I well remember

The favours¹ of these men: Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me?

So Judas did to Christ: but, he in twelve,

Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thou-

sand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, Amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? Well then, Amen.

God save the king! although I be not he;

And yet, Amen, if heaven do think him me.—

To do what service, am I sent for hither?

Tork. To do that office, of thine own good will,

Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—

The resignation of thy state and crown

To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin,

seize the crown; [thine.

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side,

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,

That owes two buckets filling one another;

The emptier ever dancing in the air,

The other down, unseen, and full of water:

That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,

Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs

are mine:

You may my glories and my state depose,

But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with

your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my

cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;

Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:

The cares I give, I have, though given away;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must no-

thing be;

Therefore, no, no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,

And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,

The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;

With mine own tears I wash away my balm²,

With mine own hands I give away my crown,

With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,

With mine own breath release all dutious oaths:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;

My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sun-shine days!—

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,

Committed by your person and your followers,

Against the state and profit of this land;

That, by confessing them, the souls of men

May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out

My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,

There should'st thou find one heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,

Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my four crosses,

And water cannot wash away your sin. [rites.

North. My lord, dispatch; read o'er these ar-

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see:

And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,

But they can see a sort³ of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest:

For I have given here my soul's consent,

To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Make glory base; a sovereign, a slave;

Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught⁴, in-

sulting man,

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—

But 'tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!

Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!—

Good king—great king—(and yet not greatly good)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,

[To *Boling*.

Let it command a mirror hither straight;

¹ i. e. the countenances; the features.

haughty.

² The oil of consecration.

³ i. e. a company.

⁴ i. e.

That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come. [to hell.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Enter one, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds?—Oh, flattering glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the face,

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face that fac'd so many follies,

And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face:

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

As brittle as the glory, is the face;

For there it is, crack'd in an hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of lament,

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

[a king:]

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than

For, when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,

I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

[sighs.]

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey?—conveyers¹ are
you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [Exit.]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves. [down]

[Ex. all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Monks.]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here behold.

Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury² mine intents, but also to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see, your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper, and I'll lay

A plot, shall shew us all a merry day. [Exeunt.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Street in London.

Enter Queen, and Ladies.

Queen. **T**HIS way the king will come; this is
the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower³,

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter King Richard, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;

That you in pity may dissolve to dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

[To K. Rich.]

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,

And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,

When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman, do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awak'd, the truth of what we are

Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim necessity; and he and I

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,

And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

¹ i. e. jugglers. ² i. e. to conceal. ³ The Tower of London is said to have been erected by Julius Cæsar.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd, and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; And wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kifs the rod?

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts? [*Beasts,*

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for
France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,¹
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compassion, weep the fire out:
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is
chang'd;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed, you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder where-
withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all; [*way*
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd?—Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
Let me unkifs the oath 'twixt thee and me:

[*To the Queen.*

And yet not so, for with a kifs 'twas made.—

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;
My wife to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas², or short'ft of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and
heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near³.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the
way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kifs shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;—
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

[*They kifs.*

Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no
good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[*Kifs again.*

So, now I have mine own again, be gone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond
delay:

Once more adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Duke of York's palace.

Enter York, and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell
the rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed, [*broke,—*
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought, the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he
the while?

York. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

¹ Meaning, to retaliate their mournful stories. ² i. e. *All-hallows*, or *all-hallowtide*; the first of
November. ³ i. e. to be *never the nigher*; or, to make no advance towards the good desired.

Are idly bent¹ on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events ;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was² ;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you must call him Rutland now :
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made king. [now,

Dutch. Welcome, my son : Who are the violets
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not ;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one. [time,

York. Well, bear you well³ in this new spring of
Left you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford ? Hold those juffs and tri-
umphs ?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not ; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom ?

Yea, look'st thou pale ? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it :

I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What should you fear ?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel, against the triumph. [bond

York. Bound to himself ? what doth he with a
That he is bound to ? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing. [shew it.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not

York. I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason ! foul treason !—villain ! traitor ! slave !

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord ?

York. Ho ! who is within there ? saddle my horse.
Heaven, for his mercy ! what treachery is here !

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord ?

York. Give me my boots, I say ; saddle my horse :—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter ?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace :—What is the matter, [son ?

Aum. Good mother, be content ; it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer !

Enter Servant, with boots.

York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.

Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou
art amaz'd :—

Hence, villain ; never more come in my sight.—

[Speaking to the servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do ?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own ?

Have we more sons ? or are we like to have ?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time ?

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And rob me of a happy mother's name ?

Is he not like thee ? is he not thine own ?

York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy ?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,

To kill the king at Oxford.

Dutch. He shall be none ;

We'll keep him here : Then what is that to him ?

York. Away, fond woman ! were he twenty

My son, I would appeach him. [times

Dutch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.

But now I know thy mind ; thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son :

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind :

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, or any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit. [horse

Dutch. After, Aumerle : mount thee upon his

Spur, post ; and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind ; though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York :

And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee : Away.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The Court at Windsor Castle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son ?

'Tis full three months, since I did see him last :—

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found :

Enquire at London 'mongst the taverns there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions ;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers ;

¹ i. e. carelessly turned. ² From Holinshed we learn, that the dukes of Aumerle, Surry, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. ³ i. e. conduct yourself with prudence.

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew. [prince;

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stewes;
And from the common't creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger. [both

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, amazed.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your
majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here
alone.—

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,

To win thy after-love, I pardon thee. [key,

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the
That no man enter 'till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [York within.

York. My liege, beware; look to thyself;

Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;

Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?

Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;

Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,

That we may arm us to encounter it. [know

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt
The treason that my haste forbids me show. [past:

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise

I do repent me; read not my name there,

My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, erethy hand did set it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;

Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove

A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son!

Thou sheer¹, immaculate, and silver fountain,

From whence this stream through muddy passages

Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad²;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing³ son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;

And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,

As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.

Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,

Or my sham'd life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,

The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[Dutchess within.

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's sake,
let me in. [eager cry?

Boling. What thrill-voic'd suppliant makes this

Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king;
'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd, from a serious thing,

And now chang'd to the Beggar and the King⁴.—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,

More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.

This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;

This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchess.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man;

Love, loving not itself, none other can. [here?

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me,
gentle liege. [Kneels,

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day that the happy sees,

'Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my
knee. [Kneels.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended
be. [Kneels,

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our
breast:

He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;

We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;

Our knees shall kneel 'till to the ground they grow:

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;

Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have

That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

As if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

¹ Sheer is pellucid, clear. ² That is, "The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son."
³ To digress is to deviate from what is right or regular. ⁴ Alluding to an interlude well known in
the author's time.

I never long'd to hear a word 'till now ;
 Say—pardon, king ; let pity teach thee how :
 The word is short, but not so short as sweet ;
 No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

Tork. Speak it in French, king ; say, *pardonnez
 moy*¹.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy ?
 Ah, my four husband, my hard-hearted lord,
 That set'st the word itself against the word !—
 Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land ;
 The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there :
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear ;
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee !
 Yet am I sick for fear : speak it again ;
 Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art. [the abbot²,

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—and
 With all the rest of that comforted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell ;—and, cousin, too, adieu :
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son ; I pray heaven make
 thee new. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
 he spake ?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear ?

Was it not so ?

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice,

Exton. *Have I no friend ?* quoth he : he spake it
 And urg'd it twice together ; did he not ?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me ;
 As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
 That would divorce this terror from my heart ;
 Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go ;
 I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The Prison at Pomfret-Castle.

Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how to compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world :
 And, for because the world is populous,

And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
 My soul, the father : and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world ;
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better fort,—
 As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
 With scruples, and do set the word itself
 Against the word³ :

As thus,—*Come, little ones ; and then again,—*
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders ; how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard-world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last : Like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,—
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented : Sometimes am I king ;
 Then treason makes me with myself a beggar,
 And so I am : Then crushing penury
 Persuades me, I was better when a king ;
 Then am I king'd again : and, by-and-by,
 Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
 And straight am nothing :—But, what-e'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, 'till he be eas'd
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear ? [Music.

Ha, ha ! keep time :—How four sweet music is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept ?
 So is it in the music of men's lives.

And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To hear time broke in a disorder'd string ;
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his num'ring clock :
 My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar⁴
 Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch⁵,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
 Now, sir, the found, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, times, and hours :—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
 While I stand fooling here, his jack o' the clock⁶.
 This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.

¹ That is, *excuse me*. ² The abbot of Westminster was an ecclesiastic ; but the brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.), and who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry of Bolingbroke. ³ By the word I suppose is meant the *Scriptures*. ⁴ To jar probably here means, to make that noise which is called *tick*. ⁵ Watch seems to be used in a double sense, for a quantity of time, and for the instrument which measures time. ⁶ i.e. I strike or him.

Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me !
For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch¹ in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince !

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer ;

The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou ? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog²
That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou wert king ; who, travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !
That horse, that thou so often hath bestrid ;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle
friend,

How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his
back !

That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing³ Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

[To the Groom.]

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say. *[Exit.]*

Keeper. My lord, will 't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not ; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the con-
trary. *[Thee !]*

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

[Beats the Keeper.]

Keeper. Help, help, help !

Enter Exton, and Servants.

K. Rich. How now ? what means death in this
rude assault ?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[Snatching a weapon, and killing one.]

Go thou, and fill another room in hell. *[Kill another.]*

[Exton strikes him down.]

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,

That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce
hand *[Land.]*

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own
Mount, mount, my soul ! thy seat is up on high ;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

[Dies.]

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ; Oh, would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The Court at Windsor.

*Flourish : Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other Lords
and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire ;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord : What is the news ?

North. First to thy sacred state with I all happiness.
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent :
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discours'd in this paper here.

[Presenting a paper.]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains ;
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to
London

The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely ;
Two of the dangerous comforted traitors,
That fought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot ;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of West-
minster,

With clog of conscience, and four melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave :
But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Chuse out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife :
For tho' mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies

¹ i. e. is as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn. ² Meaning, that
grave, gloomy villa in, who brings, &c. ³ Jaunce and jaunt were synonymous words.

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast
wrought

A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [deed,

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :

With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light. —

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent ;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand : —
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



FIRST

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Fourth.
 HENRY, Prince of Wales, } sons to the King.
 JOHN, Duke² of Lancaster, }
 Earl of WORCESTER.
 Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND.
 HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR.
 EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
 SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
 ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.
 OWEN GLENDOWER.
 Sir RICHARD VERNON.
 Earl of WESTMORELAND.

Sir WALTER BLUNT.
 Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 POINS.
 GADSHILL.
 PETO.
 BARDOLPH.

Lady PERCY, wife to Hotspur, sister to Mortimer.
Lady MORTIMER, daughter to Glendower, and
wife to Mortimer.
 QUICKLY, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE, England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Court in London.

Enter King Henry, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frightened peace to
 pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.
 No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
 Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
 Of hostile paces: those oppos'd eyes,
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,—
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock

* The transactions contained in this historical drama are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the defeat and death of Hotspur at Shrewsbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21st of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. Dr. Johnson remarks, that "Shakspeare has apparently designed a regular connection of these dramatic histories from Richard the Second, to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpose to visit the Holy Land, which he resumes in this speech. The complaint made by king Henry in the last act of Richard the Second, of the wildness of his son, prepares the reader for the frolics which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited." 2 Mr. Steevens says, it should be *Prince John of Lancaster*, and adds, that the persons of the drama were originally collected by Mr. Rowe, who has given the title of *Duke of Lancaster* to *Prince John*, a mistake which Shakspeare has been no where guilty of in the first part of this play, though in the second he has fallen into the same error. *K. Henry IV.* was himself the last person that ever bore the title of *Duke of Lancaster*. But all his sons (till they had peerages, as *Clarence*, *Bedford*, *Gloucester*) were distinguished by the name of the royal house, as *John of Lancaster*, *Humphry of Lancaster*, &c. and in that proper style, the present *John* (who became afterwards so illustrious by the title of *Duke of Bedford*) is always mentioned in the play before us.

And

And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy¹;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience².

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits³ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of. [broil]

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord]

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 For more uneven and unwelcome news
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur⁴ there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald⁵,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way. [friend]

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd⁶ in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beate Douglas; and the earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me fin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts: What think
 you, coz?

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps⁷; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife⁸.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects; [cester,
 Which makes him prune⁹ himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.

Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An apartment belonging to the Prince.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
 of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
 forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st
 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
 the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack,

¹ Mr. Steevens proposes to read *lead* for *levy*. ² i. e. *expedition*. ³ *Limits* for *estimates*. ⁴ Hot-
 linshed in his *History of Scotland* says, "This Harry Percy was surnamed, for his *often pricking*, Henry
Hotspur, as one that seldom times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad." ⁵ Archibald
 Douglas, earl Douglas. ⁶ A *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. *Balk'd in their own blood*, may therefore
 mean, lay in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. ⁷ Mr. Tollet observes, that by the law of arms,
 every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had
 him clearly for himself, either to a quit or ransom, at his pleasure. ⁸ Whom (Mr. Steevens adds)
 Percy could not refuse to the king, as being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Al-
 bany, brother to king Robert III.) and whom Henry might justly claim by his acknowledged
 military prerogative. ⁹ Dr. Johnson says, to *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.

and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of lawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houfes, and the blessed fun himfelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I fee no reason, why thou fhould'ft be fo fuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purfes, go by the moon and feven ftars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wand'ring knight fo fair*. And, I pray thee, fweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God fave thy grace, (majefty, I fhould fay; for grace thou wilt have none.)—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not fo much as will ferve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, fweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are fquires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty¹; let us be—Diana's forefters, gentlemen of the fhade, minions of the moon: And let men fay, we be men of good government; being governed as the fea is, by our noble and chafte miftrefs the moon, under whose countenance we—*steal*.

P. Henry. Thou fay'ft well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the fea; being govern'd as the fea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: A purfe of gold moft refolutely fnatch'd on Monday night, and moft diffolutely fpent on Tuesday morning; got with fwearing—*lay by*²; and fpent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou fay'ft true, lad. And is not my hoftefs of the tavern a moft fweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the cattle³. And is not a buff jerkin a moft fweet robe of durance⁴?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in

thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoftefs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haft call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haft paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elfewhere, fo far as my coin would ftretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and fo us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prythee, fweet wag, fhall there be gallows ftanding in England when thou art king? and refolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruffy curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou fhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgefth falfe already: I mean, thou fhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and fo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in fome fort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of fuits⁵?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of fuits⁵; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib⁶ cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What fay'ft thou to a hare⁷, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch⁸?

Fal. Thou haft the moft unfavoury families; and art, indeed, the moft comparative⁹, rafcallicft,—fweet young prince,—But, Hal, I prythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names

¹ Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that our poet, by the expreffion *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, "Let not us who are body fquires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a difgrace to the day." He afterwards adds, that a *fquire of the body* fignified originally, the attendant on a knight; the perfon who bore his head-piece, fpear, and fhield; and that it became afterwards the cant term for a pimp.

² i. e. fwearing at the paffengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrafe that then fignified *ftand ftill*, addreffed to thofe who were preparing to rufh forward. ³ Warburton, in commenting upon this paffage, fays, "This alludes to the name Shakfpeare firft gave to this buffoon character, which was fir John Oldcaftle; and when he changed the name he forgot to ftrike out this expreffion that alluded to it. The reafon of the change was this: One fir John Oldcaftle having fuffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliff, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falftaff." Mr. Steevens, however, has, we think, very fully and fatisfactorily proved that fir John Oldcaftle was not a character ever introduced by Shakfpeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falftaff. The play in which Oldcaftle's name occurs, was not, according to Mr. Steevens, the work of our poet, but a defpicable piece, prior to that of Shakfpeare, full of ribaldry and impiety from the beginning to the end; and was probably the play fneeringly alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV.—*for Oldcaftle died a martyr*. ⁴ The fheriff's officers of thofe times were clad in buff. The meaning therefore of this answer of the Prince to Falftaff's queftion is, "whether it will not be a fweet thing to go to prifon by running in debt to this fweet wench." ⁵ Shakfpeare here quibbles upon the word *fuir*. The prince uſes it to mean a *petition*; Falftaff, to imply a *fuir of cloaths*. ⁶ i. e. an old *he-cat*, *Gilbert*, or *Gib*, being the name formerly appropriated to a cat of the male fpecies. ⁷ Dr. Johnson fays, that "a *hare* may be confidered as melancholy, becaufe ſhe is upon her form always folitary; and according to the phyſick of the times, the fleſh of it was fuppoſed to generate melancholy." ⁸ Alluding, perhaps, to the melancholy appearance of its ftagnant water. ⁹ i. e. the moſt *quick at comparifons*.

And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight)
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy¹;
 Whose arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go,
 Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me hear
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
 What yesternight our council did decree,
 In forwarding this dear expedience².

West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
 And many limits³ of the charge set down
 But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came
 A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
 And a thousand of his people butchered:
 Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
 Such heaftly, shameless transformation,
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,
 Without much shame, retold or spoken of. [broil

K. Henry. It seems then that the tidings of this
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land. [lord;

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
 For more uneven and unwelcome news:
 Came from the north, and thus it did import.
 On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur⁴ there,
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald⁵,
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
 At Holmedon met,
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
 As by discharge of their artillery,
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
 For he that brought it, in the very heat
 And pride of their contention did take horse,
 Uncertain of the issue any way. [friend,

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-industrious
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
 Stain'd with the variation of each foil
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights,
 Balk'd⁶ in their own blood, did sir Walter see
 On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur took
 Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beate Douglas; and the earls
 Of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
 And is not this an honourable spoil?
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and
 mak'st me fin

In envy that my lord Northumberland
 Should be the father of so blest a son:
 A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
 In cradle-cloths our children where they lay,
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet!
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
 But let him from my thoughts: What think
 you, coz?

Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,
 Which he in this adventure hath surpriz'd,
 To his own use he keeps⁷; and sends me word,
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife⁸.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
 Malevolent to you in all aspects;
 Which makes him prune⁹ himself, and bristle up
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
 Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
 But come yourself with speed to us again;
 For more is to be said, and to be done,
 Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An apartment belonging to the Prince.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Sir John Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking
 of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
 sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
 forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st
 truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
 the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack,

¹ Mr. Steevens proposes to read *lead* for *levy*. ² i. e. *expedition*. ³ *Limits* for *estimates*. ⁴ Hot-
 spur, as one that seldom/times rested, if there were any service to be done abroad." ⁵ Archibald
 Douglas, earl Douglas. ⁶ A *balk* signifies a *bank* or *hill*. *Balk'd in their own blood*, may therefore
 mean, lay in *heaps* or *hillocks*, in their own blood. ⁷ Mr. Tollet observes, that by the law of arms,
 every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had
 him clearly for himself, either to acquit or ransom, at his pleasure. ⁸ Whom (Mr. Steevens adds)
 Percy could not refuse to the king, as being a prince of the blood royal, (son to the duke of Al-
 bany, brother to king Robert III.) and whom Henry might justly claim by his acknowledged
 military prerogative. ⁹ Dr. Johnson says, to *prune* and to *plume*, spoken of a bird, is the same.

and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of lawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wand'ring knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God have thy grace, (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none.)—

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be call'd thieves of the day's beauty¹; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being govern'd as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by²; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Henry. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle³. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance⁴?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in

thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of suits⁵?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits⁵; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib⁶ cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a hare⁷, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch⁸?

Fal. Thou hast the most unfavoury families; and art, indeed, the most comparative⁹, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names

¹ Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that our poet, by the expression *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, "Let not us who are body-squires to the night, i. e. adorn the night, be called a disgrace to the day." He afterwards adds, that a *squire of the body* signified originally, the attendant on a knight; the person who bore his head-piece, spear, and shield; and that it became afterwards the cant term for a pimp.
² i. e. swearing at the passengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phrase that then signified *stand still*, addressed to those who were preparing to rush forward. ³ Warburton, in commenting upon this passage, says, "This alludes to the name Shakspeare first gave to this buffoon character, which was sir John Oldcastle; and when he changed the name he forgot to strike out this expression that alluded to it. The reason of the change was this: One sir John Oldcastle having suffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliff, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falstaff." Mr. Steevens, however, has, we think, very fully and satisfactorily proved that sir John Oldcastle was not a character ever introduced by Shakspeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falstaff. The play in which Oldcastle's name occurs, was not, according to Mr. Steevens, the work of our poet, but a despicable piece, prior to that of Shakspeare, full of ribaldry and impiety from the beginning to the end; and was probably the play sneeringly alluded to in the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV.—*for Oldcastle died a martyr*. ⁴ The sheriff's officers of those times were clad in buff. The meaning therefore of this answer of the Prince to Falstaff's question is, "whether it will not be a sweet thing to go to prison by running in debt to this sweet wench." ⁵ Shakspeare here quibbles upon the word *suit*. The prince uses it to mean a *petition*; Falstaff, to imply a *suit of cloaths*. ⁶ i. e. an old *he-cat*, Gilbert, or Gib, being the name formerly appropriated to a cat of the male species. ⁷ Dr. Johnson says, that "a hare may be considered as melancholy, because she is upon her form always solitary; and according to the physick of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy." ⁸ Alluding, perhaps, to the melancholy appearance of its stagnant water. ⁹ i. e. the most *quick at comparisons*.

were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration¹; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain, and baffle² me.

P. Henry. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Poins*!—Now shall we know, if Gads-hill have set a match. O, if men were to be sav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Enter Poins.

This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs. He will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves: Gads-hill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in East-cheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? Not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor

good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewel: You shall find me in East-cheap.

P. Henry. Farewel, thou latter spring! farewel, All-hallow³ summer! *[Exit Falstaff.]*

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself and I will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce⁴, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof⁵ of this lies the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee: provide all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, thou hast a wicked trick of repeating and applying holy texts; alluding to the prince having said in the preceding speech, *wisdom cries out*, &c. ² See note 2, p. 415. ³ i. e. *All-saints' day*, which is the first of November. Shakspeare's allusion is designed to ridicule an old man with youthful passions. ⁴ i. e. for the occasion. ⁵ i. e. *confutation*.

in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while up-
The unyok'd humour of your idleness: [hold
Yet herein will I imitate the fun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they feldom come, they wish'd-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes¹;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,

Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition²;
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Henry. Worcester, get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:
O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier³ of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak. [To Northumberland.]

North. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,

Were, as he says, not with such strength deny'd
As is deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble land at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box⁴, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff⁵:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay⁶,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him thine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, [mark!]
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
And telling me, the sovereign't thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruise;
And, that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,

Betwixt my love and your high majesty. [lord,

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;

But with proviso, and exception,—

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those, that he did lead to fight

¹ i. e. exceed men's expectations. ² i. e. I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the resentment of an injured king, than still continue in the inactivity and mildness of my natural disposition. ³ Moody is angry. *Frontier* was anciently used for forehead. ⁴ A small box for musk or other perfumes then in fashion; the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinçonner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. ⁵ Snuff is equivocally used for anger, and a powder taken up the nose. ⁶ A popinjay is a parrot.

Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower ;
Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home ?
Shall we buy treason ? and indent with fears ¹,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve ;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war :—To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp ² head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
believe him,

He never did encounter with Glendower ;
I tell thee, he durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed ? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer :
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son :—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. Henry.*]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them :—I will after straight,
And tell him so ; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler ? Stay, and
pause a while ;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer ?

Yes, I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him :
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad. [*To Worcester.*]

Wor. Who strook this heat up after I was gone ?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners :
And when I urg'd the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale ;
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death ³,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him ; Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood ?

North. He was ; I heard the proclamation :
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon !) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition ;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and, shortly, murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of. [*then*]

Hot. But, soft, I pray you ; Did King Richard
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown ?

North. He did ; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man ;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo ;

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,

To shew the line, and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.—

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility, and power,

Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker ⁴, Bolingbroke ?

And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?

No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again :

Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd ⁵ contempt,

Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,

To answer all the debt he owes to you,

Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more :

And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents

I'll read you matter, deep, and dangerous ;

As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,

As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,

On the unsteadfast footing of a spear ⁶.

¹ The reason why he says, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, because he supposed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower, out of fear, as appears from his next speech. ² i. e. curled. ³ i. e. an eye menacing death. ⁴ The canker-rose is the dog-rose. ⁵ i. e. disdainful. ⁶ i. e. of a spear laid across.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or swim:—
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple;—O! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks¹;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,
Without corrival, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:—
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin; a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy²,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales³,—

But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale⁴.

Wor. Farewel, kinsman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impa-
tient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place?

A plague upon't!—it is in Glostershire;—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept

His uncle York; where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true:—

Why, what a candy'd deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look, when his infant fortune came to age,—

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and, kind cousin,—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done. [me!—

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again:
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—[*To North.*
Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True: who hears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation⁵,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let't
slip⁶.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble plot:
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head⁷:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No further go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewel, good brother: We shall thrive,
I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,
'Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Warburton thinks, that "this is probably a passage from some bombast play, and afterwards used as a common burlesque phrase for attempting impossibilities." ² i. e. refuse. ³ A turbulent fellow, who fought in taverns, or raised disorders in the streets, was called a *swash-buckler*.
⁴ Alluding, probably, to the low company (drinkers of ale) with whom the prince spent so much of his time. ⁵ i. e. conjecture. ⁶ To let slip, is to loose the greyhound. ⁷ i. e. a body of forces.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*An Inn Yard at Rochester.**Enter a Carrier, with a lanthorn in his hand.*

1 Car. **H**EIGH ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, ostler!

Ost. [within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cefs¹.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank² here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots³: this house is turn'd upside down, since Robin ostler dy'd.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mafs, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach⁴.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliver'd as far as Charing-crofs.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkies in my pannier are quite starv'd.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gad's-bill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think, it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carrier,*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. At hand, quoth pick-purse⁵.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gad's-bill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin⁶ in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks⁷, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st saint Nicholas as truly as a man of faithhood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there meether Trojans⁸ that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit sake, make a whole. I am join'd with no foot land-rakers⁹, no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity, burgomasters, and great oneyers¹⁰; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than

¹ i. e. out of all measure; the phrase being taken from a *cess*, tax, or subsidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of measure, it was said to be out of all *cess*. ² i. e. wet, rotten. ³ Bots are worms in the stomach of a horse. ⁴ Warburton explains this by the Scotch word *loch*, a lake; while Mr. Steevens thinks, that the carrier means to say—fleas as big as a *loach*, i. e. resembling the fish so called, in size. ⁵ This is a proverbial expression often used in the writings of that time, where the cant of low conversation is preserved. ⁶ Franklin is a little gentleman. ⁷ St. Nicholas was the patron saint of scholars; and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, St. Nicholas' clerks. ⁸ Trojan, in this and other passages of our author's plays, has a cant signification, and perhaps was only a more creditable term for a thief. ⁹ i. e. with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No long-staff, six-penny strikers,—no fellows that infest the roads with long staves, and knock men down for six-pence. None of those mad, mustachio, purple-hu'd malt-worms,—none of those whose faces are red with drinking ale. ¹⁰ Mr. Theobald substituted for *oneyers*, *moneyers*, which he says might either allude to an officer of the mint, or to bankers. and his emendation was adopted by Warburton. Dr. Johnson thinks no change is necessary; "Gad's-bill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with

han drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually unto their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her. We steal as in a cattle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-feed¹, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think, you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-feed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase², as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men.—Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewel, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The road by Gads-bill.

Enter Prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath remov'd my horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square³ further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues,

I am the veriest varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt⁴ me thus?

P. Henry. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Bard. What news?—

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins, and I, will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch!

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the

with no mean wretches, but with *burgomasters* and *great ones*, or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant, *termination*, *great onyers*, or *great-one-cers*, as we say *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*." Mr. Malone explains the word thus: "By *onyers* (for so I believe the word ought to be written) I understand *public accountants*; men possessed of large sums of money belonging to the state.—It is the course of the Court of Exchequer, when the sheriff makes up his accounts for issues, amerciements, and mesne profits, to set upon his head *o. ni.* which denotes *oneratur nisi habeat sufficientem exonerationem*: he thereupon becomes the king's debtor, and the parties *peravaille* (as they are termed in law) for whom he answers, become his debtors, and are discharged as with respect to the king. To settle accounts in this manner, is still called in the Exchequer *to ony*; and from hence Shakspeare seems to have formed the word *onyers*."

¹ Alluding to some strange properties formerly ascribed to this plant ² Purchase was anciently the cant term for stolen goods. ³ Four foot-by the square is probably no more than four foot by a rule. ⁴ To colt, is to fool, to trick; but the Prince taking it in another sense, opposes it by uncolt, that is, unhorse.

hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewel, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole¹, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu blefs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fience them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied² knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[Here they rob and bind them. *Exeunt.*
Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true³ men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument⁴ for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away; and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind him.]

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly, that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Wer't nor for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a letter.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear

your house—He could be contented,—Why, is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unforted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot, as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York⁵ commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this? an infidel? Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will be to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter Lady Percy⁶.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone? For what offence have I, this fortnight, been A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed? Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep? Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth; And start so often, when thou sit'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks; And given my treasures, and my rights of thee, To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy? In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd, And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed: Cry, *Courage!—to the field!* And thou hast talk'd Of sallies, and retires⁷; of trenches, tents, Of palisadoes, frontiers⁸, parapets; Of basilisks⁹, of cannon, culverin; Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain, And all the 'currents of a heady fight. Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war, And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleep, That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

¹ The alms distributed at Lambeth palace gate is at this day called the *dole*. ² i. e. fat and corpulent. ³ i. e. honest. ⁴ i. e. subject matter. ⁵ Richard Scroop, archbishop of York. ⁶ The wife of Hotspur was the lady Elizabeth Mortimer, sister to Roger earl of March, who was declared presumptive heir to the crown by king Richard II. and aunt to Edmund earl of March, who is introduced in this play by the name of lord Mortimer. ⁷ retreats. ⁸ i. e. forts. ⁹ A *basilisk* is a cannon of a particular kind.

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste. O, what portents
are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet
gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from
the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan? a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st thou, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weazle hath not such a deal of spleen,
As you are toft with.

In sooth, I'll know your business, Harry, that I
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprize: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler! love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world,
To play with mammals¹, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns²,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wife; but yet no further wife,
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-Head Tavern in East-Cheap.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast thou been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, a-
mongst three or four score hogheads. I have
founded the very base string of humility. Sirrah,
I am sworn brother to a leath of drawers; and can
call them all by their christian names, as Tom, Dick,
and Francis. They take it already upon their sal-
vation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet
I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly, I
am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corin-
thian³, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord,
so they call me; and, when I am king of England,
I shall command all the good lads in East-Cheap.
They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and
when you breathe in your watering, they cry—
Hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I
am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour,
that I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-
guage during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast
lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in
this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which
name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar,
clapt even now into my hand by an under-skink-
er⁴; one that never spake other English in his
life, than—*eight shillings and sixpence*, and—you are
welcome; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon,*
sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so.
But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff
come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room,
while I question my puny drawer, to what end he
gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave call-
ing—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing
but—anon. Step aside, and I'll shew thee a pre-
cedent.

[*Poins retires.*]

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the
Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for
the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dar'st thou
be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy in-
denture, and shew it a fair pair of heels, and run
from it?

¹ Puppets.

² Meaning, both crack'd money and a broken head.

³ i. e. a wench.

⁴ i. e. an

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gav'st me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but tomorrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button¹, nott-pated², agat-ring, puke-flooding³, caddice-garter⁴, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then, your brown bastard⁵ is your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will fully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.]

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [Exit drawer.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; Shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [Exit Vintner.] *Poins!*

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door; Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have shew'd themselves humours, since the old days of

goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [Re-enter Francis.] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hot-spur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O, my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drunch, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen*, an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that dam'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo!*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peter.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll fow nether flocks⁷, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.]

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too⁸: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs⁹. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what matter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath¹⁰, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more.—You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there? [To Poins.]

¹ A leather jerkin with crystal buttons was the habit of a pawn-broker. ² A person was said to be nott-pated, when the hair was cut short and round. ³ Black-flooding. ⁴ Caddis was a sort of coarse ferret. The garters of Shakspeare's time were worn in sight, and consequently were expensive. He who would submit to wear a coarser sort, was probably called by this contemptuous distinction. ⁵ Bastard was a kind of sweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing, to understand his instigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. ⁶ A cant word of the English taverns of those times, expressive of no meaning. ⁷ Nether flocks are cockings. ⁸ See note¹, p. 49. ⁹ Warburton observes, that in the persecutions of the protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion brought with them the woollen manufactory. These were Calvinists, who were always distinguished for their love of solemnity. ¹⁰ i. e. such a dagger as the Vice in the old moralities was arm'd with.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [*He drinks.*]

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? Here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, first; How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew elfe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murder'd some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am sure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward;—here I lay,

and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain elfe.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose¹.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green², came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech³,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-prestler, this hortic-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin⁴, you dry'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish.—

¹ Our Author here plays upon the double meaning of *point*, which signifies the sharp end of a weapon, and the lace of a garment. To *untrust a point*, is a phrase still in use for the operation of eating nature.

² *Kendal green* was the livery of Robert earl of Huntingdon and his followers while in a state of outlawry, and their leader assumed the title of Robin Hood. ³ A *keech* of tallow is the fat of an ox or cow rolled up by the butcher in a round lump, in order to be carried to the chandler. ⁴ For *elf-skin* Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-skin*; and in our opinion justly; as Shakspeare, in this and his ensuing comparisons of the *stock-fish* and *dry'd neat's tongue*, alludes to the leanness of the prince, for which he had historical authority; the prince of Wales being represented by Stowe to have "exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small, &c."

O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and I can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me, to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman¹ of the court at door, would speak with you; he says, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal² man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. *[Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, sirs; by'r-lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grafs, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true³ men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner⁴, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore; Thou hadst fire⁵ and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot livers, and cold purfes⁶.

Bard. Choler⁶, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter,

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast⁷? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring⁸: A plague of fighting and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Braby from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the crofs of a Welsh hook⁹,—What, a plague, call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckold! but, a-foot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-

¹ A kind of jest seems to be intended here. The royal went for 10s.—the noble only for 6s. 8d.

² i. e. honest. ³ This is a law phrase, signifying taken in the fact. ⁴ Alluding to his red face.

⁵ That is, drunkenness and poverty. ⁶ A pun upon the similarity of sound between collar and choler.

⁷ Bombast is the stuffing of cloaths. ⁸ The custom of wearing a ring on the thumb is very ancient.

⁹ A Welsh hook appears to have been some instrument of the offensive kind.

caps¹ more: Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred's.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? Thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my scepter, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden scepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyfes'² vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg³.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Hof. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hof. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hof. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain⁴.—Harry⁵, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou

be son to me, here lies the point:—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed fun of heaven prove a micher⁶, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a⁷ rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from East-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch⁸ of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropnies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuff cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon

¹ Meaning Scots, who wore blue bonnets. ² Alluding to the tragedy of *Cambyfes* king of Persia, written by Thomas Preston. ³ That is, my obeisance to my father. ⁴ Probably the nick-name of some strong liquor. ⁵ This speech was perhaps intended by our author as a ridicule on the public oratory of that time. ⁶ i. e. truant. To *mich* (pronounced *mike*), is to lurk out of sight, a hedge-creeper. ⁷ i. e. a *sucking rabbit*. A *poulterer's hare* means, a hare hung up by the hind legs without a skin, and which is long and slender. ⁸ A *bolting-hutch* is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *belted*.

and eat it? Wherein cunning¹, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you²; whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar³ be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[Knocking; and Hostess and Bardolph go out.

Re-enter Bardolph, running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick⁴: what's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house; shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras⁵;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face; and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exit Falstaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.

P. Henry. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff, and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and Hath follow'd certain men unto this house. [cry

P. Henry. What men? [lord;

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here; For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think, it is good-morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [Exit.

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's: Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how he fetches breath:—Search his pockets.

[He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers. What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score⁶. The money shall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exit.

¹ Cunning here means knowing, or skillful. ² i. e. let me know your meaning. ³ Sack and sugar was a favourite liquor in Shakspeare's time. ⁴ A proverbial phrase. ⁵ In old houses there were always large spaces left between the arras and the walls. ⁶ i. e. it will kill him to march to far as twelve-score yards.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's house in Wales.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mor. **T**HESE promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction ¹ full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester;—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur: For by that name asoft as Lancaster Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning creffets ²; and, at my birth, The frame and the foundation of the earth Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done, At the same season, if your mother's cat [born. Had but kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble. [on fire,

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind [ing, Within her womb; which, for enlargement striv- Shakes the old beldame ³ earth, and topples down Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth, Our grandam earth, having this distemperature, In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave To tell you once again,—that, at my birth, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields. These signs have mark'd me extraordinary; And all the courses of my life do shew, I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea, That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,— Which calls me pupil, or hath had to me? And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art, Or hold me pace in deep experiments. [Welsh:—

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better I will to dinner. [mad.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man: But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to com- The devil. [mand

Hot. And I can teach thee, cousin, to shame the devil,

By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.— If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither, And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come,

No more of this unprofitable chat. [made head

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye, And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him, Bootless home, and weather-beaten back. [too!

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,

According to our three-fold order taken?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, And all the fertile land within that bound,

To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

And our indentures tripartite are drawn: Which being sealed interchangeably,

(A business that this night may execute)

To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I, And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,

To meet your father, and the Scottish power, As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.

My father Glendower is not ready yet,

Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—

Within that space, you may have drawn together Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

[To Glendower.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords, And in my conduct shall your ladies come, From whom you now must steal, and take no leave; For there will be a world of water shed, Upon the parting of your wives and you. [here,

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton In quantity equals not one of yours:

See, how this river comes me cranking ⁴ in, And cuts me, from the best of all my land,

¹ That is, entrance, beginning. An *induction*, however, was anciently something introductory to a play. ² The *creffet-lights* were lights fixed on a moveable frame or cross like a turnstile, and were carried on poles, in processions. ³ *Beldame* is used here simply in the sense of *ancient mother*.

⁴ Perhaps we should read *crankling*.

A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle¹ out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here. [doth.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it

Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course,
and runs me up

With like advantage on the other side;

Gelding the oppos'd continent as much,

As on the other side it takes from you, [here,

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him

And on this north side win this cape of land;

And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,
Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;

For I was train'd up in the English court²:

Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp

Many an English ditty, lovely well,

And gave the tongue³ a helpful ornament;

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad on't with all my heart;

I had rather be a kitten and cry—mew,

Than one of these same metro ballad-mongers:

I had rather hear a brazen candlestick⁴ turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;

And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,

Nothing so much as mincing poetry;

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away
by night:

(I'll haste the writer⁵) and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my
father!

Hot. I cannot chuse: sometimes he angers me

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant⁶,

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;

And of a dragon, and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—
He held me last night at the least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, hum,—and well,
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoaky house:—I had rather live
With cheefe and garlick, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a very worthy gentleman;
Exceeding well read, and profited

In strange concealments⁷; valiant as a lion,

And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in a high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,

When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:

I warrant you, that man is not alive,

Might so have tempted him, as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof;

But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;

And, since your coming hither, have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shew greatness, courage, blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; Good manners be
your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part
with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—she, and my aunt
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[Glendower speaks to her in Welsh, and she
answers him in the same.

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-
will'd harlotry, one

That no persuasion can do good upon.

[Lady speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.

Mort. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from these swelling
heavens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

¹ A cantle is a corner, or piece of any thing.

Glendower was Vaughan, and that he was originally a barrister of the Middle Temple. ³ i. e. the English language. ⁴ The word is written—*canstick* in the quartos 1598, 1599, and 1608; and so it might have been pronounced. ⁵ He means the writer of the articles. ⁶ This alludes to an old prophecy, which is said to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms against king Henry. The mould-warp is the mole, so called because it renders the surface of the earth uneven by the hillocks which it raises. ⁷ i. e. skilled in wonderful secrets.

In such a parly should I answer thee.

[*The lady again in Welsh.*]

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation :
But I will never be a truant, love,
'Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*]

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

Upon the wanton rushes ¹ lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep ²,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness ;
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnes'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east. [sing :

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her
By that time will our book ³, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so ;

⁴ And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence ;
Yet straight they shall be here ; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying
down : Come, quick, quick ; that I may lay my
head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The music plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil underitands
And 'tis no marvel, he's so humourous. [*Welsh ;*
By'r-lady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then should you be nothing but musical ;
for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie
still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl
in Irish.

Lady. Would'st have thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault ⁵.

Lady. Now God help thee !

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hot. Peace ! she sings.

[*Here the lady sings a Welsh song.*]

Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you
swear like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, in
good sooth ; and, As true as I live ; and, As God
shall mend me ; and, As sure as day : and givest
such farcenet surety for thy oaths, as if thou never
walk'dst further than Finbury ⁶.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,
And such protests of pepper ginger-bread ⁷,
To velvet gaurds ⁸, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next ⁹ way to turn tailor ¹⁰, or be
Red-breast teacher ¹¹. An the indentures be
drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so
come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer ; you are
as slow,

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this, our book ¹² is drawn ; we will but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

[*The presence-chamber in Windsor.*]

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lords and
others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave ; the Prince of
Wales and I

Must have some private conference : But be near
At hand, for we shall presently have need of you.--

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service ¹³ I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me :
But thou dost, in thy passages of life ¹⁴,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,

¹ It was long the custom in this country, to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. ² The expression is beautiful ; intimating, that the god of sleep should not only sit on his eye-lids, but that he should sit crown'd, that is, pleased and delighted. ³ i. e. our papers of conditions, our articles. Every composition, whether play, ballad, or history, was anciently called a book. ⁴ And for an, which often signifies in our author if or tho', is frequently used by old writers. ⁵ A proverbial expression ; meaning, that it is the usual fault of women never to do what they are bid or desired to do. ⁶ Open walks and fields near Chiswell-street London Wall, by Moorgate ; and at that time, the common resort of the citizens. ⁷ i. e. protestations as common as the letters which children learn from an alphabet of ginger-bread. What we now call *spice*, was then denominated *pepper, gingerbread*. ⁸ i. e. to such as have their cloaths adorned with shreds of velvet, which appears then to have been a city fashion. ⁹ The next way—is the nearest way. ¹⁰ Tailors seem to have been as remarkable for singing as weavers, of whose musical turn Shakspeare has before made mention in this play. ¹¹ The honourable Daines Barrington observes, that "a gold-finch still continues to be called a proud tailor, in some parts of England," which renders this passage intelligible, that otherwise seems to have no meaning whatsoever. Perhaps this bird is called *proud tailor*, because his plumage is varied like a suit of cloaths made out of remnants of different colours, such as a tailor might be supposed to wear. The sense then will be this :—The next thing to singing oneself, is to teach birds to sing, the gold-finch and the Robin. ¹² See Note 3 above. ¹³ Service for action, simply. ¹⁴ i. e. in the passages of thy life.

Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts ¹,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your majesty, I would, I
Quit all offences with as clear excuse [could
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—
By smiling pick-thanks ² and base news-mongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee!—yet let me
wonder, Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession ³;
And left me in reputable banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, 'This is he';
Others would say, 'Where? which is Bolingbroke?'
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven ⁴,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin ⁵ wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt: carded ⁶ his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping ⁷ fools;

Had his great name profaned with their scorns;
And gave his countenance against his name ⁸,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative ⁹:

Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd ¹⁰ himself to popularity:

That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,

Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on fun-like majesty

When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:

But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,

Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect

As cloudy men use to their adversaries;

Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:

For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,

With vile participation; not an eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;

Which now doth what I would not have it do,

Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. [lord,

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,

As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

When I from France set foot at Ravensburg;

And even as I was then, is Percy now.

Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,

He hath more worthy interest to the state,

Than thou, the shadow of succession:

For, of no right, nor colour like to right,

He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;

Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;

And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,

To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.

What never-dying honour hath he got

Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,

Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,

Holds from all soldiers chief majority,

And military title capital,

Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ?

Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing cloaths,

This infant warrior, in his enterprizes

Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,

Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,

¹ Mean attempts are unworthy undertakings. *Lewd* does not in this place barely signify wanton, but licentious. ² i. e. officious parasites. ³ i. e. True to him that had then possession of the crown. ⁴ This is an allusion to the story of Prometheus's theft, who stole fire from thence; and as with this he made a man, so with that Bolingbroke made a king. ⁵ *Rash* is heady, thoughtless: *bavin* is brushwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is soon out. ⁶ The metaphor seems to be taken from mingling coarse wool with fine, and carding them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminished. The king means, that Richard mingled and carded together his royal state with carping fools, &c. To *card* is used by other writers for, to mix. ⁷ i. e. jelling, prating, &c. The quarto 1598, reads *cap'ring* fools. ⁸ i. e. made his presence injurious to his reputation. ⁹ Meaning, of every boy whose vanity incited him to try his wit against the king's. *Comparative*, means equal, or rival in any thing. ¹⁰ To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to invest with possessions.

To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,

Capitulate¹ against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest² enemy?
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To shew how much thou art degenerate,

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And heaven forgive them, that so much have
sway'd

Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours³ in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may save
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:—

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,—
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,

The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a state. [to-day;

K. Henry. The earl of Westmoreland set forth

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;

For this advertisement is five days old:—

On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:

On Thursday, we ourselves will march:

Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you

Shall march through Gloucestershire; by which ac-
count,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business: let's away;

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Boar's-head Tavern in East-cheap.

Enter Falstaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely
since this last action? do I not bate? do I not
dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an
old lady's loose gown; I am wither'd like an old
apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly,
while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart
shortly, and then I shall have no strength to re-
pent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of
a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brew-
er's horse⁴; the inside of a church:—Company,
villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot
live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come sing me a bawdy
song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given,
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough:
swore little; dic'd, not above seven times a week;
went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quar-
ter—of an hour; paid money that I borrow'd,
three or four times; liv'd well, and in good com-
pafs: and now I live out of all order, out of all
compafs.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you
must needs be out of all compafs; out of all rea-
sonable compafs, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend
my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the
lanthorn in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee;
thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of
it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *me-
mento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon
hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for

¹ i. e. make head. ² *Dearest* here means most fatal, most mischievous, and should be spelled *dearest*. ³ *Favours* mean some decoration usually worn by knights in their helmets, as a present from a mistress, or a trophy from an enemy. ⁴ Mr. Steevens conjectures, that a *brewer's horse* does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horse*, but the cross-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. and that the allusion may be to the taper form of this machine; while Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, that "Falstaff does not mean to point out any similitude to his own condition, but, on the contrary, some striking dissimilitude. He says here, *I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse*; just as in act II. sc. iv. he asserts the truth of several parts of his narrative, on pain of being considered as a *rogue*—a *Jew*—an *ebrew Jew*—a *bunch of raddish*—a *horse*."

there he is in his robes, burning, burning.—If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches¹, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap², at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen³? have you enquir'd yet, who pick'd my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Doyou think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have enquir'd, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shav'd, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who I? I defy thee: I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich⁴? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What,

will you make a younker⁵ of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn⁶, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O, I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup, and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poins, marching; and Falstaff meets them, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i'faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion⁷.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune⁸; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox⁹; and for woman-hood, maid Marian¹⁰ may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter?

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John; why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; man knows not where to have her.

¹ Mr. Steevens remarks on this passage, that in Shakspeare's times (long before the streets were illuminated with lamps) candles and lanthorns to let, were cried about London. ² Cheap is market, and good cheap therefore is a *bon marché*. From this word *East-cheap*, *Chep-slow*, *Cheap-side*, &c. are derived.

³ Dame Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. ⁴ A face set with carbuncles is called a *rich face*. ⁵ A *younker* is a novice, a young inexperienced man easily gul'd.

⁶ To take mine ease in mine inne, was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's house is his castle;" for *inne* originally signified a house or habitation.

⁷ i. e. as prisoners are conveyed to Newgate, fastened two and two together. ⁸ Meaning a bawd; a dish of *stew'd prunes* being not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it, as has been before observed. ⁹ A *drawn fox* may perhaps mean, a fox drawn over the ground to exercise the hounds.

¹⁰ *Maid Marian* is either a man dressed like a woman, or the lady who attends the dancers of the morris.

Hof. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he flanders thee most grossly.

Hof. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'st me thy love.

Hof. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said, my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say, 'tis copper: Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare: but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not, as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be fear'd as the lion: Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts, and midriff.—Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbos'd¹ rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou see'st, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, and cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou see'st I am pacify'd.—Still?—Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*]

Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answer'd?

P. Henry. O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou do'st, and do it with unwash'd hands too².

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Henry. I have procur'd thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,—

Bard. My lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to lord John of Lancaster, [*Land.*—

My brother John; this to my lord of Westmore—Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou and I Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner-time.—Jack,

Meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bard.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. WELL said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have,

As not a soldier of this season's stamp

Should go so general current through the world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy

The tongues of soothers; but a braver place

In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself:

Nay, task me to my word; approv' me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour:

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard³ him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well:—

Enter a Messenger.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

¹ i. e. swol'n, puffy. ² i. e. do it immediately, or the first thing in the morning. ³ To beard is to oppose face to face in a hostile or daring manner.

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, In such a juggling time? Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I.

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pry thee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And, at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would, the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.¹
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—
That with our small conjunction, we should on,
To see how fortune is dispos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing² now;
Because the king is certainly possess'd
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it:—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very lift³, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reverſion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement⁴ lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair⁵ of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought

By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side⁶
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather of his absence make this use;—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news may be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed⁷ mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd⁸:
Glittering in golden coats, like images⁹:
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses¹⁰ on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

¹ i. e. on any less near to himself. ² To *quail* is to languish, to sink into dejection. ³ The *lift* is the *selvage*; figuratively, the utmost line of circumference, the utmost extent. ⁴ i. e. a support to which we may have recourse. ⁵ i. e. the *complexion*, the *character*. ⁶ i. e. of the *affairing* side. Some latter editions read, *offending*. ⁷ Stowe says of the Prince, "He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wild-buck, or doe, in a large park." ⁸ Mr. Steevens observes, that all birds, after *bathing* (which almost all birds are fond of), spread out their wings to catch the wind, and flutter violently with them in order to dry themselves. This in the falconer's language is called *bating*, and by Shakspeare, *bating with the wind*. It may be observed, that birds never appear so lively and full of spirits, as immediately after *bathing*. ⁹ Alluding to the manner of dressing up images in the Romish churches on holy-days; when they are hedecked in robes very richly laced and embroidered. ¹⁰ *Cuisses*, French, armour for the thighs.

And witch ¹ the world with noble horfemanfhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worfe than the fun in March,

This praife doth nourifh agues. Let them come: They come like facrifices in their trim, And to the fire-ey'd maid of fmoky war, All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them: The mailed Mars fhall on his altar fit, Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire, To hear this rich reprifal is fo nigh, And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horfe, Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt, Againft the bofom of the prince of Wales: Harry to Harry fhall, hot horfe to horfe— Meet, and ne'er part, 'till one drop down a corfe. O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worft tidings that I hear of yet.

Wer. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frofty found.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach

Ver. To thirty thoufand.

[unto?]

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may ferve fo great a day.

Come, let us take a mufter fpeedily:

Doomfday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

A public road near Coventry.

Enter Falftaff, and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of fack: our foldiers fhall march through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anfwer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[Exit.

Fal. If I be not afham'd of my foldiers, I am a fouc'd gurnet ². I have mis-us'd the king's prefs damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty foldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I prefs me none but good houfholders, yeomen's fons: enquire me out contracted batchelors, fuch as had been ask'd twice on the bans; fuch a commodity of warm flaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; fuch as fear the report of a caliver, worfe than a ftruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.—I prefs me none but fuch toasts and butter ³, with

hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their fervices; and now my whole charge confifts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, flaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick'd his fores: and fuch as, indeed, were never foldiers; but difcarded unjuft ferving-men, younger fons to younger brothers ⁴, revolted tapifters, and oftlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more difhonourably ragged, than an old fac'd ancient ⁵; and fuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their fervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from fwine-keeping, from eating draff and huks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and prefs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath feen fuch fcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves ⁶ on; for, indeed, I had the moft of them out of prifon.—There's but a fhirt and a half in all my company; and the half-fhirt is two napkins, tack'd together, and thrown over the fhoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the fhirt, to fay the truth, ftolen from my hof of Saint Albans, or the red-nofe inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and W. Moreland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil doft thou in Warwickfhire?—My good lord of Wetmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewfbury.

Wef. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muft away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant, as a cat to ftal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to ftal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whofe fellows are thefe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never fee fuch pitiful rafcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to tofs ⁷; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better; tuff, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Wef. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their barenefs,—I am fure they never learn'd that of me.

¹ Witch for bewitch, charm.

² Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies.

³ Another term of contempt.

⁴ Meaning, men of desperate fortune and wild adventure.

⁵ Mr. Stevens has happily, we think, explained this paffage: "An old, fac'd ancient, is an old ftandard mended with a different colour. It fhould not be written in one word, as old and fac'd are diftinct epithets. To face a gown is to trim it; an expreffion at prefent in ufe. In our author's time the facings of gowns were always of a colour different from the ftuff itfelf."

⁶ i. e. Shackles.

⁷ That is, to tofs upon a pike.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, firrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, [feast,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Shrewsbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)
If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder
Being men of such great leading¹ as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The trumpets sound a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And would
to God,

You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well: and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name;
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And heaven defend, but still I should
stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty!
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: If that the king
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—

He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires, with interest;
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein mis-led by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know,
the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay:
My father, and my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears:
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law sneaking home,—
My father gave him welcome to the shore:
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery², and beg his peace;
With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.

Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
The more³ and less came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.

He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.

Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,

When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, talk'd⁴ the whole state:
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;

¹ i. e. such experience in martial business. ² This is a law-pharse; meaning, to sue out the delivery or possession of his lands from the Court of Wards, which, on the death of any of the tenants of the crown, seized their lands, till the heir sued out his livery. ³ i. e. the greater and the less. ⁴ Talk'd is here used for taxed; it was once common to employ these words indiscriminately.

Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety¹; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?

Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall my uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell. [*love.*]

Blunt. I would, you would accept of grace and

Hot. And, may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

York. The Archbishop's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael.

York. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed
 With winged haste, to the lord marshal; [*brief*²,
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Sir Mich. My good lord,
 I guess their tenor.

York. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,
 As I am truly given to understand,

The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion)
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew³ too,
 And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
 I fear, the power of Percy is too weak

To wage an instant trial with the king. [*fear;*

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not
 There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord
 Harry Percy,

And there's my lord of Worcester, and a head
 Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. [*drawn*

York. And so there is: but yet the king hath

The special head of all the land together;—

The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,

The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;

And many more courtrials, and dear men

Of estimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be
 well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;

And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:

For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king

Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—

For he hath heard of our confederacy,—

And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;

Therefore, make haste: I must go write again

To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Camp at Shrewsbury.

*Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of
 Lancaster, Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Walter
 Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.*

K. Henry. HOW bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon bulky⁴ hill! the day
 looks pale

At his distemperature.

P. Henry. The southern wind

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;

And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,

Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Henry. Then with the losers let it sympathize;

For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

Trumpet. *Enter Worcester, and Vernon.*

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,

That you and I should meet upon such terms

As now we meet: You have deceiv'd our trust;

And made us doff our easy robes of peace,

To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.

What say you to't? Will you again unknot

This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?

And move in that obedient orb again,

Where you did give a fair and natural light;

And be no more an exhal'd meteor,

A prodigy of fear, and a portent

Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content

To entertain the lag-end of my life

With quiet hours; for, I do protest,

I have not fought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not fought it! how comes it
 then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet⁵, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
 Of favour from myself, and all our house;

¹ Meaning, this army, from which I hope for protection. ² A *brief* is simply a letter. ³ i. e. accounted a strong aid. ⁴ i. e. woody, from *boquet*, Fr. ⁵ Theobald explains *chewet*, or *chuct*, to mean, a noisy chattering bird, a pie; while Mr. Steevens thinks it alludes to a kind of fat greasy puddings called *chewets*.

And yet I must remember you, my lord,
 We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you, my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time; and posted day and night
 To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
 When yet you were in place and in account
 Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
 It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
 And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
 That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
 Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
 The feat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
 To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,
 It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
 And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
 What with our help; what with the absent king;
 What with the injuries of a wanton time¹;
 The seeming sufferances that you had borne;
 And the contrarious winds, that held the king
 So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
 That all in England did repute him dead;—
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand:
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
 As that ungente gull, the cuckow's bird,
 Useth the sparrow²: did oppress our nest;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
 That even our love durst not come near your fight,
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
 Whereby we stand oppos'd³ by such means
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
 And violation of all faith and troth
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprize. [laid⁴,

K. Henry. These things, indeed, you have articu-
 -proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
 Which gaze, and rub the elbow, at the news
 Of hurly-burly innovation:
 And never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
 Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies, there is many a
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
 The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
 In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,—
 This present enterprize set off his head,—
 I do not think, a braver gentleman,
 More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
 More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
 I have a truant been to chivalry;
 And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
 Yet this before my father's majesty,—
 I am content, that he shall take the odds
 Of his great name and estimation;
 And will, to save the blood on either side,
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, so dare we
 venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
 Do make against it:—No, good Worcester, no,
 We love our people well; even those we love,
 That are mis-led upon your cousin's part:
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his:
 So tell your cousin, and bring me word
 What he will do:—But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
 We will not now be troubled with reply:
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exit Worcester and Vernon.*]

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life:
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
 Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his
 charge;

For, on their answer, we will set on them:
 And God besfriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exit King, Blunt, and Prince John.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
 bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest heaven a death.

[*Exit Prince Henry.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loth to pay
 him before his day. What need I be so forward
 with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no mat-
 ter: Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if ho-
 nour prick me off when I come on? how then?
 Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No.
 Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour
 hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour?
 A word. What is that word, honour? Air. A
 trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd o'
 Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it?
 No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But
 will it not live with the living? No. Why? De-
 traction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of
 it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my
 catechism.

SCENE II.

Hotspur's Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir
 Richard,

¹ i. e. the injuries done by king Richard in the wantonness of prosperity. ² The cuckow's
 chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the sparrow, in whose nest the cuckow's egg was laid, grows
 in time able to devour her nurse. ³ i. e. we stand in opposition to you. ⁴ i. e. exhibited in
 articles.

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best, he did.

Hor. Then are we all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion, all our lives, shall be stuck full of eyes:
For treason is but trusted like the fox;
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks;
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;
And an adopted name of privilege,—
A bare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's;—we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur, and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.—Deliver up
My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Hor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit Douglas.]

Hor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Hor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us, rebels, traitors; and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have
thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd¹, did bear it;
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Hor. The prince of Wales stept forth before the
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his talking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;

Trim'd up your praises with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you:
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cit² of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he matter'd³ there a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.
There did he pause: But let me tell the world,—
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
Of any prince so wild, at liberty⁴:—
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, fol-

diers, friends,

Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, Brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on
apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking; Only this—
Let each man do his best: and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance⁵!—Percy!—and set on.—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war;
And by that music let us all embrace:
For, heaven to earth⁶, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, then exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

*The King entereth with his power. Alarum to the
battle. Then enter Douglas and Blunt.*

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou croffest me? what honour dost thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,

¹ Engag'd is deliver'd as an hostage. ² i. e. recital. ³ i. e. was master of. ⁴ i. e. of any prince who played such pranks, and was not confined as a madman. ⁵ This was the word of battle on Percy's side, and has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance en Dieu* is the present motto of the duke of Northumberland, and has been long used by his predecessors. ⁶ i. e. one might wager heaven to earth.

Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true. [bought

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is slain. Enter Hotspur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot. [thus,

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathless lies

Hot. Where? [the king.

Doug. Here. [well:

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably¹ furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my sword I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away:

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Other alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free² at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but
upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter
Blunt;—there's honour for you: Here's no vanity³!—
I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too:
Heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more
weight than mine own bowels.—I have led
my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's
not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and
they are for the town's end, to beg during life.
But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend
me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: lend me thy sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pry'thee, give me leave to breathe
awhile.—Turk Gregory⁴ never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
I have made him sure⁵.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pry'thee, lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st
not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will
sack a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and exit.

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do
come in my way, so: if he do not,—if I come in
his, willingly, let him make a carbonado⁷ of me.
I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath:
Give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, ho-
nour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the Field.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the King, the Prince,
Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of West-
moreland.*

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyself; thou
bleed'st⁸ too much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your majesty, make up,
Left your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:—

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my lord? I do not need
your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

Lan. We breathe too long:—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,

Our duty this way lies; for heaven's sake, come.

[Exeunt P. John and West.

P. Henry. By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all! [Exit.

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's
heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those

That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

K. Henry. The king himself: who, Douglas,
grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys

Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

¹ i. e. in resemblance, alike. ² A play upon *shot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a missile weapon discharged from artillery. ³ In our author's time, the negative, in common speech, was used to design, ironically, the excess of a thing. ⁴ Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his History, hath made this Gregory so odious, that I don't doubt but the good Protestants of that time were well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pop, in one. ⁵ *Sure* has two significations—certainly disposed of, and safe. Falstaff uses it in the former sense; the prince replies to it in the latter. ⁶ A quibble on the word *sack*. ⁷ A carbonado is a piece of meat cut cross-wise for the gridiron. ⁸ History says, the prince was wounded in the eye by an arrow.

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[*They fight; the King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.*]

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again! The spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee;
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.—

[*They fight; Douglas flyeth.*]

Cheerly, my lord; How fares your grace?—

Sir Nicholas Gawfey hath for succour sent,
And so hath Clifton; I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion:
And shew'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

P. Henry. O heaven; they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end,
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawfey. [Exit.]

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; And would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [Fight.]

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loss of brittle life,
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword
my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop¹. O, I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [Dies.]

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so great a show of zeal:—
But let my favours² hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*]

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spar'd a better man.

O, I should have a heavy mis' of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—

Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by;

'Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.]

Falstaff, rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day,
I'll give you leave to powder me³, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him.—Why may he not rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*]

Re-enter Prince Henry, and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

¹ Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus: "Hotspur in his last moments endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts; but thought, being dependent on life, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. Life, on which thought depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of time; of time, which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped." ² See note 3, p. 461. ³ To powder is to salt.

Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But, soft! who have we here?

Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead, breathless
and bleeding

Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double
man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a
Jack. There is Percy: [*throwing the body down*]
if your father will do me any honour, so; if not,
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be
either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw
thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world
is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and
out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both
at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrews-
bury clock. If I may be believ'd, so: if not, let
them, that should reward valour, bear the sin
upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death,
I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man
were alive, and would deny it, I would make him
eat a piece of my sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest fellow, brother
John.—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,

I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,

To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He
that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do
grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave
sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field.

The trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince of

*Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of West-
moreland, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,

A noble earl, and many a creature else,

Had been alive this hour,

If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne

Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,

Since not to be avoided it falls on me. [non too:

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Ver-
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

[*he saw*]

P. Henry. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,

The noble Percy slain, and all his men

Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest;

And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,

That the pursuers took him. At my tent

The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,

I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide
our power.—

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,

Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest
speed,

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:

Myself,—and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,

Meeting the check of such another day:

And since this business so fair is done,

Let us not leave 'till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*]

SECOND PART: OF KING HENRY IV.

I N D U C T I O N.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. **O** PEN your ears; For which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks:
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual flanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swell'n with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I ran before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? My office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; From Rumour's
tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs. [Exit.]

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D.

King HENRY the Fourth.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King,

JOHN, Duke of Bedford,

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster,

THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

SCROOP, Archbishop of York,

Lord MOWBRAY,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord BARDOLPH,

Sir JOHN COLEVILE,

TRAVERS,

MORTON,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

Lord Chief Justice,

} his sons.

} against the
King.

} of the King's
party.

FALSTAFF, POINS, BARDOLPH, PISTOL,
PETO, and PAGE.

SHALLOW, and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVEY, servant to Shallow.

PHANG and SNARE, two Serjeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCALF,

} Recruits.

Lady NORTHUMBERLAND.

Lady PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

S C E N E, England.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Northumberland's castle, at Warkworth.

The Porter at the gate; Enter Lord Bardolph.

Bard. **W**HO keeps the gate here, ho?—

Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the or-

chard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

¹ The transactions comprized in this History take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed; and closes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of king Henry V.

Enter

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? Every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feedings, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright: and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, 'till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this deriv'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came
from thence;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom
I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come
with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him, came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost spent¹ with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloody'd horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade²
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staving no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again,

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;—

If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a filken point³

I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode
by Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was some hilding⁴ fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, did'st thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone⁵,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This would'st thou say,—Your son did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
But for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gain'd:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear⁷, or sin,
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a fullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That, which I would to heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,

¹ To *for spend* is to waste, to exhaust. ² *Jade* seems anciently to have signify'd what we now call a hackney; a beast employed in drudgery, opposed to a horse kept for show, or to be rid by its master. ³ A *point* is a string tagged, or lace. ⁴ For *hilderling*, i. e. base, degenerate. ⁵ Mr. Steevens observes, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. ⁶ i. e. so far gone in woe. ⁷ Fear for danger.

Rend'ring faint quittance¹, wearied and out-breath'd, [down
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated², all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
'Gan vail his stomach³, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and, in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physick; and these news
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle⁴ under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves: hence therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoir;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron: And approach
The ruggedst hour that time and spight dare bring,
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [my lord:]

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong,
Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And sum'm'd the account of chance, before you said,—
Let us make head. It was your pre-surmise,
That, in the dole of blows⁵ your son might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his flesh was capable
Of wounds, and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action: What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Choak'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And, since we are o'er-set, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: And, my most
noble lord,

I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,—
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well appointed powers; he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men, to fight:
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth beset a bleeding land⁶,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and less⁷ do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak
truth,

This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge:
Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A street in London.

*Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his
sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what says the doctor to
my water?

¹ Quittance is return. By faint quittance is meant a faint return of blows. ² i. e. reduced to a lower temper, or, as it is usually called, let down. ³ i. e. began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. ⁴ i. e. bend, yield to pressure. ⁵ The dole of blows is the distribution of blows; dole originally signifying the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) given away at the door of a nobleman. ⁶ That is, stands over his country to defend her as she lies bleeding on the ground. ⁷ i. e. greater and less.

Page. He said, fir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird¹ at me : The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a fow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson² mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd³ with an agate⁴ till now : but I will neither set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal⁵, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek ; yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it⁶ ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the fatten for my short cloak, and floss ?

Page. He said, fir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and yours ; he lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand⁷, and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them⁸ in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I look'd he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of fatten, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.—Where's Bardolph ?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's⁹, and he'll buy me

a horse in Smithfield : if I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Serv. He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

Serv. Sir John,—

Fal. What ! a young knave, and beg ! Is there not wars ? is there not employment ? Doth not the king lack subjects ? do not the rebels want soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, fir, did I say you were an honest man ? Setting my knighthood and my soldier'ship aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, fir, then set your knighthood and your soldier'ship aside ; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside that which grows to me ! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me ; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd : You hunt-counter¹⁰, hence ! avaunt !

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord !—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad : I heard say, your lordship was sick : I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the

¹ i. e. to gibe. ² *Mandrake* is a root supposed to have the shape of a man. ³ That is, I never before had an agate for my man. Our author alludes to the little figures cut in agates, and other hard stones, for seals ; and therefore Falstaff says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver.* ⁴ i. e. the young man. ⁵ Mr. Steevens thinks, "this quibbling allusion is to the English *real*, *rial*, or *royal* ; and that the poet seems to mean, that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his *face-royal*, than by the face stamped on the coin called a *royal* ; the one requiring as little shaving as the other." ⁶ That is, to keep a gentleman in expectation. ⁷ To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase to be *in with* (*in debt*) a tradesman. ⁸ At that time the resort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the post. ⁹ This judge was Sir William Gascoigne, chief justice of the king's-bench. He died December 17, 1413, and was buried in Harwood church, in Yorkshire. ¹⁰ That is, blunderer.

fastness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. If it please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would mend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wife may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in lefs.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have mis-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath mis-led me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog¹.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the quiet time for your quiet e'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel² candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell³: Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times⁴, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: Pregnancy⁵ is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity⁶? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with bawling and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath sever'd you and prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady

¹ Dr. Johnson says, he does not understand this joke; that dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? To which Dr. Farmer replies, "If the Fellow's great Belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog, as well as a blind man." ² A wassel candle is a large candle lighted up at a feast. ³ Meaning, I cannot pass current. ⁴ That is, in these times, when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. A coster-monger is a costard-monger, a dealer in apples, called by that name, because they are shaped like a costard, i. e. a man's head. ⁵ Pregnancy is readiness. ⁶ i. e. old age.

peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again¹. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; And heaven blefs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses². Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. *[Exit.]*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle³.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent⁴ my curses.—Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. *[Exit Page.]* A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity⁵. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Archbishop of York's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Lord Hastings, Thomas Mowbray (Earl Marshal), and Lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—

And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms;

But gladly would be better satisfied,

How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough

Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus;—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgement is, we should not step too far 'Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surmise Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself with project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts: And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war, Indeed of instant action: A cause on foot Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit, Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair, That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build, We first survey the plot, then draw the model; And when we see the figure of the house, Then must we rate the cost of the erection: Which if we find outweighs ability, What do we then, but draw anew the model In fewer offices; or, at least, desist To build at all? Much more in this great work, (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down, And set another up) should we survey The plot of situation, and the model;

Consent upon a sure foundation;

Question surveyors; know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo;

To weigh against his opposite; or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures,

Using the names of men instead of men:

Like one, that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)

Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd

The very utmost man of expectation:

¹ i. e. May I never have my stomach inflamed again with liquor; to spit white, being the consequence of inward heat. ² A quibble was probably here intended on the word *cross*, which meant a coin so called, because stamped with a cross, as well as a disappointment or trouble. ³ A beetle wielded by three men. ⁴ i. e. anticipate my curses. ⁵ i. e. profit, self-interest.

I think, we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty
thousand? [*Bardolph.*]

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers found
With hollow poverty and emptiness. [*together,*

York. That he should draw his several strengths
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that. [*ther?*]

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hi-

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over-greedy love hath forfeited:—

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou would'st have him be?

And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Cry'st now, *O earth, give us that king again,*

And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurs't!

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set
on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be
gone. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A street in London.

*Enter Hostess; Phang, and his boy, with her; and
Snare following.*

Host. **M**ASTER Phang, have you enter'd the
action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeo-
man? will a stand to't?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay; good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Ay, good master Snare; I have enter'd
him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives,
for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd
me in mine own house, and that most beastly: he
cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be
out: he will foil like any devil; he will spare
neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can close with him, I care not for
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. An I but fist him once; and he come
but within my vice¹;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you,
he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good

master Phang, hold him sure;—good master Snare,
let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pye-
corner, (saving your manhoods) to buy a fiddle;
and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's² head in
Lunbart-street, to master Smooth's the silkman:
I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case
so openly known to the world, let him be brought
in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan
for a poor lone woman³ to bear: and I have
borne, and borne, and borne; and have been sub'd
off, and sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it
is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty
in such dealing; unless a woman should be made
an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's
wrong.—

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, and the Page.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose⁴
knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do
your offices, master Phang, and master Snare;
do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's
the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of
mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut
me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the
kennel.

Host. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee
in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bas-

¹ Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice. ² Perhaps a corruption of the Lib-
bard's-head. ³ A lone woman is a desolate, unfriended woman. ⁴ That is, red nose, from the
effect of malmsey wine.

tardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle¹ villain; wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-feed² rogue! thou art a honey-feed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hof. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-feed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian²! you fustilarian³! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hof. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow; Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Hof. O my most worshipful lord, an' please your grace, I am a poor widow of East-cheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Hof. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hof. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet⁴, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess⁵ of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere

long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sawciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; I know you have practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hof. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and repay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap⁶ without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sawciness: if a man will make curtsy, and say nothing, he is virtuous: No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; What news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Wales*]

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Hof. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Hof. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work⁷, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pounds, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

¹ The landlady's corruption of *homicidal* and *homicide*. ² Meaning, perhaps, you *run* riotous strumpet, speaking to the hostess. ³ Addressing himself to the officer, whose weapon of defence is a cudgel (from *rusts*, a club), not being entitled to wear a sword. ⁴ A *parcel-gilt* goblet is a goblet only gilt over, not of solid gold. ⁵ A *mess* seems in those days to have been the common term for a small proportion of any thing belonging to the kitchen. ⁶ *Sneap* signifies *dash*. ⁷ That is, in a manner suitable to your character. ⁸ i. e. in water colours.

Hof. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift; you'll be a fool still.

Hof. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on. *[To the Officers.]*

Hof. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[Exeunt Hofes, Bardolph, Officers, &c.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently: Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take foldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

P. Henry. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small-beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small-beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to

remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were the peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—But that, the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world encreases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation¹ of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with my own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper² fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and see, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph, and Page.

Bard. 'Save your grace!

¹ i. e. shew. ² A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a stout fighting man.

P. Henry. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. [to the Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? Wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spy'd his eyes; and methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is six-pence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas¹ your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir?

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician: but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen² to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins reads. *John Falstaff, knight,*—Every man must know that, as oft as he hath occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt.*—How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap³; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poins. *Sir John Falstaff, knight, is the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace!

Poins. *I will imitate the honourable Roman⁴ in brevity:*—sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for*

he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell. Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe. My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Henry. Where sups he? doth the old bear feed in the old frank⁵? [cheap.]

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in East.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Ephesians⁶, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Henry. What pagan⁷ may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kind woman of my master's.

P. Henry. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper? [you.]

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph:—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go.—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine: for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Warkworth Castle.

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

¹ That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring; meaning, the old fellow with juvenile passions. *Martlemas* is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November. ² i. e. this timid excrescence of a man. ³ Warburton explains this allusion by observing, that a man who goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. ⁴ By the *honourable Roman* is probably intended Julius Cæsar, whose *veni, vidi, vici*, seems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. ⁵ *Frank* is *fly*. ⁶ Probably the cant word in those times for *topers*. ⁷ The cant word perhaps for *prostitutes*.

Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more :

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's sake, go not to these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long¹ in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?

There were two honours lost ; yours, and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven : and, by his light,
Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts : he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait :

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant ;

For those that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him : So that, in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book,

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him !

O miracle of men !—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage ; to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible :—so you left him :

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others, than with him ; let them alone ;

The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,

Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Bestrew your heart,

Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.

But I must go, and meet with danger there ;

Or it will seek me in another place,

And find me worse provided.

L. North. O, fly to Scotland,

'Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,

Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and vantage of the

king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves : So did your son ;

He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;

And never shall have length of life enough,

² To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband. [mind,

North. Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,

That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,

But many thousand reasons hold me back :—

I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,

'Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

London.

The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two Drawers.

¹ *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ? apple-Johns ? Thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure an apple-John³.

² *Draw.* Mafs, thou say'st true : The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more Sir Johns : and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these five dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart ; but he hath forgot that.

¹ *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down : And see if thou can'st find out Sneak's⁴ noise ; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch : —The room where they sup'd is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

² *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and master Poina anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons ; and Sir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

¹ *Draw.* Then here will be old utis⁵ : It will be an excellent stratagem.

² *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. Sweet-heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your puffsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose : But, i' faith, you have drank too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can say,—What's this ? How do you now ?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that was well said ; A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the jordan—and was a worthy king : How now, mistress Doll ? [Exit Drawer.

¹ Theobald conjectures that the poet wrote *look* in vain. ² Alluding to the plant, rosemary, so called, and used in funerals. ³ This apple will keep two years, but becomes very wrinkled and shrivelled. ⁴ Dr. Johnson says, Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. A *noise of musicians* anciently signified a concert or company of them. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene of this play. ⁵ *Utis*, a word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, ab A. S. *ealra, oclava festi alieujus*. *Old utis* signifies festivity in a great degree.

Hof. Sick of a calm¹ : yea, good footh.

Fal. So is all her sect² ; if they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

Fal. You make fat rascals³, mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll : we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you ; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry ; our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches⁴ ;—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know : To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely ; to venture upon the charg'd chambers⁵ bravely :—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself !

Hof. Why, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic⁶ as two dry toasts⁷ ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-jere ! one must bear, and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel. [To Doll.]

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hoghead ? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient⁸ Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Hof. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live amongst my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best :—Shut the door ;—there comes no swaggerers here : I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now ;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?—

Hof. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John : there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

Hof. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me ; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other day ; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—Neighbour Quickly, says he :—master Dumb, our minister, was by then ;—Neighbour Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil ; for, faith he, you are in an ill name ;—now he said so, I can tell whereupon ; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive : Receive, says he, no swaggering companions.—There comes none here :—you would bless you to hear what he said :—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater⁹, he ; you may stroak him as gently as a puppy-greyhound : he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

Hof. Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater¹⁰ : But I do not love swaggering, by my troth ; I am the worse, when one says—swagger : feel, masters, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Hof. Do I ? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John !

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

Hof. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets : I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I¹¹.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me ? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away ! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal ! you filthy bung¹², away ; by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle¹³ with me. Away ! you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you !—Since when, I

¹ Meaning, probably, of a *quailm*. meant.

² That is, her profession ; or perhaps *sex* may be meant. ³ Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, for being *fat*, he cannot be a *rascal*. ⁴ This is a line in an old song. *Brooches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were bosses of gold set with diamonds.

⁵ To understand this quibble, it is necessary to observe, that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a piece of ordnance. A *chamber* is likewise that part of a mine where the powder is lodged. ⁶ *Rheumatic*, in the cant language of those times, signified capricious, humourful.

⁷ Which cannot meet but they grate one another. ⁸ *Ancient Pistol* is the same as *Ensign Pistol*. ⁹ *Gamester* and *cheater* were, in Shakspeare's age, synonymous terms. ¹⁰ The humour of this consists in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater* (or *gamester*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eschator*, well known to the common people of that time ; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*. ¹¹ The duplication of the pronoun was very common. The French still use this idiom—*Je suis Parisien, moi*. ¹² In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse.

¹³ *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bourng* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle.

pray you, sir?—What, with two points¹ on your shoulder? much²!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hof. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dry'd cakes³. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy⁴; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first;—To Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line⁵, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, traitors⁶! Have we not Hiren⁷ here?

Hof. Good captain Peefel, be quiet; it is very late: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia⁸,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals⁹,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hof. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; Have we not Hiren here¹⁰?

Hof. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-jere! do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Pist. Then, Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis¹¹: Come, give's some sack.

—*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.*—

Fear we broad-sides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack;—and, sweet-heart, lye thou there. [*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points¹² here; and are it *et cetera* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif¹³: What! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags¹⁴?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling¹⁵: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrew?—Then death

Rock me asleep¹⁶, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Hof. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Hof. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these terrors and frights. So; murther, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Hof. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

¹ As a mark of his commission. ² Much was a common expression of disdain at that time, of the same sense with that more modern one, *Marry come up*. ³ Meaning, that he liv'd on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks shops. The allusion to *stew'd prunes*, and all that is necessary to be known on that subject, has been already explained in our notes on other passages of these Plays. ⁴ *Occupant* seems to have been formerly a term for a woman of the town, as *occupier* was for a wench. ⁵ These words are introduced in ridicule of some absurd and fustian passages from plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, and from which the greater part of *Pistol's* character seems to be composed. ⁶ i. e. traitors, rascals. ⁷ *Hiren* was sometimes a cant term for a mistress or harlot; Pistol may therefore mean, "Have we not a *strumpet* here? and why am I thus used by her?" ⁸ These lines are in part a quotation out of an old absurd fustian play, entitled, *Tamburlain's Conquests*; or, *The Scythian Shepherd*. ⁹ *Cannibal* is used by a blunder for *Hannibal*. ¹⁰ Mr. Steevens observes, that as *Hiren* was sometimes used to denote a *mistress* or *harlot*, Pistol may be supposed to give it on this occasion, as an endearing name, to his sword, in the same spirit of fondness that he presently calls it—*sweet-heart*. Pistol delights in bestowing titles on his weapon. In this scene he also calls it—*Atropos*. ¹¹ A burlesque on a line in an old play, called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. ¹² That is, shall we stop here? ¹³ i. e. I kiss thy fill. ¹⁴ That is, common hackneys. ¹⁵ Mr. Steevens supposes this expression to mean a piece of polished metal made use of in the play of shovel-board. ¹⁶ This is a fragment of an ancient song, supposed to have been written by Anne Boleyn; for which see Sir John Hawkins's *General History of Music*, vol. III. p. 31.

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorson chops:—Ah, rogue! I love thee.—Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'st for thy heart: if thou do'st, I'll canva's thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musick.

Page. The musick is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, firs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me, like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'd'st him like a church. Thou whorson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig¹, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining of nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak² like a death's head³; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewksbury⁴ mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel⁵; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons⁶; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of⁷ discreet stories: and such other gambol

faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kifs me, Doll.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction⁸! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon⁹, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables¹⁰; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering buffes.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kifs thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle¹¹ of? I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome 'till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Henry. *Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—and art not thou Poins, his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hof. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! welcome to London.—Now heaven ble'st that sweet face of thine! what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorson mad compound of ma-

¹ For tidy Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-pig* is a little pig made of paste, sold at Bartholomew-fair, and given to children for a fairing. ² Mr. Steevens says, it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a death's head in a ring, upon their middle finger.

³ Tewksbury, a market-town in Gloucestershire, was formerly noted for mustard-balls made there, and sent into other parts. ⁴ *Conger with fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. ⁵ A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor.

It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. Ben Jonson speaks of those who eat *candles ends*, as an act of love and gallantry. But perhaps our author, by Poins swallowing *candles ends by way of flap-dragons*, meant to indicate no more than that the prince loved him because he was always ready to do any thing for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural.

⁶ This expression may not perhaps be improperly elucidated by a passage in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Mrs. Quickly, enumerating the virtues of John Rugby, adds, that "he is no tell-tale, no breed-bate." ⁷ Alluding to the roundness of Falstaff, who was called *round man* in contempt before.

⁸ Meaning, that this was indeed a prodigy; astrologers having remarked, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. ⁹ *Trigonum igneum* is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign.

¹⁰ Dr. Warburton thinks, we should read, clasping too his master's old tables, &c. i. e. embracing his master's cast-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counsel-keeper*].

¹¹ Mr. Steevens conjectures, that *kirtle* here means a *beticoat*.

jefty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*]

Dol. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreson candle-mine! you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hof. Blessing o' your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back: and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so: I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Henry. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No, abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Henry. No! to dispraise me; and call me—penter, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hof. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that; Marry, there is another indict-

ment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hof. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Hof. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,

So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door?—How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, firrah [*To the Page.*].—Farewel, hostess;—farewel, Doll.—You see, my good wenchies, how men of merit are sought after: the underverger may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewel, good wenchies:—If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewel, Farewel. [*Exeunt Fal. and Bard.*]

Hof. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come pescod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Hof. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Hof. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

Enter King Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Henry. GO, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;

But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

† Meaning, thou inexhaustible magazine of tallow.

Why rather, sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly², death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down³!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Henry. Why, then, good morrow to you.
Well, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege. *[kingdom]*

K. Henry. Then you perceive, the body of our
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd⁴;
Which to its former strength may be restor'd,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven! that one might read the
book of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—

Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You cousin Nevil⁵, as I may remember)

[To Warwick.]

When Richard⁶,—with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;*
Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent;
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:—*so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings, lie entreaured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities:—
And that same word⁷ even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd:—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd

¹ This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakspeare. ² *Hurly* means noise, from the French *hurler*, to howl. ³ Warburton thinks this passage to be evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*; these two lines making the just conclusion from what preceded: "If sleep will fly a king and comfort itself with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneasy the crown'd head." ⁴ Dr. Johnson observes, that *distemper* (which, according to the old phisic, is a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity) is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases; and that the difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*. ⁵ Mr. Steevens observes, that Shakspeare has mistaken the name of this nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till the latter end of the reign of king Henry VI. when it descended to *Anne Beauchamp* (the daughter of the earl here introduced), who was married to *Richard Nevil*, earl of Salisbury. ⁶ He refers to King Richard, Act V. Scene II.; but Warwick was not present at that conversation. ⁷ Meaning, *necessity*.

A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseasoned hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

*Enter Shallow meeting Silence. Mouldy, Shadow,
Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c. behind.*

Sshal. Come on, come on, come on; give me
your hand, fir, give me your hand, fir: an early
titter, by the rood¹. And how doth my good
cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Sshal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fel-
low? and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Sshal. By yea and nay, fir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: He is at Ox-
ford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, fir; to my cost.

Sshal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's-inn; where, I think,
they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

Sshal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have
done any thing, indeed, and roundly too. There
was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and
black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will
Squeale a Cotswold² man,—you had not four such
swinge-bucklers³ in all the inns of court again:
and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-
robas⁴ were; and had the best of them all at
commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir
John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke
of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about foldiers?

Sshal. The same Sir John, the very same. I
saw him break Skogan's⁵ head at the court gate,
when he was a crack⁶, not thus high: and the
very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stock-
fish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad
days that I have spent! and to see how many of
mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Sshal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure;
death, as the Psalmist faith, is certain to all; all
shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-
ford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Sshal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, fir.

Sshal. Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow;
—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of
Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on
his head. Dead!—he would have clapp'd i' the
clout⁷ at twelve score; and carry'd you a fore-hand
shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half⁸, that it
would have done a man's heart good to see.—
How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good
ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Sshal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Sshal. I am Robert Shallow, fir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the
peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, fir, commends him to you;
my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by
heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Sshal. He greets me well, fir: I knew him a
good back-sword man: How doth the good knight?
may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a foldier is better accom-
modated, than with a wife.

Sshal. It is well said, fir; and it is well said in-
deed too. Better accommodated!—it is good;
yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and
ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!
—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good
phrase⁹.

Bard. Pardon, fir; I have heard the word.
Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the
phrase: but I will maintain the word with my
sword, to be a foldier-like word, and a word of
exceeding good command. Accommodated; that
is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or,
when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be
thought to be accommodated; which is an excel-
lent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Sshal. It is very just:—Look, here comes good
Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your
worship's good hand: By my troth, you look well,
and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir
John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master
Robert Shallow;—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Sshal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in
commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you
should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen,

¹ i. e. the cross. ² For an account of the Cotswold games, so famous in Shakspeare's time, see
note 2, p. 46. ³ Swinge-bucklers and wash-bucklers were words implying rakes or rioters, in the
time of Shakspeare. ⁴ i. e. ladies of pleasure, or harlots. ⁵ We learn from a masque of Ben
Jonson's, that Skogan was "a fine gentleman, and a master of arts of Henry the Fourth's times, that
made disguises for the king's sons, and writ in ballad royal daintily well." ⁶ This is an old Islandic
word, signifying a boy or child. ⁷ i. e. hit the white mark. ⁸ i. e. fourteen score of yards.
⁹ Accommodate was a modish term of that time, as Ben Jonson informs us,

have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Sbal. Marry, have we, fir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Sbal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: Yea, marry, fir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so.—Let me see; Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Sbal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Sbal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use: Very singular good!—Well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Sbal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside; Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold foldier.

Sbal. Where's Shadow?

Sbad. Here, fir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Sbad. My mother's son, fir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Sbal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book¹.

Sbal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, fir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, fir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Sbal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Sbal. Hā, ha, ha!—you can do it, fir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, fir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, fir.

Sbal. Shall I prick him, fir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou

make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, fir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's taylor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's taylor well, master Shallow: deep, master Shallow.

Feeble. I would, Wart might have gone, fir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's taylor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, fir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Sbal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, fir.

Fal. Trust me, a likely fellow!—Come prick me Bull-calf, 'till he roar again.

Bull. Oh! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. O lord, fir! I am a diseas'd man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whorson cold, fir; a cough, fir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, fir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Sbal. There is two more call'd than your number, you must have but four here, fir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Sbal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the wind-mill in St. George's-fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Sbal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Sbal. She could never away² with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Sbal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Sbal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot chuse but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Sbal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

¹ That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men. ² This is an expression of dislike.

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys*!—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come. [*Exeunt Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Fal. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, fir, I had as lief be hang'd, fir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, fir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, fir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, fir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so: an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, fir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf: For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow 'till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to chuse a man? Care I for the limb, the thieves¹, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket².

And this same half-fac'd fellow Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a³ caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good:—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot⁴.—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tetter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, when I lay at Clement's-inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet⁵ in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rab, tab, tab*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen.—On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruit, &c.*].—As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street⁶; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick fight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of

¹ i. e. the muscular strength or appearance of manhood. ² That is, swifter than he who carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam crossing his shoulders. A hand-gun. ³ Shot is used for shooter, one who is to fight by shooting. ⁴ Dr. Johnson observes, that the story of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthur*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Dr. Warburton says, his squire. Shakspeare would not have shewn his Justice capable of representing any higher character. ⁵ Turnbull or Turnmill-street is near Cow-Crofs, West Smithfield, which was formerly called *Ruffian's Hall*, where turbulent fellows met to try their skill at sword and buckler, and was notorious for the number of its houses of ill-fame.

the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutcht¹ hufwives, that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights². And now is this vice's³ dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst⁴ his head, for crouding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name⁵: for you might have truif'd

him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's⁶ two stones to me: If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him⁷. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and others.

York. WHAT is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an't shall please your grace. [forth,

York. Here stand, my lords: and send discoverers To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you, that I have receiv'd New-dated letters from Northumberland; Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:— Here doth he wish his person, with such powers As might hold fortance with his quality, The which he could not levy; whereupon He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers, That your attempts may over-live the hazard, And fearful meeting of their opposite. [ground,

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we had in him touch And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, In goodly form comes on the enemy:

And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand. [out.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them Let us sway⁸ on, and face them in the field.

Enter Westmoreland.

York. What well-appointed⁹ leader fronts us here!

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general, The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaster.

York. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace: What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord, Unto your grace do I in chief address The substance of my speech. If that rebellion Came like itself, in base and abject routs, Led on by bloody youth¹⁰, guarded¹¹ with rage, And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary; I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd, In his true, native, and most proper shape, You, reverend father, and these noble lords, Had not been here, to dress the ugly form Of base and bloody insurrection

With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop— Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd:

¹ i. e. according to Mr. Pope, whipt, carted; tho' Dr. Johnson rather thinks that the word means dirty or grimed; and that the word *hufwives* agrees better with this sense. Ray, however, among his north-country words, confirms Pope's meaning, by saying that an *overswitch'd hufwife* is a strumpet.
² *Fancies* and *Goodnights* were the titles of little poems.
³ *Vice* was the name given to a droll figure, heretofore much shewn upon our stage, and brought in to play the fool and make sport for the people's sake. His dress was always a long jerkin, a fool's cap with ass's ears, and a thin wooden dagger, such as is still retained in the modern figures of Harlequin and Scaramouch. The word is an abbreviation of *device*; for in our old dramatic shows, where he was first exhibited, he was nothing more than an artificial figure, a puppet moved by machinery, and then originally called a *device*, or *deviser*. The smith's machine called a *vice*, is an abbreviation of the same sort. It was very satirical in Falstaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to such a machine as a wooden dagger in the hand and management of a buffoon.
⁴ To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. To *break* had the same meaning.
⁵ That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow so slender, that his name might have been *gaunt*.
⁶ One of which was an universal medicine, and the other a transmuter of base metals into gold.
⁷ That is, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow.
⁸ Dr. Johnson thinks this word, which is used in Holinshed, was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compass body.
⁹ *Well-appointed* is completely accoutred.
¹⁰ *Bloody youth* means only sanguine youth, youth full of blood, and of those passions which blood is supposed to incite or nourish.
¹¹ *Guarded* is an expression taken from dress, and means the same as *faced*, *turned up*.

Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
 Whose white investments¹ figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?
 Turning your books to graves², your ink to blood,
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.

Briefly, to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
 And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
 But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
 I take not on me here as a physician:
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
 Troop in the throngs of military men:
 But, rather, shew a while like fearful war,
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
 we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
 By the rough torrent of occasion;
 And have the summary of all our griefs,
 When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
 Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
 And might by no suit gain our audience:
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
 We are deny'd access unto his person
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,
 (Whose memory is written on the earth
 With yet appearing blood) and the examples
 Of every minute's instance, (present now)
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
 But to establish here a peace indeed,
 Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
 Wherein have you been galled by the king?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you?
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
 And consecrate commotion's civil edge³?

York. My brother-general, the common-wealth,
 To brother born an household cruelty,
 I make my quarrel in particular⁴.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
 Or, if they were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us all,
 That feel the bruises of the days before;
 And suffer the condition of these times
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand
 Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
 Continue the times to their necessities,
 And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
 And not the king, that doth you injuries.
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
 Either from the king, or in the present time,
 That you should have an inch of any ground
 To build a grief on: Were you not restor'd
 To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
 lost,

That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?
 The king, that lov'd him as the state stood then,
 Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
 And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
 Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,
 Their neighing couriers daring of the spur,
 Their armed staves in charge⁵, their beavers down,
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights⁶ of
 steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have
 staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
 O, when the king did throw his warder down,
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,
 That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

¹ Formerly, all bishops wore white even when they travelled. The white investment meant the episcopal rochet. ² For graves Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. Steevens says, "We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, which is spelled *graves* in Warner's *Albion's England*," i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots; and adds, that the metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. boots, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war. *Glave* is the *Erse* word for a broad-sword, and *glais* is *Welsh* for a hook. ³ It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first crusades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes. ⁴ Dr. Warburton explains this passage thus: "My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to brothers born, by giving some all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of male-content, and source of civil commotions. Dr. Johnson, however, believes there is an error in the first line, which perhaps may be rectified thus: "My quarrel general, the common-wealth, &c. That is, my general cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my particular cause a domestic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order;" a circumstance mentioned in the First Part of the Play. ⁵ An armed staff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the rest for the encounter. ⁶ Or, the *vissers*, i. e. the perforated part of their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what :

The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman :
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smil'd ?

But, if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest'd, and grac'd indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience : and wherein
It shall appear, that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you over-ween, to take it so ;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :
For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—
Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no
parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence :
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

West. That is intended ¹ in the general's name :
I muse, you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland,
this schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances :—
Each several article herein redress'd ;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form ² ;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd ³ ;
We come within our awful banks ⁴ again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please
you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
And either end in peace, which heaven so frame !
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

York. My lord, we will do so. [Exit *West.*]

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom
tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that : if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall insist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action :
That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

York. No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king
is weary

Of dainty and such picking ⁵ grievances :
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life,
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean ⁶ ;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance : For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion :
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend :
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes ;
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rols
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement :
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true ;—
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand : Pleaseth your
lordship,

To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies
Mowb. Your grace of York, in heaven's name,
then set forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace :—my lords
we come.

[Exit

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

*Enter on one side Mowbray, the Archbishop, Hastings,
and others : from the other side, Prince John,
Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers, &c.*

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray :—

¹ Meaning, included in the office of a general.
validity.

² That is, by a pardon of due form and legal
³ For confined, Mr. Steevens proposes to read confirm'd.
limits of reverence. Perhaps we might read — lawful.

⁴ Alluding to a table-book of slate, ivory, &c.

⁵ i. e. piddling, insignificant grie-
vances.

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
 And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.—
 My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence
 Your exposition on the holy text;
 Than now to see you here an iron man,
 Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sun-shine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,
 In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
 It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,
 How deep you were within the books of God?
 To us, the speaker in his parliament;
 To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itself;
 The very opener, and intelligencer,
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
 And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,
 But you misuse the reverence of your place;
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up¹,
 Under the counterfeit zeal of God,
 The subjects of his substitute, my father;
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace:
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
 The time mis-order'd doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
 The parcels and particulars of our grief;
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
 court,

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep,
 With grant of our most just and right desires;
 And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
 Keep tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
 We have supplies to second our attempt;
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:
 And so, success² of mischief shall be born;
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
 While England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too
 shallow,
 To found the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them di-
 rectly,

How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
 And swear here by the honour of my blood,
 My father's purposes have been mistook;
 And some about him have too lavishly
 Wretted his meaning, and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
 Upon my life, they shall. If this may please you,
 Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
 As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
 Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
 That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,
 Of our restored love, and amity. [drresses.

York. I take your princely word for these re-

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
 And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
 This news of peace; let them have pay, and part;
 I know, it will well please them: Hie thee, cap-
 tain. [Exit Captain.

York. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew
 what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,
 You would drink freely: but my love to you
 Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy sea-
 son;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

York. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
 But heaviness fore-runs the good event.

West. Therefore, be merry, coz; since sudden
 sorrow [morrow.

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-

York. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule
 be true. [Shout.

Lan. The word of peace is render'd: Hark,
 how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
 For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
 And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,
 And let our army be discharg'd too.— [Exit West.

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
 March by us; that we may peruse the men
 We should have cop'd withal.

York. Go, good lord Hastings,
 And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[Exit Hastings.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night toge-
 ther.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to
 stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
 Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
 East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
 up, [place.
 Each hurries towards his home, and sporting

¹ To take up is to levy, to raise in arms. ² Success for succession.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray,—

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

West. Is your assembly so ?

York. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly ¹ brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—

Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.*]

SCENE III.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter Falstaff, and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir ? of what condition are you ; and of what place, I pray ?

Cole. I am a knight, sir ; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name ; a knight is your degree ; and your place, the dale : Colevile shall still be your name ; a traitor your degree ; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough ; so shall you still be Colevile of the dale ².

Cole. Are you not Sir John Falstaff ?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir ? or shall I sweat for you ? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death : therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff ; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe : My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, and Westmoreland.

Lan. The heat ³ is past, follow no farther now ; Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit West.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When every thing is ended, then you come :—

These tardy tricks of your's will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extreme inch of possibility ; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy : But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome ⁴,—I came, saw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not ; here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot : To the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences to me ; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which shew like pins' heads to her ; believe not the word of the noble : Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile ?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they fold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away ; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Have you left pursuit ?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with Colevile.*]

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords.

I hear, the king my father is sore sick :

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him.

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire ; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord's ⁵ pray in your good report.

¹ i. e. foolishly. ² The sense of *dale* is included in *deep* ; a *dale* is a deep place ; a *dungeon* is a deep place : he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale*. ³ That is, the eagerness of revenge. ⁴ *Cæsar*. ⁵ i. e. stand my good friend in your favourable report of me.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff; I, in my condition¹,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive², quick, forgetive³, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.—Hereof comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering⁴ between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Gloster, &c.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctify'd.
Our navy is address'd⁵, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, 'till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. [*majesty*
War. Both which, we doubt not but your
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother? [*Windfor.*

Glo. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clara. What would my lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence. [*thence*]

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother? He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas; Thou hast a better place in his affection, Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy; And noble offices thou may'st effect Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—

Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love;

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;

As humorous as winter⁶, and as sudden

As flaws congeal'd⁷ in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:—

Chide him for fault, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:

But, being moody, give him line and scope;

'Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in;

That the united vessel of their blood,

¹ i. e. in my good nature (or, condition may perhaps here, as in *The Tempest*, mean, in my place; as commanding officer) I shall speak better of you than you merit.

² i. e. quick to understand.

³ i. e. inventive, imaginative.

⁴ A very pleasant allusion to the old use of sealing with soft wax.

⁵ i. e. our navy is ready, prepared.

⁶ i. e. changeable as the weather of a winter's day.

⁷ Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is most intense towards the morning), and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*.

Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash¹ gunpowder.

Glo. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windfor with him, Thomas?

Glo. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that? [lowers.

Glo. With Poinis, and other his continual fol-

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections² fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:—

The prince but studies his companions, [guage,
Like a strange tongue: wherein to gain the lan-
Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others;
Turning past evils to advantages. [her comb

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happi-
Added to that which I am to deliver! [ness
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course, in his³ particular. [bird,

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer
Which ever in the haunch of winter fings

The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:

¹ *Rash* is quick, violent, sudden. ² i. e. his passions. ³ *His* is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. ⁴ i. e. the wall. ⁵ i. e. make me afraid. ⁶ That is, equivocal burial productions not brought forth according to the stated laws of generation. ⁷ This is historically true. It happened on the 12th of October, 1411. ⁸ *Dull* signifies melancholy, gentle, soothing.

⁹ It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the king's pillow when he is dying.

The manner and true order of the fight,

This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—

Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,

And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news;

And now my fight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

[Sinks down.

Glo. Comfort your majesty!

Glo. O my royal father! [look up!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself,

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these
Are with his highness very ordinary. [sits

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Glo. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:

The incessant care and labour of his mind

Hath wrought the mure⁴, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

Glo. The people fear me⁵; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:

The seasons change their manners; as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Glo. The river hath thrice flow'd⁷, no ebb be-
tween:

And the old folk, time's doating chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before

That our great grandfire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

Glo. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me
Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [hence

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull⁸ and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here⁹.

Glo. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

[They convey the King to an inner part of the room.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Glo. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none
How doth the king? [abroad

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

Glo. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet
prince, speak low;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Glo. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but Prince Henry.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports¹ of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!—
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen² bound,
SnORES out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost fit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That seals with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he snore, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my fa-
ther!—

This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol³ hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due, from me,
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

[*Putting it on his head.*]

Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's
whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: this from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cl. Doth the king call? [*your grace?*]

War. What would your majesty? How fares

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my
lords? [*liege,*]

Cl. We left the prince my brother here, my
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The prince of Wales! Where is he?
let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glo. He came not through the chamber where
we stay'd. [*my pillow?*]

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it
here. [*seek him out.*]

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go,
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.—

This part of his conjoins with my disease, [*are!*]

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-atchieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling⁴ from every flower

The virtuous sweets; [*honey,*]

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments⁵ to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,

'Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me? [*room,*]

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the
crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c.*]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee. [*thought:*]

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation⁶:

Thy life did manifest thou lov'd'st me not,

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! can'st thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form,

Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit

¹ i. e. the gates of slumber. ² A kind of cap, at present worn only by children; but so called from the cap worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. ³ Rigol means a circle. ⁴ Tolling is taking toll. ⁵ His accumulations. ⁶ i. e. thou hast confirmed my opinion.

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?¹
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[*Kneeling.*]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true² and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die:
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:³
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirec't crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well,

How troublesome it sat upon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the⁴ foil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-shed,
Wounding supposed⁵ peace: all these bold fears⁶,
Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:—
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer fort,
So thou the garland wear'st⁷ successively. [*do,*
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy⁸ friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Left rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly deny'd me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Warwick, &c.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster. [*father!*]

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace.
son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end.

It hath been prophesy'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. carator: a bold figure. ² i. e. loyal. ³ Dr. Johnson says, "There has long prevailed an opinion, that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make potable gold, among other frauds practised on credulity." ⁴ i. e. the turpitude, reproach. ⁵ i. e. counterfeited, imagined. ⁶ Fear is here used for that which causes fear. ⁷ i. e. by order of succession. ⁸ Perhaps we should read my friends.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.**Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.*

Shal. BY cock and pye¹, fir, you shall not away to-night—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd; excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excus'd.—Why, Davy!

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, fir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook², bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, fir, thus;—those precepts³ cannot be serv'd: and, again, fir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, fir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid:—Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, fir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, fir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hockley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it:—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickthaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, fir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well; A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, fir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, fir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, fir: but yet, God forbid, fir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, fir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, fir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest

man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, fir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*to the page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Shallow, Bardolph, &c.*]—If I were taw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise hearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

S C E N E II.

The Court, in London.

Enter the Earl of Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king? [*ended.*]

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;

And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

¹ See note 4, p. 48. ² Anciently, the lower orders of people had no surnames, but in their stead were content to adopt the titles of their several professions. ³ *Precept* is a justice's warrant.

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves
you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm
myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Lord John of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, &c.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead
Harry:—

O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike fail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

Glo. Cla. Good morrow, cousin.

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

Glo. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend
indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own. [find,

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to
You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the forrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Fal-
staff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in
honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission¹.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and heaven save your
majesty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment,
majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry, Harry:—Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad:

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.

For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

K. Henry. You all look strangely on me:—and
you most; [To the *Ch. Just.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

K. Henry. No! How might a prince of my
great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your
father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleas'd to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment²;

Whereon,

¹ Meaning, a base ignominious pardon, begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge. ² The chief justice, in this play, was Sir William Gascoigne, of whom the following memoir is given by Sir John Hawkins: "While at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke had been his client; and upon the decease of John of Gaunt, by the above Henry, his heir, then in banishment, he was appointed his attorney, to sue in the court of Wards the livery of the estates descended to him. Richard II. revoked the letters patent for this purpose, and defeated the intent of them, and thereby furnished a ground for the invasion of his kingdom by the heir of Gaunt; who becoming afterwards Henry IV. appointed Gascoigne chief justice of the King's Bench in the first year of his reign. In that station Gascoigne acquired the character of a learned, an upright, a wise, and an intrepid judge. The story so frequently alluded to of his committing the prince for an insult on his person, and the court wherein he presided, is thus related by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour*: "The most renowned prince king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, duringe the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage: it hapned, that one of his seruantes, whom he well fauoured, was for felony by him committed, arraigned at the kynges benche: whereof the prince being aduertised, and incensed by lyghte persones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre, where his seruant stode as a prisoner, and commaunded hym to be vngyued and set at libertie: wherat all men were abashed, reserued the chiefe justice, who humbly exhorted the prince, to be contented, that his seruauant mought be ordred, accordyng to the aunciente lawes of this realme; or if he wolde haue hym saued from the rigour of the lawes, that

Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law¹, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body².
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son³:
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, so silencing your son:—
After this cold consideration, sentence me:
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,—
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

K. Henry. You are right, justice, and you weigh
this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
'Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words;—
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness for*

Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear:
With this⁴ remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections⁵;
And with his spirit sadly⁶ I survive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, 'till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods⁷,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chuse such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[To the Lord Chief Justice.]

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:

he shulde opeyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gracious pardon, wherby no lawe or iustyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answer the prince nothyng appeald, but rather more inflamed, endenored him selfe to take away his servant. The iuge considering the perillous example, and inconuenience that mought therby issue, with a valiant spirite and courage, commanded the prince upon his allegiance, to leaue the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came vp to the place of iugement, men thinking that he wold haue slayne the iuge, or haue done to hym some damage: but the iuge sittinge still without mouing, declaring the maiestie of the kynges place of iugement, and with an assured and bolde countenance, had to the prince, these wordes followyng, "Syr, remembre your selfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng your soveraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherfore eltesoones in his name, I charge you desylle of your wylfulness and vnlaushall enterpryse, & from hensforth giue good example to those, whiche hereafter shall be your propre subiectes. And nowe, for your contempe and disobedience, goo you to the pryson of the kynges bench, wherunto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prisoner vntyll the pleasure of the kyng your father be further knowen." With whiche wordes beinge abashed, and also wondryng at the meruaylous grauitie of that worthypfulle iustyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doynge reuerence, departed, and wente to the kynges bench, as he was commanded. Whereat his seruantes disdaynyng, came and shewed to the kynge all the houle affaire. Whereat he awhyles studyng, after as a man all rauyshed with gladnesse, holdyng his eien and handes vp towardes heuen, abraided, sayng with a loude voice, "O mercyfull God, howe moche am I, aboue all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye haue gyuen me a iuge, who feareth nat to minister iustyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre sensibly, and obeye iustyce?" And here it may be noted, that Shakspeare has deviated from history in bringing the chief justice and Henry V. together; for it is expresly said by Fuller, in his *Worthies in Yorkshire*, and that on the best authority, that Gascoigne died, in the life-time of his father, viz. on the first day of November, 14 Henry IV. See Dugl. Origines Juridic. in the Chronica Series, fol. 54. 56. Mr. Malone adds, that in the foregoing account of this transaction, there is no mention of the prince's having *struck* Gascoigne, the chief justice.—Speed, however, who quotes Elyot, says, on I know not what authority, that the prince gave the judge a blow on the face. ¹ To defeat the process of justice. ² i. e. to treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative. ³ i. e. image to yourself a son. ⁴ i. e. admonition. ⁵ The meaning seems to be—My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildnesse are interred in the same grave. ⁶ i. e. seriously, gravely. *Sad* is opposed to wild. ⁷ i. e. the assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions.

And (heaven consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—
Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Shallow's Seat in Glostershire.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways¹, and so forth;—come, cousin Silence;—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy, spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drank too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, firrah! quoth-a,—

We shall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[Singing.]

And praise heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap and females dear²,

And lusty lads roam here and there;

So merrily, and ever among so merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit:—I'll be with you anon;—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: ³Proface! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; The heart's ⁴all. [*Exit.*]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little folder there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*

For women are foreworn, both head and tail:

'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you,
[*Setting them before Bardolph.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine, that's brisk and free,
And drink unto the leman mine;—*

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence!

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honor! Bardolph, welcome: If thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the page*], and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the ⁵cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. You'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*]

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. Look who's at door there: Ho! who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. [Singing] *Do me right⁶, and dub me knight;
Samingo⁷.—Is't not so?*

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat. [*Re-enter Davy.*]

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, 'ave you, sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man

¹ A comfit or confection so called in our author's time, according to Dr. Warburton; but a dish of apples of that name, according to Dr. Goldsmith; and Mr. Steevens says, there is a pear called a carraway, which may be corrupted from *caillouet*, Fr. ² Here the double sense of the word *dear* must be remembered. ³ Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. ⁴ That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. ⁵ This was the term by which an airy, splendid, irregular fellow was distinguished. ⁶ To do a man right and to do him reason, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper expected a bumper should be drank to his toast. It was the custom of the good fellows in Shakspeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on their knees, to the health of their mistresses. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a knight for the evening. ⁷ Samingo, that is, San Domingo, as Sir T. Hanmer has rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not been shewn. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and Mr. Warton says, he remembers a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *fant* or *signior* was the burden. Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.

good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think 'a be; but goodman Puff of Barfon.

Puff. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring; and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

¹ Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [*Sings.*]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. [*Sing.*]

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breed.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, ² Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me ³, like the braggish Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, chuse what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll

ride all night:—Oh, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

If here is the life that late I led⁴, say they:

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A street in London.

Enter Hostess Quickly, Doll Tear-sheet, and Beadles.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

Bead. The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her: There hath been a man or two, lately, kill'd about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook⁵, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd rascal; if the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions⁶ again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer⁷! I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, you⁸ blue-bottle-rogue! you filthy famish'd correctioner! if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles⁹.

Bead. Come, come, you the knight-errant; come.

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of suifrance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy¹⁰, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal¹¹!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

¹ Lines taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*; of whom, we learn from Shakespeare, there were ballads too. See *Love's Labour's Lost*.

² This is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognofo*, a needy person; thence, metaphorically, a base scoundrel.

³ To fig, in Spanish *higas dar*, is to insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you."

⁴ Words of an old ballad. ⁵ It has been already observed on the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that *nut-hook* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a catchpole; or *nut-hook* might probably have been as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present.

⁶ That is, to stuff her out that she might counterfeits pregnancy. ⁷ These old censers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender a *laten bilboa*.

⁸ A name probably given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery; or perhaps the allusion may be to the great *fresh fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle*.

⁹ A *half-kirtle* was the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown; and was the dress of the courtizans of the time.

¹⁰ *Atomy*, for anatomy.

¹¹ Lean deer were called *rascal deer*.

SCENE V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes¹.

¹ *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

² *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

¹ *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Dispatch, dispatch.

[Exeunt Grooms.]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. Bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—

O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestow'd the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. *[To Shallow.]* But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shews my earnestness of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison; Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:— *[Snake, Rouze up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecko's For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.]*

Fal. I will deliver her. *[Sounds.]*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor The trumpets sound. *Enter the King, and his train.*

Fal. God save thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp² of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy! *[Man.]*

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak? *[Heart!]*

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane³; But, being awake, I do despise my dream. Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace; Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

'Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten miles.

For competence of life, I will allow you;

That lack of means enforce you not to evil:

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves, *[Ties,—]*

We will,—according to your strength, and quality—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on. *[Exit King, &c.]*

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter the Chief Justice, Prince John, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet; Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.* *[Exeunt.]*

Manent Lancaster, and Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the king's: He hath intent, his wonted followers Shall all be very well provided for; But all are banish'd, till their conversations Appear more wife and modest to the world.

¹ At ceremonial entertainments, it was the custom to strew the floor with rushes. ² *Imp* means progeny; and is probably derived from *Imp-yn*, a Welch word, which primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. ³ *Profane*, in our author, often signifies *love of talk*, without the particular idea now given it.

Ch. Just. And so they are.
Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds,—that ere this year expire,
 We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,
 Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
 Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by a DANCER.

FIRST, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my
 speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy,
 my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you
 look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I
 have to say, is of mine own making ; and what, in-
 deed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own
 marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—
 Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately
 here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your pa-
 tience for it, and to promise you a better. I did
 mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which if, like an
 ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you,
 my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I
 would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies :
 hate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most
 debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will

you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were
 but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But
 a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction,
 and so will I. All the gentlemen here have for-
 given me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentle-
 men do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was
 never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too
 much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will
 continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you
 merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for
 any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless
 already he be killed with your hard opinions ; for
 Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My
 tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid
 you good night : and so kneel down before you ;—but,
 indeed, to pray for the queen ².

¹ This epilogue was merely occasional, and alludes to some theatrical transaction. ² It was the custom of the old players, at the end of their performance, to pray for their patrons. Almost all the ancient interludes conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex & Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills.

K

King
Duke
Duke
Duke
Duke
Earl
Earl
Earl
Arch
Ryba
Earl
Lord
Sir T
Sir T

ED
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Nym, B

Tee

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K I N G H E N R Y Vⁱ.

P E R S O N S R E P R E S E N T E D.

King HENRY the Fifth.
 Duke of GLOSTER, } Brothers to the King.
 Duke of BEDFORD, }
 Duke of YORK, } Uncles to the King.
 Duke of EXETER, }
 Earl of SALISBURY.
 Earl of WESTMORELAND.
 Earl of WARWICK.
 Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
 Bishop of ELY.
 Earl of CAMBRIDGE, } Conspirators against the
 Lord SCROOP, } King.
 Sir THOMAS GREY, }
 Sir THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLU-
 ELLEN, MACKMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in
 King Henry's army.
 NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, Boys, formerly Servants

to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the King's army.
 BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.
 CHARLES, the Sixth, King of France.
 The Dauphin.
 Duke of BURGUNDY.
 CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, BOUR-
 BON, GRANDFREE, French Lords.
 Governor of HARFLEUR.
 MONTJOY, a Herald.
 Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
 KATHARINE, Daughter to the King of France.
 ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Ka-
 tharine.
 QUICKLY, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.
 Chorus.

Lords, Messengers, French and English Soldiers, with other Attendants.

The SCENE, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards, wholly in France.

C H O R U S.

O, For a muse of fire², that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
 Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
 fire, [all,
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles
 The flat unrais'd spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So great an object: Can this cockpit hold
 He vairy field of France? or may we cram,
 Within this wooden O³, the very casques⁴
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest, in little place, a million;
 And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,

On your imaginary forces⁵ work:
 Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow⁶ ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puitance:
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings,
 Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times;
 Turning the accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass; For the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

¹ The transactions comprised in this historical play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign; when he married Katharine princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown. It was writ (as appears from a passage in the chorus to the fifth act) at the time of the earl of Essex's commanding the forces in Ireland in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and not 'till after Henry the Vith had been played, as may be seen by the conclusion of this play. ² This goes upon the notion of the Peripatetic system, which imagines several heavens one above another; the last and highest of which was one of fire. ³ i. e. this wooden circle. ⁴ The helmets. ⁵ i. e. your powers of fancy. ⁶ Perilous narrow. in burlesque and common language, meant no more than very narrow. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually.

A C T

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

An Antichamber in the English Court, at Kenilworth.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. **M**Y lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill
is urg'd,

Which, in the eleventh year of the last king's reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scrambling¹ and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood²,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of common-wealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;

So that the art, and practice part of life

Must be the mistress to this theorique³:

Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain;

His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry⁴ grows underneath the
nettle;

And wholesome berries thrive, and ripen best,

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty⁵.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles are ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the means,

How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,

How now for mitigation of this bill

Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty

Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;

Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:

For I have made an offer to his majesty,—

Upon our spiritual convocation;

And in regard of causes now in hand,

Which I have open'd to his grace at large,

As touching France,—to give a greater sum

Than ever at one time the clergy yet

Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty:

Save, that there was not time enough to hear

(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)

The severals, and unhidden passages,

Of his true titles⁶ to some certain dukedoms:

And, generally, to the crown and seat of France

Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that brake
this off?

¹ Meaning, when every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. ² Alluding to the method by which Hercules cleansed the Augean stables when he turned a river through them. ³ That is, *his theory must have been taught by art and practice*. *Theoric* or *theorique* is what terminates in speculation. ⁴ i. e. The wild fruit so called, which grows in the woods. ⁵ i. e. Increasing in its proper power. ⁶ The *passages* of his titles are the *lines of succession* by which his claims descend. *Unhidden* is open, clear.

Cant. The French Ambassador, upon that instant,
Craw'd audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing; Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speaks a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Opens to the presence.

*Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Warwick,
Westmoreland, and Exeter.*

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Can-
terbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Henry. Send for him, good uncle¹.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Henry. Not yet, my cousin; we would be
resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts², concerning us and France.

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop
of Ely.*

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred
throne,

And make you long become it!

K. Henry. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;

And justly and religiously unfold,

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles³ miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know, how many, now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation⁴

Of what your reverence shall incite us to:

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend,

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a fore complaint,

'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge unto the

sword

That makes such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;

For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and

you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,

To this imperial throne;—⁵ There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France,

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

Idcirco Salicam mulieres ne succedant,

No woman shall succeed in Salique land:

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,

That the land Salique lies in Germany,

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:

Where Charles the great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;

Who, holding in disdain the German women,

For some dishonest manners of their life,

Establish'd there this law, to wit, no female

Should be inheritor in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.

Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law

Was not devised for the realm of France:

Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one and twenty years

After defunction of king Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;

Who died within the year of our redemption

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the great

Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French

Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,

Did, as heir general, being descended

Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.

Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown

Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male

Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—

To fine⁶ his title with some shew of truth,

(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught)

Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son

To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son

Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the ninth,

Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,

Wearing the crown of France, till satisfy'd

That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,

Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,

Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain;

By the which marriage, the line of Charles the great

Was re-united to the crown of France.

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,

King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,

King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear

To hold in right and title of the female:

So do the kings of France unto this day;

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,

To bar your highness claiming from the female;

And rather chuse to hide them in a net,

Than amply to imbare⁷ their crooked titles,

Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Henry. May I, with right and conscience,
make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ—

When the son dies, let the inheritance

¹ John Holland, duke of Exeter, was married to Elizabeth the king's aunt. ² Meaning, keep our mind busied with scruples and laborious disquisitions. ³ i. e. spurious. ⁴ i. e. in proving and supporting that title which shall be now set up. ⁵ This whole speech is copied from Holinshed. ⁶ i. e. to make it *shewy* or *specious* by some appearance of justice. ⁷ i. e. lay open, display to view.

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince;
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.—

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France;
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their seats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renown'd them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

Exc. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

Wes. They know, your grace hath cause, and
means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors. [French;

K. Henry. We must not only arm to invade the
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches¹, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers. [only,

K. Henry. We do not mean the courting snatchers
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a² giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfinish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays;
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege:
For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—

When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make your chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries.

Exc. But there's a saying very old and true,—

If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To taint and havock more than she can eat.

Ely. It follows then, the cat must slay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd³ necessity;

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent⁴;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience⁵: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of forts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
The singing maçons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanick porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;

As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once aboot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four;

¹ The *marches* are the borders, the limits, the confines. Hence the *Lords Marchers*, i. e. the lords presidents of the *marches*, &c. ² i. e. inconstant, changeable. ³ i. e. an unfortunate necessity, a necessity to be execrated. ⁴ *Consent* is *unison*. ⁵ The sense is, that all endeavour is to con-
date in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government.

Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy. [Dauphin.]

K. Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the
Now are we well resolv'd: and,—by God's help;
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery¹,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now we are well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly shew you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you favour too much of your youth;
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble-galliard² won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exc. Tennis-balls, my liege. [with us;

K. Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:

Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With³ chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence⁴, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and shew my fail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones⁵; and his soul
Shall stand fore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will favour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exc. This was a merry message.

K. Henry. We hope to make the fender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition:
For we have now no thought in us, but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings: for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now talk his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Empery* signifies dominion, but is now an obsolete word, though formerly in general use. ² A
galliard was an ancient dance, now obsolete. ³ *Chace* is a term at tennis. So is the hazard; a place
in the tennis-court into which the ball is sometimes struck. ⁴ i. e. not in the court, the place in
which he is now speaking. ⁵ When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron,
but of stone.

A C T II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. **N**OW all the youth of England are on fire,

And filken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
¹ For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which she fills [men,—
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted
One, Richard earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—
Have for the gilt ² of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this ³ grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play ⁴.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the play-house now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas.
To give you gentle pats; for, if we may,
⁵ We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But 'till the king come forth, and not 'till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

*Before Quickly's house in East-cheap.**Enter Corporal Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolph.**Bard.* Well met, corporal.*Nym.* Good morrow, ⁶ lieutenant Bardolph.*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's the humour of it.*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France ⁷: let it be so, good corporal Nym.*Nym.* Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and, when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.*Enter Pistol and Quickly.**Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?*Pist.* Bafe tyke ⁸, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.—O well-a-day, lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.*Bard.* Good lieutenant ⁹, good corporal, offer nothing here.*Nym.* Pish!*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!*Quick.* Good corporal Nym, shew the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.*Nym.* Will you thog ¹⁰ off? I would have you follow.*Pist.* Solas, egregious dog? O viper vile! The solas in thy most marvellous face;

¹ Mr. Tollet says, that in the horse armoury in the Tower of London, Edward III. is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from this representation. ² Gilt, which in our author generally signifies a display of gold, in the present instance means golden money, i. e. he who does greatest honour to the title. By the same kind of phraseology the usurper in *Hamlet* is called the *Vice of kings*, i. e. the opprobrium of them. ³ To force a play, is to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass. ⁴ That is, you shall pass the sea without the qualms of sea-sickness. ⁵ At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of *King Henry IV.* ⁶ Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, *We'll all go sworn brothers in France*, or, *we'll all be sworn brothers in France*. ⁷ *Tike* is a small kind of dog. ⁸ We should read, *Good ancient*, for it is to Pistol to whom he addresses himself. ⁹ Meaning, will you march, or go off?

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can talk; and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbaſon¹; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that is the word—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the hazy kite of Crellid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[Exit Quickly.]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erflow, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Bafe is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; Push home.

[Draw.]

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pry'thee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—Is not this just?—for I shall suttler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so thak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Southampton.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow², Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd with princely favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

[Trumpets sound.]

Enter the King, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Matham,

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts: Think you not, that the powers we bear with us, Will cut their passage through the force of France; Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head³ assembled them?

¹ Barbaſon is the name of a dæmon mentioned in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. ² The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. ³ A head means an army formed.

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a
subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create¹ of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeld sinews toil ;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice², we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy, if you give
him life,
After the taste of much correction.

K. Henry. Alas, your too much love and care
of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper³,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us ?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their
dear care
And tender preservation of our person,—
Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes ;—
Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my lord ;
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Henry. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
there is yours ;—
There yours, lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, fir
knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :—

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen ?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion ?—Look ye, how they change !
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance ?

Cam. I do confess my fault ;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Henry. The mercy, that was⁴ quick in us but
late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters ! My lord Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour ; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton : to the which,
This knight,—no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—
But O !
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use ?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off⁵ as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason, and murder, ever kept together ;
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly⁶ in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them :
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
He hath got the voice in hell for excellence :
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glittering semblances of piety ;
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unlets to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar⁷ back,
And tell the legions—I can never win

¹ i. e. made up of duty and zeal. ² On his return to more coolness of mind. ³ i. e. from
intoxication. ⁴ i. e. living. ⁵ To stand off is être relevé, to be prominent to the eye, as the
strong parts of a picture. ⁶ i. e. palpably. ⁷ i. e. Tartarus, the fabled place of future punishment.
A fool

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement¹;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither²?
Such, and so finely boulded³, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark⁴ the full-fraught man, the best endu'd,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Edw. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it. [*duce*]

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not fe-
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprize:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear
your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers

Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; [*ter*]
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaugh-
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death:

The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;

Since God so graciously hath brought to light

This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,

To hinder our beginnings, we doubt not now,

But every rub is smoothened in our way.

Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver

Our puissance into the hand of God,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance:

No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Quickly's House in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.

Quickly. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No: for my manly heart doth yern.—

Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaulting
veins; [*dead*,

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
And we must yern therefore.

Bard. Would, I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Ar-
thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bos-
som. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it
had been any christom'd⁵ child: 'a parted even just
between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide':
for after I saw him fumble with the sheets⁷, and
play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends,
I knew there was but one way; for his nose was
as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.—
How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man! be
of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God!
three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid
him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd, there was
no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts
yet: So 'a bade me lay more cloths on his feet: I
put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and
they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his
knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was
as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

¹ Complement has in this instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act. I. *Complements*, in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the present one. ² The king means to say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not trust the air or look of any man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. ³ i. e. refined or sifted from all faults. ⁴ i. e. marked by the blot he speaks of in the preceding line. ⁵ The old quarto has it, *crisom'd child*. The *chrysom* was the white cloth put on the new baptised child. The child itself was also sometimes called a *chrysom*. ⁶ It was a common opinion among the women of our author's time, that nobody died but in the time of ebb; though every day's experience must have confuted such a notion. ⁷ This indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lom-
mus, Hippocrates, and Galen.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we hog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables:

Let senses rule¹; the word is, *Pitch and pay*²;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crytals³.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys;

To fuck, to fuck, the very blood to fuck.

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewel, hostess.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pistol. Let housewif'ry appear; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewel; adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Constable.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift dispatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant:

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulph.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no shew of fear;

No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied⁴ with a Whitsun morris-dance:

For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king:

Question your grace the late ambassadors,—

With what great state he heard their embassy,

How well supply'd with noble counsellors,

How modest in exception⁵, and, withal,

How terrible in constant resolution,—

And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent

Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,

But though we think it so, it is no matter:

In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,

Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;

And princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;

And he is bred out of that bloody strain,

That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Witness our too much memorable shame,

When Cressy battle fatally was struck,

And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand

Of that black name, Edward black prince of

Wales;

Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—

Saw his heroical feed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stain

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry king of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.—

Go, and bring them.

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs

¹ i. e. let prudence govern you. ² This caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before by letting Falstaff run in her debt. ³ i. e. dry thine eyes. ⁴ The 410 reads, were troubled. ⁵ i. e. how diffident and decent in making objections.

Most spend their mouths¹, when what they seem to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother England? [*Jefty.*

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom, and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line²,
In every branch truly demonstrative;

[*Gives the French King a paper.*

Willing you, overlook this pedigree:

And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown: and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

I stand here for him; What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn, and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wombby vaultages of France
Shall chide² your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
It is against my will: for I desire

Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:

And, he assur'd, you'll find a difference
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found)
Between the promise of his greener days,

And these he matters³ now; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind
at full. [*Flourish.*

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already. [*conditions:*

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. **T**HUS with imagin'd wing our swift
scene flies,

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier

Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,

Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten fails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
You stand upon the rivage⁴, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sterage⁵ of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,

* i. e. bark. ¹ Meaning, this genealogy; this deduction of his lineage. ² To chide is to
reproach, to echo. ³ The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *matters*. ⁴ The bank or shore. ⁵ i. e. Let your
minds follow close after the navy.

Or past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a siege ;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
 back ;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.

The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner
 With lintock ¹ now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum ; and chambers go off.]

And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

Before Harfleur.

[Alarum.]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and
 Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear
 friends, once more :

Or close the wall up with the English dead !
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility :
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tyger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage :
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
 Let it pry through the portage ² of the head,
 Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
 O'er-hang and jutty his confounded ³ base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn 'till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument ⁴.
 Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood, [yeomen,
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear [not ;
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;

Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and saint George !

[Exit King and train.]

[Alarum, and chambers go off.]

SCENE II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the
 breach !

Nym. Pray thee, corporal ⁵, stay ; the knocks are
 too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a
 case ⁶ of lives ; the humour of it is too hot, that is
 the very plain-song of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most just : for humours
 do abound ;

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;
 And sword and shield,

In bloody field,

Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. 'Would I were in an ale-house in London !
 I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and
 safety.

Pistol. And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing
 on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. 'Splood !—Up to the preaches, you rascals !
 will you not up to the preaches ?

Pistol. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage ! [chuck !
 Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! use lenity, sweet

Nym. There be good humours !—your honour
 wins bad humours. [Exit.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these
 three swafers. I am boy to them all three : but
 all they three, though they would serve me, could
 not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such anticks
 do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is
 white-liver'd, and red-fac'd ; by the means where-
 of, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—
 he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword ; by
 the means whercof 'a breaks words, and keeps
 whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that
 men of few words are the best ⁸ men ; and there-
 fore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be
 thought a coward : but his few bad words are
 match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never
 broke any man's head but his own ; and that was
 against a post, when he was drunk. They will
 steal any thing, and call it—purchase. Bardolph
 stole a lute-case ; bore it twelve leagues, and sold
 it for three-halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are
 sworn brothers in filching ; and in Calais they stole
 a fire-shovel : I knew, by that piece of service,
 the men would carry coals ⁹. They would have

¹ The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. ² Portage, open space, from
 port, a gate. The meaning is, let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or
 embrasures, of a fortification. ³ i. e. his worn or wasted base. ⁴ i. e. matter, or subject. ⁵ We
 should read lieutenant. ⁶ i. e. a set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve.
⁷ i. e. to men of earth. ⁸ That is, bravest. ⁹ In Shakspeare's age, to carry coals, implied, to en-
 dure affronts.

me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs : which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines : the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Fla. To the mines ! Tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines : for, look you, the mines are not according to the disciplines of the war ; the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines ; by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow¹ up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gower. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman ; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Fla. It is captain Macmorris, is it not ?

Gower. I think, it be.

Fla. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld : I will verity as much in his peard : he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris, and Captain Jamy.

Gower. Here 'a comes ; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Fla. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude-day, captain Fluellen.

Fla. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris ? have you quit the mines ? have the pioneers given o'er ?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done : the work ish give over, the trumpet found the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done ; it ish give over : I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O tish ill done, tish ill done ; by my hand, tish ill done !

Fla. Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you voutface me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication ; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline ; that is the point.

Jamy. It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath : and I fall quit² you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion ; that fall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save

me : the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes ; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing ; 'tis shame for us all : so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mefs, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that fall I surely do, that is the brett and the long : Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

Fla. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation ? What ish my nation ? ish a villain, and a battard, and a knave, and a rascal ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

Fla. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself : so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au ! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Fla. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to be requir'd, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war ; and there's an end.

S C E N E III.

Before the Gates of Harfleur.

Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?

This is the latest parle we will admit :

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves ;

Or, like to men proud of destruction,

Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a foldier,

(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)

If I begin the battery once again,

I will not leave the half-atchiev'd Harfleur,

'Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;

And the flesh'd foldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range

With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

¹ That is, he will blow up all.

² That is, I shall requite you, answer you.

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'er-blows¹ the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor, upon the Walls.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy;
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address'd².

[Flourish, and enter the town.]

SCENE IV.

The French Camp.

Enter Catharine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, & tu parles bien le langage.*

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

Kath. *Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main, en Anglois?*

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Kath. *De hand. Et les doigts?*

Alice. *Les doigts & may foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingers; cui de fingers.*

Kath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagnée deux mots d'Anglois visiblement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

Kath. *De nails. Escoutez: dites-moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.*

Alice. *C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites-moy en Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De arm, madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Kath. *De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris d'à présent.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez-moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

Alice. *De elbow, madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?*

Alice. *De neck, madame.*

Kath. *De neck: Et le menton?*

Alice. *De chin.*

Kath. *De fin. Le col, de neck: le menton, de fin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre bonneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

Kath. *Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseigné?*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails.*

Alice. *De nails, madame.*

Kath. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

Alice. *Sauf vostre bonneur, de elbow.*

Kath. *Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de neck, et de fin. Comment appelez-vous les pieds & la robe?*

Alice. *De foot, madame; & de con.*

Kath. *De foot, & de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grossier, et impudique, & non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, & de con, neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de fin, de foot, de con.*

Alice. *Excellent, madame!*

Kath. *C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à dîner.* *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

Presence-Chamber in the French Court.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,—

The emptying of our father's luxury³,— Our syons, put in wild and savage⁴ stock, Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds, And over-grow their grafters? *[Hastard.]*

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman Mort de ma vie! if thus they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

¹ To overblow is to drive away, or to keep off. means lost. ⁴ i. e. uncultivated, or wild.

² i. e. prepared. ³ In this place, as in others, luxury

In that nook-shotten¹ isle of Albion. [mettle?

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for fur-reyn'd² jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon the houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us—to the English dancing-
schools,

And teach *lavoltas*³ high, and swift *corantos*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed
him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great flames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons⁴ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot, into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with
us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

The English Camp.

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you
from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service
committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as
Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour
with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my
life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he
is not (God be praised and pleased!) any hurt in
the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,
with excellent discipline. There is an ancient
lieutenant there at the pridge,—I think, in my very
conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark An-
tony; and he is a man of no estimation in the
'orld; but I did see him do gallant services.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes the
man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some
love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom⁵ valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune
is painted blind, with a muffler before her eyes, to
signify to you, that fortune is blind: And she is
painted also with a wheel; to signify to you,
which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and
inconstant, and mutabilities, and variations; and
her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,
which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth,
the poet makes a most excellent description of
fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
him;

For he hath stol'n a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.
Damn'd death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death,

For *pix* of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice:

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach:

Speak,

¹ *Shotten* signifies any thing projected: so *nook-shotten* isle is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great-Britain. ² i. e. over-ridden horses. ³ *Hanner* observes, that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. ⁴ *Pennons* armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* means the same as *pendant*. ⁵ i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiors.

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, 't is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig¹ of Spain! [Exit Pistol.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as praye² words at the pidge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sponce³, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit⁴ of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! But you must learn to know such flanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make shew to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. Hear you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pidge.

Drum and colours. Enter the King, Gloster, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen? cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pidge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pidge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pidge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Henry. We would have all such offenders cut off—and we give express charge, that, in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentlest gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter Montjoy⁴.

Mont. You know me by my habit⁵.

K. Henry. Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; Advantage is a better soldier, than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, 'till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue⁶, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betray'd his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

K. Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment⁷: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)

My people are with sickness much enfeebled;

¹ This alludes to the custom of giving poison'd figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. ² A sponce appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. ³ The 4tos 1600, &c. read— a horrid shout of the camp. ⁴ Mont-joye is the title of the first king at arms in France, as Garter is in our own country. ⁵ That is, by my herald's coat.

⁶ In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. ⁷ i. e. hindrance.

My numbers lessen'd ; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French ;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me
God,

That I do brag thus !—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me ; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master,—here I am ;
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk ;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard ;
Yet, God before¹, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neigh-
bour,

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it ;
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your
highness. [Exit.

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not
in theirs.—

March to the bridge ; it now draws toward
night :—

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves ;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

The French Camp near Agincourt.

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the
Duke of Orleans, Dauphin, with others.*

Con. Tut ! I have the best armour of the world.—
Would it were day !

Orl. You have an excellent armour ; but let
my horse have his due,

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning ?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high
constable, you talk of horse and armour,——

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any
prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this !—I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on four
pasterns. *Ca, ba !* He bounds² from the earth, as
if his entrails were hairs ; *le cheval volant*, the
Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu !* When I be-
stride him, I soar, I am a hawk : he trots the
air ; the earth sings when he touches it ; the
basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a
beast for Perseus : he is pure air and fire ; and
the dull elements of earth and water never ap-
pear in him, but only in patient stillness, while
his rider mounts him : he is, indeed, a horse ; and
all other jades you may call—beasts³.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys ; his neigh is
like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance
enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot,
from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the
lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey : it is a
theme as fluent as the sea : turn the sands into
eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for
them all : 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason
on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on ;
and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown)
to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder
at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and
began thus, *Wonder of nature*⁴,——

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's
mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
pos'd to my courser ; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well ; which is the prescript praise
and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foy !* the other day, methought, your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O ! then, belike, she was old and gentle ;
and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French
horse off, and in your strait trowsers⁵.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then : they that ride
so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs ; I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears
her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I
had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,
& la truie lavée au borbier* : thou mak'st use of
any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ;
or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, up-
on it ?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau.

¹ This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide*.

² Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were studded with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*, "And the old ornament of his cheek hath already studd'd tennis-balls." ³ *Jade* is sometimes used for a post-horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. ⁴ Here, probably, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed. ⁵ *Trowsers* signifies a pair of breeches. Mr. Steevens observes, that the kerns, or peasants, of Ireland anciently rode without breeches ; and therefore *strait trowsers* may mean only in their naked skin, which fits close to them.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear many superfluously; and 'twere more honour, some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.

Con. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate¹.

Orl. Ill will never fail well.

Con. I will cap² that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish³ fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples; you may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now 'tis time to arm; Come, shall we about it?

Orl. 'Tis two o'clock: but, let me see—by ten, We shall each have a hundred Englishmen.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. NOW entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the
poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their pale flames

¹ This alludes to falcons which are kept hooded when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *huit* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy; yet when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter. ² Alluding to the practice of capping verses. ³ *Peevish*, in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly.

End

Each battle sees the other's umber'd¹ face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll ;
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play² at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presented them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note,
 How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watched night :
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,
 Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night :
 And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
 Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous,—
 The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;
 Minding³ true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.

*The English Camp, at Agincourt.**Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloster.*

K. Henry. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !
 There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out ;
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :

¹ *Umbre* is a brown colour: the distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. Mr. Tollet observes, that another interpretation of this phrase occurs, expressive of the preparation of both armies for an engagement, in *Hamlet*, Act III. Mr. Stevens gives the following quotations from *Stowe's Chronicle*. "He bratt up his *umber* three times;" where *umber* means the vizor of the helmet, as *umbriere* doth in *Spenser*, from the French *ombre*, *ombriere*, or *ombraire*, a shadow, an umbrella, or any thing that hides or covers the face. Hence *umber'd face* may denote a face arm'd with a helmet. ² i. e. do play them at dice. ³ To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. ⁴ *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. ⁵ *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. ⁶ See Note 2, p. 366.

Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all; admonishing,
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France. [better,

Erping. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king. [sent pains,

K. Henry. 'Tis good for men to love their pre-
 Upon-example; so the spirit is eased :

And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With catted slough⁴ and fresh legerity⁵.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp ;

Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your grace ?

K. Henry. No, my good knight ;
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
 I and my bosom must debate a while,
 And then I would no other company. [Harry !

Erping. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble

K. Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speak'st
 cheerfully. [Exit.]

Enter Pistol.

Pist. *Qui va la ?*

K. Henry. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me : Art thou officer ?
 Or art thou base, common, and popular ?

K. Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

K. Henry. Even so : What are you ?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold ;
 A lad of life, an imp⁶ of fame ;
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant :
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
 I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

K. Henry. Harry le Roy. [Cornish crew ?

Pist. *Le Roy !* a Cornish name : art thou of

K. Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen ?

K. Henry. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
 Upon saint David's day.

K. Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in
 your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend ?

K. Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figs for thee then !

K. Henry. I thank you : God be with you !

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.

K. Henry. It forts¹ well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen,—

Flu. So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal 'orld, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept : if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle tattle, nor pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud ; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an afs and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an afs, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb ; in your own conscience now ?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. [Exit.

K. Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there ?

K. Henry. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

K. Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

K. Henry. Even as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king ?

K. Henry. No ; nor it is not meet he should.—For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to him, as it doth to me ; the element shews to him, as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions² : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing ; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king ; I think, he would not wash himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then, 'would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransom'd, and a many poor men's lives sav'd.

K. Henry. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone ; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds : Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects : if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We dy'd at such a place ; some, swearing ; some, crying for a surgeon ; some, upon their wives left poor behind them ; some, upon the debts they owe ; some, upon their children rawly³ left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it ; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Henry. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandize, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be impos'd upon his father that sent him ; or, if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assail'd by robbers, and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the matter the author of the servant's damnation :—But this is not so : the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant ; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder ; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury ; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment⁴, though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war

¹ i. e. it agrees. ² Conditions mean qualities. ³ i. e. hastily, suddenly. ⁴ That is, punishment in their native country : or, such as they are born to if they offend.

is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited.—Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not fit to think, that, making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, that every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Henry. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! that's a perilous shot out of an elder gun¹, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Henry. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Henry. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king; we must bear all.

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness, Subjected to the breath of every fool, [ing!]

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wring—

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy? and what have kings,

That privates have not too, save ceremony?

Save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!

What is thy soul, O adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's

knee,

[*dream,*

Command the health of it? No, thou proud

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,

I am a king, that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The enter-titled robe of gold and pearl,

The farfed² title running fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of the world,

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread,

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;

But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,

Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night

Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;

And follows so the ever-running year

With profitable labour, to his grave:

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil, and night with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

The slave, a member of the country's peace,

Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

¹ Meaning, it is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon. ² Farfed is stuffed; meaning, the tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your
Seek through your camp to find you. [absence,

K. Hen. y. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent :
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. O God of battles ! steel my soldiers'
hearts !

Possess them not with fear ; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them !—Not to-day, O
O not to-day, think not upon the fault [Lord,
My father made in compassing the crown !
I Richard's body have interred new ;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do :
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth ;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploping pardon.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My liege !

K. Henry. My brother Gloster's voice ?—Ay ;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee :—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my
lords.

Dau. *Mortez à cheval* :—My horse ! *valet* !
laquey ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. ¹ *Via* !—*les eaux & la terre.*—

Orl. *Rien plus ? Fair & le feu.*—

Dau. *Ciel !* confin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service
neigh !

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their
hides ;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And daunt them with superfluous courage : Ha !

Ram. What, will you have them weep our
horses' blood ?

How shall we then behold their natural tears ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French
peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! strait to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair shew shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport : let us but blow on

them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lacqueys, and our peasants,—
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm
About our squares of battle,—were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,
Took stand for idle speculation :
But that our honours must not. What's to say ?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance ², and the note to mount :
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France ?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand ³ : and their poor
jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips ;
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal ⁴ bit
Lies foul with chew'd grafs, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay
for death.

Dau. Shall we go fend them dinners, and fresh
suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them ?

Con. I stay but for my guard ⁵ ; On, to the field !
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away !
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day.

[Exit.

¹ *Via* ! is an old hortatory exclamation, as *allons* ! ² The *tucket-sonance* was probably the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet. ³ Grandpré alludes to the form of the ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands. ⁴ *Gimnal* is, in the western counties, a ring ; a *gimnal bit* is therefore a bit of which the parts played one within another. ⁵ It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction than a body of attendants. The following quotation from Holinshed will best elucidate this passage—"The duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard."

S C E N E III.

The English Camp.

Enter Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all the English Host; Salisbury and Westmoreland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threecore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds. God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge: If we no more meet, 'till we meet in heaven, Then joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,— My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,— And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewel, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. to Sal. Farewel, kind lord! fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness; Princely in both.

Enter King Henry.

West. O, that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That do no work to-day!

K. Henry. What's he, that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin: If we are mark'd to die, we are enough To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold; Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost; It yems me not, if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires: But, if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour, As one man more, methinks, would share from me, For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more: Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, That he, which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse: We would not die in that man's company, That fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian: He, that out-lives this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is nam'd, And rouze him at the name of Crispian. He, that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends, And say—To-morrow is saint Crispian: Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars.

¹ The battle of Agincourt was fought upon the 25th of October, St. Crispian's day. day shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.

³ i. e. *gloriously, ostentatiously,*

² i. e. this

⁴ i. e. ex-

M m 2

A many

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But they'll remember, with advantages, What feats they did that day: Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouth as household words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,

From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition²:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,

That fought with us upon saint Crispian's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are³ bravely in their battles set,

And will with all expedience⁴ charge on us.

K. Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now!

K. Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,

Before thy most assured over-throw:

For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Henry. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin

While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brags of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Breaks out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality¹.

Let me speak proudly;—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt², are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then
Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my
joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

* *Mont.* I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee
well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *[Exit.*

K. Henry. I fear, thou'lt once more come again
for ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, sol-
diers, march away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Receunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Field of Battle.

*Alarm, excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and
Boy.*

Pistol. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de
bonne qualité.*

Pistol. Quality, call you me?—Construe me, art
thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pistol. O, signieur Dew should be a gentlernan:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou dy't on point of fox³,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de
moi!*

Pistol. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim⁴ out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de tes
bras?*

Pistol. Brags, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brags?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moi!*

Pistol. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
—Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez; Comment estes vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says, his name is—master Fer.

Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk⁶ him,
and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto
him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and
ferret, and firk.

Pistol. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous vous
teniez prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette
heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pistol. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu,
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison;
gardez ma vie, & je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a
gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom,
he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de par-
donner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus
que vous l'avez promettez, il est content de vous donner
la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille re-
mercimens: & je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé
entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave,
valiant, & tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

¹ Mr. Steevens observes, that by this phrase, however uncouth, Shakspeare seems to mean the same as in the preceding line. *Mortality* is death. *Relapse* may be used for rebound. Shakspeare has given *mind of honour*, for *honourable mind*; and by the same rule might write *relapse of mortality*, for fatal or mortal rebound; or by *relapse of mortality*, he may mean—after they had *relapsed* into in-
animation. ² i. e. golden show, superficial gilding. Obsolete. ³ Fox is an old cant word for
a sword. ⁴ The *rim* means what is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the *first*
or *midriff* in beasts. ⁵ *Moys* is a piece of money; whence *moi d'or*, or *moi* of gold. ⁶ To *firk*
is used in a variety of senses by different old authors: in this place it would seem to mean, to
chastise.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks), the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.
—Follow me, cur.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exe. Pistol, and French Soldier.*]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil¹: if the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; yet they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing advent'rously. I must stay with the lacqueys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Another part of the Field of Battle.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur! —le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.— [*A short alarm.*]

O meschante fortune!—Do not run away.

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. *Operdurable² shame!*—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bou. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die, instant:—Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon. [*throng;*]

Bou. The devil take order now! I'll to the
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarm. Enter King Henry and his Train, with Prisoners.

K. Henry. Well have we done, thrice-valiant
countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Henry. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side
(Yok-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first dy'd: and York, all haggled over,

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,

That bloodily did yawn upon his face;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into mine eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Henry. I blame you not;

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarm.*]

But, hark! what new alarm is this fame?—

The French have re-inforc'd their scatter'd men:—

Then every foldier kill his prisoners;

Give the word Through.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alarums continued; after which, Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd, in the world: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran away from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burn'd or carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, has caus'd every foldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? the

¹ Dr. Johnson on this passage observes, that in modern puppet-shews, which seem to be copied from the old farces, *Punch* sometimes fights the Devil, and always overcomes him. I suppose the *Vice* of the old farce, to whom *Punch* succeeds, used to fight the Devil with a wooden dagger.

² *Perdurable* means lasting.

pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth: it is call'd Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is falmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Got knows, and you know) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finish'd. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, &c. Flourish.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France,

Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our fight: If they'll do neither, we will come to them; And make them skir away, as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings: Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have; And not a man of them, that we shall take, Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Henry. How now! what means their herald? Know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence, That we may wander o'er this bloody field, To book our dead, and then to bury them; To sort our nobles from our common men; For many of our princes (woe the while!) Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood: So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes; while their wounded steeds Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage, Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies.

K. Henry. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not, if the day be ours, or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer, And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it—Agincourt. [court,

K. Henry. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt, fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, and please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welchmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon saint Tavy's day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welch, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got ples and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace and his majesty too!

K. Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Chefnu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Henry. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Enter Williams.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Exeunt Montjoy and others.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

¹ See note 7, p. 384. ² Mercenary here means common or hired blood. The gentlemen of the army served at their own charge, in consequence of their tenures.

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night: who, if 'a live, and if ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which, he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great fort¹, quite from the answer of his degree².

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a jack-faunce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Henry. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Henry. Who serve'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower 'is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[Exit.

K. Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alencon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Got of his grace, that I might see it.

K. Henry. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,—

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour, May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;

It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly he'll return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pefeech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows³, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lye in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alencon's.

Enter Warwick, and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry, and Exeter.

K. Henry. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

Will. My liege, this is my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he, that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, (saying your majesty's manhood) what an arrant, rascally, peggary, lowly knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimonies, and witneses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Henry. Give me thy⁴ glove, soldier; Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promis'd'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

¹ High rank. ² Meaning, a man of such station as is not bound to hazard his person to answer to a challenge from one of the soldier's low degree. ³ The *Revised* reads, very plainly, "in two plows." The quarto reads, *I will give treason his due presently.* ⁴ It must be, *give me my glove*; for of the soldier's glove the king had not the fellow.

K. Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart : never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself : you appear'd to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowlinets ; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine : for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow ;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns :—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly :—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so goot : 'tis a goot filling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald ; are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good fort are taken, uncle ?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquault : Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'quires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights,
And gentlemen of blood and quality. [quires,

The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret², high constable of France ;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures ;
Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin ;

John duke of Alencon ; Anthony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;
And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,
Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—

Where is the number of our English dead ? [folk,

Exe. Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam esquire :
None else of name ; and, of all other men,
But five and twenty.

K. Hen. O God, thy arm was here !
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village :
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. 3 Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. VOUCHSAFE, to those that have not read the story,

That I may prompt them : and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life

Be here presented. Now we bear the king [feet,
Toward Calais : grant him there ; and there being
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea : behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,

¹ See note 2, p. 534. ² De-la-bret here, as in a former passage, should be Charles D'Albret, would the measure permit of such a change. ³ The king (say the *Chronicles*) caused the psalm, *exitu Israel de Egypto* (in which, according to the Vulgate, is included the psalm, *Non nobis, Domine*, &c.) to be sung after the victory.

Which, like a mighty whiffler¹ 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way : so let him land ;
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-heath :
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city : he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best fort,—
Like to the senators of antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood²,
Were now the general³ of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached³ on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit, [cause,
To welcome him ? Much more, and much more
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chaunc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France ;
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment ; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

S C E N E I.

The English Camp in France.

Enter Fluellen, and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right ; but why wear you
your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

Fla. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my
friend, captain Gower ; the rascally, scald, peggari-
ly, lowly, praggings knave, Pistol,—which you
and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no pet-
ter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits—
he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt
yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek : it
was in a place where I could not preed no conten-
tions with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it
in my cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will
tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a tur-
key-cock.

Fla. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks.—Got ples you, antient Pistol ! you
scurvy, lowly knave, Got ples you !

Pist. Ha ! art thou Bedlam ? dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web ?

Hence ! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fla. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy, lowly knave,
at my desires, and my request, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek ; because, look you,
you do not love it, nor your affections, and your
appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with
it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Fla. There is one goat for you. Will [*strikes him*]
you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Fla. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is : I will desire you to live in the mean time,
and eat your victuals ; come, there is sauce for
it.—[*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday,
mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree⁵. I pray you fall to ; if
you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. [*him.*

Gow. Enough, captain ; you have⁶ astonish'd

Fla. I say, I will make him eat some part of
my leek, or I will peat his pate four days :—Pite,
I pray you ; it is goot for your green wound, and
your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite ?

Fla. Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt, and out
of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge ;
I eat, and eat, I swear.

Fla. Eat, I pray you : will you have some more
sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see, I eat.

Fla. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away ; the skin is
goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take
occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock
at them ; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Fla. Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a
groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat !

Fla. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take
it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which
you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Fla. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in
cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy no-
thing of me but cudgels. Got be wi' you, and
keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

¹ A whiffler is an officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony. The name is still retained in London, and there is an officer so called that walks before their companies on the 9th of November, or what is vulgarly called *Lord Mayor's-Day*.

² Likelihood for similitude. * The earl of Essex in the reign of queen Elizabeth. ³ i. e.

spitted, transfix'd. ⁴ The meaning is, dost thou desire to have me put thee to death ? ⁵ That

is, according to Dr. Johnson, *I will bring thee to the ground*. Other commentators think it alludes to an old metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, intitled, *The Squire of low Degree*. ⁶ That is, you have stunned him with the blow.

Pis. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceas'd valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking¹ and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. *[Exit.]*

Pis. Doth fortune play the hufwife² with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cut-purse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

The French Court, at Trois in Champaigne.

Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords: at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Katharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!—

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,—
Health and fair time of day;—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd)
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

K. Henry. To cry Amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar³, and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie in heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank funtury,
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate⁴ such savag'ry:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckfies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd⁵ attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour⁶,
You are assembled: and my speech intreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Henry. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enshedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Henry. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.

K. Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king

¹ i. e. scoffing, sneering. *Gleek* was a game at cards. ² i. e. the *jilt*. *Hufwife* is here used in an ill sense. ³ i. e. to this *barrier*; to this place of congress. ⁴ To *deracinate* is to force up by the roots. ⁵ i. e. wild, irregular, extravagant. ⁶ i. e. former appearance.

And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. *Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. *Henry.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. *Isa.* She hath good leave. [Exeunt.

Remain King Henry, Katharine, and a Lady.

K. *Henry.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. *Henry.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell what is like me.

K. *Henry.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Lady. *Ouy, vrayment, (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

K. *Henry.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

K. *Henry.* What says she, fair-one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. *Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princefs.*

K. *Henry.* The princefs is the better English-woman. I faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me further than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; I faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonneur*, me understand well.

K. *Henry.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet

for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-anapes, never off: But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, 'tis true;—but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy¹; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible that I should love the enemy of France?

K. *Hen.* No; it is not possible, that you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is dat.

K. *Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, & quand vous avez la possession de moi*, (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, & vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre bonneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. *Hen.* No, faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. *Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet,

¹ i. e. real and true constancy, unrefined and unadorned.

you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princefs, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have faying faith within me, tells me—thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling¹, and thou must therefore needs prove a good foldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between faint Denis and faint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople², and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? What fay'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse!*

Kath. Your majesty 'ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering³ effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good-fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy mon pere.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma*

foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baissant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteur; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, & damoiselles pour estre baissies devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le costume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she? *Lady.* Dat is not be de fashion pour de ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baissier*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Lady. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Lady. *Ouy, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O, Kate, nice customs curt'fy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion; we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding—[*kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princefs English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burg. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz; and my condition⁴ is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burg. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle: if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind: can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosy'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Burg. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like files at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes: and then they will endure handling.

¹ i. e. scrambling. ² Shakspeare has here committed an anachronism. The Turks were not possessed of Constantinople before the year 1453, when Henry V. had been dead thirty-one years.

³ Meaning, notwithstanding my face has no power to temper, i. e. soften you to my purpose.

⁴ i. e. my temper.

which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ¹ ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burg. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled within maiden walls, that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her: so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter, first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm propos'd natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition in French:—*Notre tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France*: and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, & hæres Franciæ*.

Fr. King. Yet this I have not, brother, so deny'd, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest:

And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms [pale
Of France and England, whose very shores look

With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish*]

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on
which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate,—and you to me;—
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Exeunt*]

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,

Our bending ² author hath pursu'd the story;

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts ³ the full course of their glory.

Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd

This star of England: fortune made his sword;

By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,

And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king

Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France, and made his England
bleed:

[*fake*]

Which oft our stage hath shewn; and, for their
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

¹ That is, the application of this fable, the *moral* being the application of a fable. ² i. e. humble.

³ Meaning, by touching only on select parts.

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FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Sixth. Duke of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector. Duke of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France. Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, and Great Uncle to the King. Duke of EXETER. Duke of SOMERSET. Earl of WARWICK. Earl of SALISBURY. Earl of SUFFOLK. Lord TALBOT. Young TALBOT, his son. RICHARD PLANTAGENET, afterwards Duke of York. MORTIMER, Earl of March. Sir JOHN FASTOLFE. WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower. Lord Mayor of London. Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE. Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE. Sir WILLIAM LUCY. VERNON, of the White Rose, or York Faction.	BASSET, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction. CHARLES, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France. REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples. Duke of BURGUNDY. Duke of ALENCON. Bastard of ORLEANS. Governor of PARIS. Master-Gunner of ORLEANS. Boy, his Son. An Old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle. MARGARET, daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King Henry. Countess of AUVERGNE. JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called, Joan of Arc; a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and sitting up for the Champions of France. Friends, attending her.
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Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Westminster-Abbey.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick; the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset, &c.

Bed. **H**UNG be the heavens with black,
yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.

¹ Mr. Theobald observes, that "the historical transactions contained in this play, take in the compass of above thirty years. I must observe, however, that our author, in the three parts of Henry VI. has not been very precise to the date and disposition of his facts; but shuffled them, backwards and forwards, out of time. For instance; the lord Talbot is kill'd at the end of the fourth act of this play, who in reality did not fall till the 13th of July 1453; and *The Second Part of Henry VI.* opens with the marriage of the king, which was solemnized eight years before Talbot's death, in the year 1445. Again, in the second part, dame Eleanor Cobham is introduced to insult queen Margaret; though her penance and banishment for sorcery happened three years before that princess came over to England. I could point out many other transgressions against history, as far as the order of time is concerned. Indeed, though there are several master-strokes in these three plays, which incontestably betray the workmanship of Shakspeare; yet I am almost doubtful, whether they were entirely of his writing. And unless they were wrote by him very early, I should rather imagine them to have been brought to him as a director of the stage; and so have received some finishing beauties at his hand. An accurate observer will easily see, the diction of them is more obsolete, and the numbers more mean and prescail, than in the generality of his genuine compositions."

What

What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exc. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not
in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mischap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and forcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was asking blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church-
men pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, what'er we like, thou art pro-
tector;

And lookest to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds
in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead:—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;
Our isle be made a nourish¹ of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead:—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guyfours, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Hen-
ry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again, [ghost.
These news would cause him once more yield the

Exc. How were they lost? what treachery was
us'd? [money.

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—

That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expence at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exc. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France:—
Give me my sleeved coat, I'll fight for France:—
Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive² miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad
mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite;
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alencon flieth to his side. [Exit.

Exc. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach? [him!

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—
Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my for-
wardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your in-
formations,

Wherewith you now bedew king Henry's hearie,—
I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was over-
thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce³ six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:

No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.

More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.

Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew:

The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;

¹ *Nourish* here signifies a *nurse*. ² i. e. their miseries, which have had only a short intermission
from Henry the Fifth's death to my coming amongst them. ³ i. e. scarcely.

All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :
His foldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward :
He being in the vaward ¹ (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre ;
Enclosed were they with their enemies :
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Miff. O no, he lives ; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford :
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters ; to my task will I ;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal :
Ten thousand foldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Miff. So you had need ; for Orleans is besieg'd ;
The English army is grown weak and faint :
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply ;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn ;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. *[Exit.]*

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.]*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. *[Exit.]*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.

But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office ;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

Before Orleans in France.

*Enter Charles, Alencon, and Reigner, marching with
a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known :
Late, did he shine upon the English side ;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have ?
At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans ;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat
bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted, like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege ; Why live we idly here ?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :

Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury ;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Gbar. Sound, found alarm ; we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French :—

Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he fees me go back one foot, or fly. *[Exit.]*

*[Here alarm, they are beaten back by the English,
with great loss.]*

Re-enter Charles, Alencon, and Reigner.

Gbar. Who ever saw the like ? what men have
I ?— *[fled.]*

Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.

The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands ² bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.

More truly now may this be verified ;

For none but Sampsons, and Goliases,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !

Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Gbar. Let's leave this town ; for they are hair-
brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth

The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals ³ or device,

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;

Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.

By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin ? I have
news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer ⁴
appall'd ;

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :

¹ i.e. the back part of the *van* or *front*. ² These were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers ; and their exploits are render'd so ridiculously and equally extravagant by the old romancers, that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors, of giving one a Rowland for his Oliver, to signify the matching one incredible lye with another ; or, as in the modern acceptation of the proverb, to give a person as good a one as he brings. ³ A *gimmel* is a piece of jointed work, where one piece moves within another, whence it is taken at large for an engine. It is now vulgarly called a *gimcrack*. ⁴ *Cheer* is countenance, appearance.

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls¹ of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my² words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous
feats? [me]

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that think'st to beguile
Where is the Dauphin? come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success:
In compleat glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high
terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And, if thou vanquish'st, thy words are true;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd: here is my keen-edg'd
sword,

Deck'd with fine flower-de-luces on each side;
The which, at Tournine in Saint Katharine's church-
yard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, I fear no wa-
man.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.

[Here they fight, and Joan la Pucelle overcomes.]

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Debora.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
weak. [help me]

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be;
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he thrives this woman to her
smock;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do
know: [tongues]

These women are shrewd tempters with their

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise
you on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight 'till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight
it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer³, halcyon days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
'Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove⁴?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters⁵, were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

¹ There were no nine sibyls of Rome; but our author confounds things, and mistakes this for the nine books of Sibylline oracles, brought to one of the Tarquins. ² It should be read, believe her words. ³ That is, expect prosperity after misfortune, like fair weather at Martlemas, after winter has begun. ⁴ Mahomet had a dove, which he used to feed with wheat out of his ear; which dove, when it was hungry, lighted on Mahomet's shoulder, and thrust its bill in to find it's breakfast; Mahomet persuading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice. ⁵ Meaning, the four daughters of Philip mentioned in the *Acts*.

Dau. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away about it:—
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Tower-Gates in London.

Enter Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance¹.—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here? Open the gates: it is Gloster that calls.

1 Ward. Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1 Man. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 Man. Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 Ward. The Lord protect him! so we answer him:

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will'd you? or whose will stands, but mine?

There's none protector of the realm, but I.—

Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:

Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloster's Men rush at the Tower-Gates, and Woodville, the Lieutenant, speaks within.

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear? Open the gates; here's Gloster, that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment, That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in. [me?]

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector; We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector, at the Tower-Gates, Winchester and his men in tawny coats².

Win. How now, ambitious Humphry? what means this?

Glo. Piel'd³ priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor, And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator; Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord; Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin⁴: I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat⁵, If thou proceed in this thy insolence. [foot:]

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain⁶, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back: Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth

I'll use, to carry thee out of this place. [face.]

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I beard thee to thy

Glo. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my

Draw, men, for all this privileged place; [face?—] Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware thy beard;

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:

Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat;

In spite of pope, or dignities of church,

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose⁷! I cry—A rope! a rope!— [stay?]

Now beat them hence, Why do you let them

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here Gloster's Men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the burly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.

Mayor. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; for thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;

One that still motions war, and never peace,

O'er-charging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm;

And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling places; and not wear,

hedge, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

¹ Conveyance means theft. ² A tawny coat was the dress of the officer whose business it was to summon offenders to an ecclesiastical court. These are the proper attendants therefore on the bishop of Winchester. ³ Alluding to his shaven crown. In Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 154, Robert Baldocke, bishop of London, is called a *peeled* priest, *pile* being a shaven head, seemingly in allusion to his shaven crown alone. So, *bald-head* was a term of scorn and mockery. ⁴ The public stews were formerly under the district of the bishop of Winchester. ⁵ This means, I believe, *I'll tumble thee into thy great hat, and shake thee, as bran and meal are shaken in a sieve*. ⁶ Maundrell, in his *Travels*, says, that about four miles from Damascus is a high hill, reported to be the same on which Cain slew his brother Abel. ⁷ A strumpet, or the consequences of her love, was a Winchester goose.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law :
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet ; to thy cost, be thou
sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away :
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what thou
may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster ! guard thy head ;

For I intend to have it, ere long. *[Exeunt.]*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.—

Good God ! that nobles should such stomachs bear !
I myself fight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Orleans in France.

Enter the Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieg'd ;

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
rul'd by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;

Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's 'spials^{*} have informed me,

How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,

Went, through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to over-peer the city ;

And thence discover, how, with most advantage,

They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,

A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd ;

And fully even these three days have I watch'd,

If I could see them : Now, boy, do thou watch ;

For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. *[Exit.]*

Boy. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;

I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter the Lords Salisbury and Talbot, with Sir

W. Glansdale and Sir Tho. Gargrave, on the turrets.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd !

How wert thou handled, being prisoner ?

Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd ?

Discourse, I pry thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,

Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles ;

For him was I exchange'd and ransomed.

But with a baser man of arms by far,

Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me :

Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd ; and craved death

Rather than I would be so pill'd² esteemed.

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, oh ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
heart !

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,

If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert en-
tertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,

To be a public spectacle to all ;

Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me ;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly ;

None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,

That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute while ;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy, with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you en-
dur'd ;

But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in Orleans :

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify ;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate : for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*[Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir Tho.
Gargrave fall down.]*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched
sinners !

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man !

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
cross'd us ?—

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak ;

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side thrust off—

Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy !

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars :

Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up—

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech dra-
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life ?

Speak unto Talbot ; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort ;

Thou shalt not die, whilst—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me ;

* *Espsials* are spies.

2 *So pill'd*, means *so pillaged*, *so stripp'd of honours*.

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.*—

Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have
gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—
A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up, and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth
groan!

It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—
Pucelle or puzzel¹, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Alarum. Excunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.

*Here an alarum again: and Talbot pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la
Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter
Talbot.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter La Pucelle.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee², thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet
I must go victual Orleans forthwith. [*come:*

[*A short alarum. Then enters the town with
soldiers.*

Overtake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*Exit Pucelle.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's
wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like their whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarum.*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.—

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot.*

[*Alarum, retreat, flourish.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter, on the walls, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reigner,
Alencon, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Daup. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—

Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout
the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and
joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Daup. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:

And all the priests and friars in my realm

Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.

A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,

Than Rhodope's³, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,

¹ Mr. Tollet says, *Puffel* means a dirty wench or a drab, from *puzza*, i. e. malus factor, says Minshew. In a translation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, p. 98, we read,—"Some filthy queans, especially our *puzzles* of Paris, use this other theft." ² The superstition of those times taught, that he that could draw the witch's blood, was free from her power. ³ Rhodope was a famous strumpet, who acquired great riches by her trade. The least but most finished of the Egyptian pyramids was built by her. She is said afterwards to have married Psammeticus, king of Egypt.

Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius¹,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.

No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in ; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exit.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before Orleans.

Enter a French Serjeant, with two Centinels.

Serj. S I R S, take your places, and be vigilant :
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus
are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling
ladders. Their drums beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,—
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity ;
As sitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery.

Bed. Coward of France!--how much he wrongs his
fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bar. Traitors have never other company.—

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure ?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid ! and be so martial !

Bar. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long ;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with
spirits :

God is our fortress ; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot ; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together : better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways ;
That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed ; I'll to yon corner.

Bar. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his
Now, Salisbury ! for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English, scaling the walls, cry, St. George !
A Talbot !*]

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm ! the enemy doth
make assault !

*The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter
several ways, Bastard, Alencon, Reignier, half
ready, and half unready.*

Alen. How now, my lords ? what all unready² so ?

Bast. Unready ? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reign. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave
Hearing alarms at our chamber doors. [*Our beds,*

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reign. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles ; I marvel how he
sped.

Enter Charles, and Pucelle.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with
his friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?
Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?—
Improvident foldiers ! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alencon, this was your default ;
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reign. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the centinels :

Then how, or which way, should they first break in ?

¹ When Alexander the Great took the city of Gaza, the metropolis of Syria, amidst the other spoils and wealth of Darius treasured up there, he found an exceeding rich and beautiful little chest or casket, and asked those about him what they thought fittest to be laid up in it. When they had severally delivered their opinions, he told them, he esteemed nothing so worthy to be preserved in it as Homer's *Iliad*. ² Unready was the current word in those times for undress'd.

Facel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some
part

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

*Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, A Talbot! A
Talbot! they fly, leaving their cloaths behind.*

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E II.

The same.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whole pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here found retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this curied town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night,
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

*I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.* *[began,*

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bed. Myself (as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure, I fear'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts *[train*
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; Who would speak
with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world
of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd:

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;

And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. *[Whispers]*—You perceive
my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess, and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. *[Exit.]*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,

And his achievements of no less account:

Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. *[as musing]* Is this the scourge of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,

That with his name the mothers still their babes?

I see, report is fabulous and false:

I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be, this weak and wrizled thrimp

Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,

I'll fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

¹ This alludes to a popular tradition, that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them, that the TALBOT cometh. See also the end of Sc. iii. Act II.

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha! [turn to moan.

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have ought but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is arridling² merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his horn; drums strike up: a peal of ordnance.

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:

I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done, hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,

But only (with your patience) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick;

Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient. [truth;

Plant. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;

I never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then
between us. [er pitch,

War. Between two hawks, which flies the high.

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this briar pluck a white rose with me?

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours⁴; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no
more,

Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side

The fewest roses are cropt from the tree,

Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Left, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,

And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,

¹ i. e. so foolish. ² The term *merchant*, which was, and now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on familiar occasions in contradistinction to *gentleman*; signifying, that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The word *chef*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the same import with *merchant*, in its less respectable sense, is still in common use, particularly in Staffordshire, and the adjoining counties, as a common denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect. ³ The rose (as the fables say) was the symbol of silence, and consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, to conceal the lewd pranks of his mother. ⁴ *Colours* is here used ambiguously for *tints* and *deceits*. ⁵ i. e. it is justly proposed.

The argument you held, was wrong in you ;

[To Somerset]

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that, Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red. [roses ;

Plant. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear ; but anger—that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses ; And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth ;

Whiles thy confirming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true, Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, I scorn thee and thy fashion¹, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plant. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole ! We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

Har. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset ;

His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence, Third son to the third Edward king of England ; Spring crestless yeomen² from so deep a root ?

Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege³, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my On any plot of ground in Christendom : [words Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge, For treason executed in our late king's days ? And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt⁴ from ancient gentry ? His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plant. My father was attainted, not attainted ; Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ; And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset, Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension⁵ :

Look to it well ; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still :

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes ;

For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance⁶ of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear ;

Until it wither with me to my grave,

Or flourish to the height of my degree. [bition !

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition ! And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit.

Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it ! [house,

Har. This blot, that they object against your Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester :

And, if thou be not then created York,

I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,

Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose :

And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day

Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,

Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you, That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Fer. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,

This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer⁷, brought in a chair, and Jailors.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—

Even like a man new haled from the rack,

So sore my limbs with long imprisonment :

And these grey locks, the⁸ pursuivants of death,

Nettor-like aged, in an age of care,

Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent⁹ :

Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief ;

And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine

That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—

Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.—

¹ By *fashion* is meant the badge of the red rose, which Somerset says he and his friends should be distinguish'd by. ² i. e. those who have no right to arms. ³ The Temple, being a religious house, was an asylum, a place of exemption, from violence, revenge, and bloodshed. ⁴ *Exempt*, for excluded. ⁵ i. e. opinion. ⁶ A badge is called a *cognizance* a *cognoscendo*, because by it such persons as do wear it upon their sleeves, their shoulders, or in their hats, are manifestly known whose servants they are. ⁷ Mr. Edwards observes, that Shakspeare has varied from the truth of history, to introduce this scene between Mortimer and Richard Plantagenet. Edmund Mortimer served under Henry V. in 1422, and died unconfined in Ireland in 1424. Holinshed says, that Mortimer was one of the mourners at the funeral of Henry V. Mr. Steevens adds, "that his uncle, sir John Mortimer, was indeed prisoner in the Tower, and was executed not long before the earl of March's death, being charged with an attempt to make his escape in order to stir up an insurrection in Wales." ⁸ i. e. the heralds that, forerunning death, proclaim its approach. ⁹ i. e. end.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance;
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire¹ of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he [come?]

Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?

Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease². [arm;
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:

Therefore, good uncle—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,

And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head. [me,

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cur'd instrument of his decease. [was:

Plant. Discover more at large what came that
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)

I was the next by birth and parentage;

For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty³ great attempt,
They labour'd to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.

Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plant. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather⁴:
But yet be wary in thy studious care. [me:

Plant. Thy grave admonishments prevail with
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.

But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place. [years

Plant. O, uncle, 'would some part of my young
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughter-
er doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only, give order for my funeral:

And so farewell; and fair⁵ be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war! [Dun.

Plant. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.—

Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—

Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.—

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort⁶:

And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—

I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;

Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [Exit.

¹ That is, he that terminates or concludes misery. ² i. e. my uneasiness or discontent. ³ i. e. high.
⁴ The sense is, I acknowledge thee to be my heir; the consequences which may be collected from
thence, I recommend it to thee to draw. ⁵ i. e. lucky, or prosperous. ⁶ We are to understand
the speaker as reflecting on the ill fortune of Mortimer, in being always made a tool of by the Percies
of the north in their rebellious intrigues; rather than in asserting his claim to the crown, in support
of his own princely ambition.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Parliament.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put up a Bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. COM'f't thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and diffidentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one, but he, should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!——

Win. Ay, lordly sir; For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. ¹ Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

Rich. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;

Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a sling at Winchester. [*Ahid.*]

K. Henry. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,

Civil dissention is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—

[*A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again, Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords,—and virtuous Hen-
Pity the city of London, pity us! [*ry,—*

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;

And, banding themselves in contrary parts,

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,

That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,

And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter men in skirmish, with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughter'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be

Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what you dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd² fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the common-weal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate³,

We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,

¹ *Roam to Rome.* To *roam* is supposed to be derived from the cant of vagabonds, who often pre-
tended a pilgrimage to Rome. ² *i. e. unseemly, indecent.* ³ *i. e. a bookman.*

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while. [*foul!*—

K. Henry. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful, if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace,

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Win-
chester;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too;
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard
you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same? [*gird!*—

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:

So help me God, as I dissemble not! [*not!*]

Win. [*Afide.*] So help me God, as I intend it

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—

Away, my matters! trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic
The tavern affords. [*Exeunt.*]

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty. [*prince,*

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially, for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty. [*force:*

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,

1 A kindly gird is a gentle or friendly reproof.
gate itself, and advance.

That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willethe Winchester.

K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,

That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, 'till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against
And, in requerdon² of that duty done, [*my foot:*
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York!

Sam. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!
[*Afide.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies. [*Henry goes:*

K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, king
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but Exe.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:

This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed³.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all;
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Roan in France.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and Soldiers with
sacks upon their backs, like Countrymen.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,
Through which our policy must make a breach.—
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sol.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city.
And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knock.*]

2 i. e. recompence, return.

3 That is, *prince*

Watch. *Qui va là ?*

Pucel. *Paisans pasteurs gens de France :*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in ; the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [Exit.]

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alencon.

Dau. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem !

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants¹ :

Now she is there, how will she specify

Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;

Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is,--

No way to that², for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter Joan la Pucelle on a battlement, thrusting out a torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen ;

But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles ! the beacon of our friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Reig. Defer no time, Delays have dangerous ends ;

Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin* !—presently,

And then do execution on the watch.

[An alarm ; Talbot in an excursion.]

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy

If Talbot but forgive thy treachery ;— [tears,

Pucelle, that witch, that damned forceress,

Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,

That hardly we escap'd the pride³ of France. [Exit.]

An alarm : excursions. Enter Bedford, brought in

sick, in a chair, with Talbot and Burgundy,

onboard. Within, Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bas-

tard, and Alencon, on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants ; want ye corn

for bread ?

I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,

Before he'll buy again at such a rate :

'Twas full of daniel ; Do you like the taste ?

Burg. Scoffon, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan !

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before

that time. [treason !]

Bed. Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard ?

break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours !

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot, sir ?—Yet, Pucelle, hold

thy peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[Talbot, and the rest, whisper together in council.]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest ;

Will ye, like foldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang !—base muleteers of France !

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away : let's get us from the walls ;

For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—

God be wi' you, my lord ! we came, sir, but to tell

you

That we are here. [Exit from the walls.]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France)

Either to get the town again, or die :

And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror ;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried ;

So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford :—Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me :

Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,

And will be partner of your weal or woe. [you.]

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes⁴ :

Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breath !—

Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[Exit Burgundy, Talbot, and forces.]

An alarm : excursions. Enter Sir John Fastolfe

and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such

haste ?

Fast. Whither away ? to save myself by flight ;

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What ! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [Exit.]

Cap. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !

[Exit.]

¹ *Practise*, in the language of that time, was *treachery*, and perhaps in the softer sense, *stratagem*. *Practisants* are therefore *confederates in stratagems*. ² That is, *no way equal to that*. ³ *Pride* signifies the *haughty power*. ⁴ This hero was Uther Pendragon, brother to Aurelius, and father to King Arthur.

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alencon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow. [please;
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.

An alarm. Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:—
Yet, heaven have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument. [now?

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
I think her old familiar is asleep: [gleeks?
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers;
And then depart to Paris, to the king;
For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same. The Plain near the City.

Enter the Dauphin, Bastard, Alencon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan
devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd¹ from our provinces. [France,

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd² from
And not have title of an earldom here. [work,

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drum beats afar off.

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[Here beat an English march.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him.

[French march.

Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman. [marching hence.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am

Dau. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with
thy words. [France!

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile
And see the cities and the towns defac'd [France,
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast!
Oh, turn thy edged sword another way;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears, [gore;
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her
Or nature makes me suddenly relent. [words,

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaim
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny. [on thee,
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?

Call we to mind,—and mark but this, for proof:—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?

And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord,
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I am vanquish'd; these haughty words of
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot, [here

And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours;

¹ To extirp is to root out.

² i. e. expelled.

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!¹ [us fresh.

Dau. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this, And doth deserve a coronet of gold. [powers;

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Paris. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, with Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince,—and honourable Hearing of your arrival in this realm, [peers,— I have a while given truce unto my wars, To do my duty to my sovereign: In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd To your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength, Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,— Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet; And, with submissive loyalty of heart, Ascribes the glory of his conquest got, First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster, That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!

When I was young, (as yet I am not old)

I do remember how my father said, A stouter champion never handled sword.

Long since we were resolved of your truth, Your faithful service, and your toil in war;

Yet never have you tasted our reward, Or been requerd² with so much as thanks,

Because 'till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,

We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.

[Exeunt King, Glo. Tal.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours³ that I wear

In honour of my noble lord of York,—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage

The envious barking of your fancy tongue

Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

[Strikes him.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,

That, who so draws a sword⁴, 'tis present death;

Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Paris. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

Glo. **L**ORD bishop, set the crown upon his head. *Win.* God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,— That you elect no other king but him:

Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends;

And none your foes, but such as shall pretend

Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, to help you righteous God!

Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from To haste unto your coronation, [Calais,

A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee! I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next, To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

[plucking it off.

(Which I have done) because unworthily

Thou wast installed in that high degree.—

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:

This dastard, at the battle of Poitiers⁶,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,

And that the French were almost ten to one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,

Like to a trusty squire, did run away;

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.

Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear

This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,

And ill becoming any common man;

¹ Dr. Johnson on this passage observes, that the inconsistency of the French was always the subject of satire; and adds, that he has read a dissertation written to prove that the index of the wind upon our steeples was made in form of a cock, to ridicule the French for their frequent changes. ² i. e. rewarded. ³ This was the badge of a rose, and not an officer's scarf. ⁴ i. e. in the court, or in the presence-chamber. ⁵ i. e. design, or intend. ⁶ This gross blunder must be probably imputed to the players or transcribers; for the battle of Poitiers was fought in the year 1357, the 31st of king Edward III. and the scene now lies in the 7th year of the reign of king Henry VI. viz. 1428. The action of which Shakspeare is now speaking, happened (according to Holinshed) "neere unto a village in Beausse called Patate," which we should read, instead of Poitiers. "From this battell (adds the same historian) departed without any stroke stricken, Sir John Fastolfe, the same yeere by his valiantnesse elected into the order of the garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this brunt, the duke of Bedford tooke from him the image of St. George and his garter, &c."

Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth;
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty¹ courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
He then, that is not furnished in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st
thy doom:

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—

[*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd
his stile?

No more but, plain and bluntly,—*To the king?*

[*Reading.*]

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend² some alteration in good will?

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,—* [*Reads.*]

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forlorn your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst, this letter doth
contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then, lord Talbot there shall
talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight:

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his treason;
And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit Tal.*]

Enter Vernon, and Bassett.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

Tork. This is my servant; Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; Sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave
to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done
me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is that wrong whereof you
both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn³ the truth,

About a certain question in the law,

Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;

With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;

For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

Tork. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it. [*Exit.*]

K. Henry. Good Lord! what madness rules in
brain-sick men;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations shall arise!—

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

Tork. Let this dissension first be try'd by fight,

And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

Tork. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where't began at first.

Bas. Confirm it for mine honourable lord!

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!

Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,

With this immodest clamorous outrage

To trouble and disturb the king and us?—

And you, my lords,—methinks, you do not well,

To bear with their perverse objections;

Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves;

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness;—Good my lords,
be friends. [*Exe. Talbots.*]

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be con-

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords,—remember where we are;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel?

¹ i. e. high. ² To pretend seems to be here used in its Latin sense, i. e. to hold out. ³ i. e. resist.

Before.

i. e. means a

Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certify'd,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset, than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

Manet York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame
him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist¹, he did—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed. [Exeunt.]

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress
thy voice:

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that he doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when scepters are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before the walls of Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with trumpet and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall. [Sound.]

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would,—Open your city gates,
Be humbled to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wait thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive² their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due³ thee withal;
For ere the glaïis, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exit from the walls.]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy;—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal⁴ like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God, and saint George! Talbot, and England's
right!

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Another part of France.

Enter a Messenger meeting York, who enters with a
trumpet, and many soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,

¹ i. e. if I knew. ² i. e. to direct. ³ To due is to endue, to deck, to grace. ⁴ A rascal deer
means a lean poor deer. O o That

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset;
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am low'd¹ by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart

Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we have a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distressed lord!

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:

We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!

And on his son young John; whom, two hours
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That funder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

¹ i. e. I am let down, I am lowered.
struggle for superior excellence.

² i. e. environed, encircled.

³ i. e. protracting his resistance by the advantage of a strong post.

⁴ In this line *emulation* signifies merely rivalry, not

SCENE IV.

Another part of France.

Enter Somerset, with his Army.

Som. It is too late: I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with the fall of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his glofs of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;

Who, ring'd about² with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring³, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation⁴.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that shall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alencon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. [him aid.

Som. York set him on, York should have sent

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition. [the horse;

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrap the noble-minded Talbot:

Never to England shall he bear his life;

But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife. [straight:

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or slain:
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;

And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Field of Battle near Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, and his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;

That

And

That

And

And

And

And

And

And

And

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,¹
A terrible and unavoyd danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay; and, father, do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard² should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not
lose it. [abuse it?]

John. Yes, your renowned name; Shall flight

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. [die?]

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and
My age was never tainted with such shame. [blame?]

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such
No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die;

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Alarum: excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd
about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers,
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word, [fight:
And left us to the rage of France's sword.

Where is John Talbot?—Pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son:
The life, thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
'Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quick'n'd with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,

And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—

Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.

If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;

All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away. [smart,

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
These words of yours draw life-blood from my
heart:

Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,

The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!

And like³ me to the peasant boys of France;

To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,

An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;

If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,

Thou learus; thy life to me is sweet:

If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Alarum: excursions. Enter old Talbot, led by the French.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone:—

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—

¹ To a field where death will be feasted with slaughter. ² Meaning, your care of your own safety. ³ i. e. make me like, or reduce me to a level with, the peasant boys, &c.

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity¹ !
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee :—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience :
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring² my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French :
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit ; and there dy'd
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son is borne !

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither³ sky,
 In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath :
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no ;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks ; as who should
 say—

Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms ;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

[*Dis.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alencon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Joan la Pucelle.

Char. **H**AD York and Somers set brought
 rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
 wood⁴,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
 Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid :

But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn—
 He answer'd thus ; *Young Talbot was not born—*

To be the pillage of a giglot's⁵ wench :

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,

He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. [knight :

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
 See, where he lies inher'd in the arms

Of the most bloody nurer of his harms. [asunder ;

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh, no ; forbear : for that which we have
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead. [fled

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's
 tent ; to know

Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent ?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin ? 'tis a mere French
 word ;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou ? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury ?

Created for his rare success in arms,

Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence ;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,

Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Shef-

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge ; [field,

Knight of the noble order of saint George,

Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece ;

Great marshal to Henry the sixth,

Of all his wars within the realm of France ?

Pucel. Here is a silly stately stile, indeed !

The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,

Writes not so tedious a stile as this.—

Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
 Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain ; the Frenchman's only
 scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis ?

Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,

That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces !

Oh, that I could but call these dead to life !

It were enough to fright the realm of France :

Were but his picture left among you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies ; that I may bear them hence,
 And give them burial, as befits their worth.

Pucel. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em ; to keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear

Them hence : but from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix, that shall make all France afraid. [with

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou

¹ i. e. stained and dishonoured with captivity.

² i. e. watching me with tenderness in my fall.

³ Lither is flexible or yielding. ⁴ Raging-wood signifies raging mad. ⁵ Giglot is a wanton, or a strumpet.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

England.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac? [*pope,*

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect their
motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immunity¹ and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord,—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage? uncle, alas! my years are
And fitter is my study and my books, [*young;*
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors; with Winchester as Cardinal.

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree!
Then, I perceive, that will be verifi'd,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy,—
*If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

K. Henry. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which
contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, in shipp'd,

Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt king, and train.*

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,¹
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

France.

Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alençon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our
drooping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French. [*France,*

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices! [*Speak.*

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I prythee,

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, first, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; And France be for-
tunate! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Alarum: excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts²; [*fly.—*
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north³,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*

¹ i. e. barbarity, savageness. ² Periapts were charms sewed up and worn about the neck as preservatives from disease or danger. Of these, the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was deemed the most efficacious. ³ The north was always supposed to be the particular habitation of bad spirits. Milton assembles the rebel angels in the north.

Oh, hold me not with silence over-long !
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a future benefit ;
So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They bang their heads.*]

No hope to have redress ?—My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance ?
Then take my soul ; my body, foul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See ! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with :—
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*]

Excursion. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand.

Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast :
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace !

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape. [*be.*]

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not

York. Oh, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man ;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye. [*thee !*]

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and
And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds !

York. Fell, banning ' hag ! enchantress, hold
thy tongue.

Pucel. I pry'thee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name ; and daughter to a
The king of Naples, whoso'er thou art. [*king,*]

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She is going.*]

Oh, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak ;

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :

Fie, De la Poole ! disfigure not thyself² ;

Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?

Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass ?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love ? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom
must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautiful ; and therefore to be woo'd ;
She is a woman ; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no ?

Suf. Fond³ man ! remember, that thou hast a
wife ;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not
hear. [*card.*]

Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom ?

Why, for my king : Tush ! that's a wooden thing⁴.

Mar. He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,

And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too :

For though her father be the king of Naples,

Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain ? Are you not at leisure ?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much :

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—

Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [*knight,*]

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd ? he seems a
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescu'd by the French ;

And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush ! women have been captivate ere
now. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so ?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid pro quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen ?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility ;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me ?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen ;

To put a golden scepter in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,

¹ To ban is to curse. ² Do not represent thyself so weak. To disfigure the judgement of another
was, in our author's age, the same as to destroy its credit or authority. ³ i. e. foolish. ⁴ i. e. as
awkward business, an undertaking not likely to succeed.

If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.

How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours,
forth:

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent)
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories;
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
child,

Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
To be the princely bride of such a lord; [worth,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [*Aside.*
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my lord! Good wishes, praise,
and prayers,

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*She is going.*

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him. [*refted.*

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly di-
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—

No loving token to his majesty? [*heart,*

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish¹ tokens to a king.

[Exit Reignier and Margaret.]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth; [*stay,*
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad², natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Camp of the Duke of York in Anjou.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that forcerefs, condemn'd to
burn. [*right!*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart out-
Have I fought every country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless³ cruel death?

Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepit miser⁴! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood!

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you,
'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows;

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first-fruit of my batchelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle⁵!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan. [*this man*

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

¹ i. e. childish. ² i. e. wild or uncultivated. ³ i. e. untimely. ⁴ Miser has no relation to
avarice in this passage, but simply means a miserable creature. ⁵ A vulgar corruption of obstinate.

Of thy nativity ! I would, the milk [breast,
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake !
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee !
Dost thou deny thy father, curst drab ?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too
To fill the world with vicious qualities. [long,

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd :

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits :

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived ! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, firs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shorten'd.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death. [child?

York. Now heaven forefend ! the holy maid with

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge. [live;

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards
Especially since Charles must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alencon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alencon ! that notorious Machiavel;
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man ! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think she knows
not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign, she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain. [my curse :

Pucel. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode !
But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; 'till mischief, and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves !

[Exit guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to
Thou foul accursed minister of hell ! [ashes,

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, &c.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And see at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect ?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and foldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the town,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?—
Oh, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York; if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alencon, Bastard, and Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
choaks

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful¹ enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
Of meer compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,—
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself,
Adorn his temples with a coronet²;
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man ?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole ?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep

¹ *Baleful* had anciently the same meaning as *baneful*.

² *Coronet* is here used for a *crown*.
The.

That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all. [means

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
Used intercession to obtain a league;

And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit¹ proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside, to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our con-
dition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*Charles and the rest give tokens of fealty.*

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

England.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Suffolk, in conference with King Henry;
Gloster, and Exeter.*

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:

Her virtues, graced with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:

And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts

Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;

So am I driven, by breath of her renown,

Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:

The chief perfections of that lovely dame

(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)

Would make a volume of enticing lines,

Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,

So full replete with choice of all delights,

But, with as humble lowliness of mind,

She is content to be at your command;

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

To love and honour Henry as her lord. [sume.

K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,

That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.

You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;

How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;

Or one, that, at a triumph² having vow'd

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists

By reason of his adversary's odds:

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,

And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than

Her father is no better than an earl, [that?

Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,

The king of Naples, and Jerusalem;

And of such great authority in France,

As his alliance will confirm our peace,

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,

Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not to your
king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,

To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,

And not to seek a queen to make him rich:

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,

Than to be dealt in by attorneyship³;

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none, but for a king:

Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,

(More than in woman commonly is seen) will

Answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,

As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she:

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your

My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that [report,

¹ Benefit is here a term of law. Be content to live as the beneficiary of our king. ² That is, at the sports by which a triumph is celebrated. ³ i. e. by the discretionary agency of another.

My tender youth was never yet attaint
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
 I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 Agree to any covenants; and procure
 That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say; for, 'till you do return,
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 If you do censure¹ me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.
 And so conduct me, where from company,
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief². [Exit.
Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
 [Exeunt *Gloster* and *Exeter*.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he
 As did the youthful Paris once to Greece; [goes,
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king:
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
 [Exit.

¹ i. e. judge. ² Grief in this line is taken generally for *pain* or *uneasiness*; in the line that follows, specially for *sorrow*.

SECOND

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Sixth.
HUMPHREY Duke of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King.

Cardinal BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.

Duke of YORK, pretending to the Crown.

Duke of BUCKINGHAM, } of the King's Party.

Duke of SOMERSET, }

Duke of SUFFOLK, }

Earl of SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.

Earl of WARWICK, }

Lord CLIFFORD, of the King's Party.

Lord SAY.

Lord SCALES, Governor of the Tower.

Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD.

Young STAFFORD, his Brother.

ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

Young CLIFFORD, Son to Lord Clifford.

EDWARD PLANTAGENET, } Sons to the Duke

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, } of York.

VAUX, a Sea Captain, and WALTER WHITMORE, Pirates.

A Herald. HUME and SOUTHWELL, two Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, an Astrologer.

A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.

THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer. PETER, his Man.

Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Albans.

SIMPCOX, an Impostor.

JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry VI.

Dame ELEANOR, Wife to the Duke of Gloster.

Mother JORDAN, a Witch.

Wife to Simpcox.

Partizans, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriffs, and Officers, Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beaufort, on the one side; the Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suf. AS by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry prince's Margaret for your grace; So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,— In presence of the kings of France and Sicil, The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alencon, [shops,— Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,— I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd: And humbly now upon my bended knee,

In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marques gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;

¹ This and the Third Part (which were first written under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, and afterwards greatly improved by the author) contain that troublesome period of this prince's reign which took in the whole contention betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster; and under that title were these two plays first acted and published. The present scene opens with king Henry's marriage, which was in the twenty-third year of his reign; and closes with the first battle fought at St. Albans, and won by the York faction, in the thirty-third year of his reign: so that it comprizes the history and transactions of ten years. It is apparent that this play begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it pre-supposes the First Part already known.

In courtly company, or at my beads,—
With you mine alder-lieft¹ sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister. [speech,

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. reads.] Imprimis, "It is agreed between
"the French king, Charles, and William de la
"Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Hen-
"ry king of England,—that the said Henry shall
"espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reignier
"king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and
"crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth
"of May next ensuing."

Item, "That the dutchies of Anjou and of
"Maine shall be released and delivered to the
"king her father—"

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, "It is further agreed between them,
"that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be
"released and delivered to the king her father;
"and she sent over of the king of England's own
"proper cost and charges, without having any
"dowry."

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquis,
kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France,

'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—
Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and
Buckingham,

Somerfet, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What I did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat;
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somersfet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Study'd so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro [awe?
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in
Or hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes;
And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsels die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Reversing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been! [course?

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate dis-
This peroration with such circumstance?

For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the dutchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him who dy'd for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have staid in France, and starv'd in
Before— [France,

Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

¹ According to Warburton, *alder-lieft* is an old English word given to him to whom the speaker is supremely attached; *lieft* being the superlative of the comparative *levar*, rather, from *lefs*; but Mr. Steevens asserts *alder-lieft* to be a corruption of the German word *alder-lieft*, beloved above all things; and adds, that the word is used by Chaucer. ² Meaning, this speech crowded with so many instances of aggravation.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
'Tis not my speeches that you do dislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out : Proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings¹.—
Farewel, my lords ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [*Exit.*]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown ;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords ! let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts ; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster* ;
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesus maintain your royal excellence !
With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey !*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself ?
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together,—with the duke of Suffolk,—
We'll quickly hoist duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay ;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place, be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal ;
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside ;
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Believes it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a foldier, than a man of the church,
As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age !
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline ;
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert regent for our sovereign, [ple :—
Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the peo-

Join we together, for the public good ;
In what we can, to bridle and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend² the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause. [*Aside.*]

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the
main.

War. Unto the main ! Oh father, Maine is lost ;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant
Maine ;

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French ;
Paris is lost ; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle³ point, now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles ;
The peers agreed ; and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all ; What is't to them ?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworth of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone :
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-
bear that proportion to my flesh and blood, [land,
As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon⁴.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French !
Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come, when York shall claim his own ;
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a shew of love to proud duke Hum-
phrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whole church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still a while, 'till time do serve :
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state ;
'Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, [queen,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;

¹ To bicker is to skirmish. ² i. e. direct to. ³ Tickle for ticklish. ⁴ i. e. Meleager.

And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit York.]

SCENE II.

The Duke of Gloster's House.

Enter Duke Humphrey and his wife Eleanor.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world ?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fallen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
What see'st thou there ? king Henry's diadem,
Inchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine :
And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven ;
And never more abase our fight so low
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts : [lord,
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in
court,

Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal ;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream ; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke :
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd ;

Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright :
Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor !
Art thou not second woman in the realm ;
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him ?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought ?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet ?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

¹ *Whereas is the same as where.*

Elean. What, what, my lord ! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream ?
Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas¹ the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us !

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloster.]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :
And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant. [mar,
Where are you there ? Sir John ! nay, fear not,
We are alone ; here's gone but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty !

Elean. My majesty ! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's
advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man ? hast thou as
yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch ;
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer ?
And will they undertake to do me good ?

Hume. This they have promised,—to shew
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough ; I'll think upon the
questions :

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward : make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Eleanor.]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
dutchess' gold ;

Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume ?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—*mum* !
The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch :

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast :

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk :

Yet I do find it so : for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the dutchess,

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker :

Yet am I Suffolk's and the cardinal's broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go next

To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

² This is a proverbial expression.

Well, so it stands : And thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the dutcheſs' wreck ;
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall :
So t' how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter, the Armourer's Man, being one.

1 *Pet.* My maſters, let's ſtand cloſe ; my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our ſupplikations in the quill².

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man ! Jeſu bleſs him !

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a' comes, methinks, and the queen with him : I'll be the firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool ; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow ? wouldſt any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

2 *Mar.* For my lord protector ! are your ſupplikations to his lordſhip ? Let me ſee them : what is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't pleaſe your grace, againſt John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my houſe, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that is ſome wrong, indeed. What's your's ? what's here ! [*reads.*] *Against the duke of Suffolk for enclouſing the commons of Melſford.*—How now, ſir knave ?

2 *Pet.* Alas, ſir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townſhip.

Peter. Againſt my maſter, Thomas Horner, for ſaying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

2 *Mar.* What ſay'ſt thou ? Did the duke of York ſay, he was rightful heir to the crown ?

Peter. That my miſtreſs was ? No, forſooth : my maſter ſaid, That he was ; and that the king was an uſurper.

Suf. Who is there ?—Take this fellow in, and ſend for his maſter with a purſuivant preſently :—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*]

2 *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your ſuits anew, and ſue to him.

[*Tears the petitions.*]

Away, baſe cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

2 *Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, ſay, is this the guiſe, Is this the faſhion in the court of England ?

Is this the government of Britain's iſle,
And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

What ! ſhall king Henry be a pupil ſtill,
Under the ſurly Gloſter's governance ?

Am I a queen in title and in ſtyle,
And muſt be made a ſubject to a duke ?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
Thou ran'ſt a tilt in honour of my love,

And ſto'l'ſt away the ladies' hearts of France ;
I thought, king Henry had reſembled thee,

In courage, courtſhip, and proportion :
But all his mind is bent to holineſs,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads :

His champions are—the prophets, and apoſtles ;

His weapons, holy ſaws of ſacred writ ;

His ſtudy is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canoniz'd ſaints.

I would, the college of the cardinals

Would chuſe him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And ſet the triple crown upon his head ;

That were a ſtate fit for his holineſs.

Suf. Madam, be patient : as I was cauſe

Your highneſs came to England, ſo will I

In England work your grace's full content.

2 *Mar.* Beſide the haught protector, have we
Beaufort,

The imperious churchman ; Somerſet, Buckingham,

And grumbling York : and not the leaſt of theſe,

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of theſe, that can do moſt of all,

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils :

Salisbury and Warwick are no ſimple peers.

2 *Mar.* Not all theſe lords do vex me half ſo
much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

She ſweeps it through the court with troops of
ladies,

More like an empreſs, than duke Humphrey's wife ;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen :

She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart ſhe ſcorns our poverty :

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ?

Contemtuouſ baſe-born callat as ſhe is,

She vaunted 'mongſt her minions t'other day,

The very train of her worſt wearing-gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myſelf have lim'd a buſh for her ;

And plac'd a quire of ſuch enticing birds,

¹ i. e. happen. ² Mr. Steevens thinks, that the phraſe *in the quill*, or *in quill*, implies no more than our *written* or *penn'd* ſupplikations. Mr. Tollet ſuppoſes it may mean, with great exactneſs and obſervance of form, or with the utmoſt punctilio of ceremony ; that it ſeems to be taken from part of the dreſs of our anceſtors, whoſe ruſſs were *quilled* ; and that while theſe were worn, it might be the vogue to ſay, ſuch a thing is in the *quill*, i. e. in the reigning mode of taſte, as it has been ſince cuſtomary to uſe the ſimilar phraſe of a thing being *in print*, to expreſs the ſame circumſtance of exactneſs. Another critic and commentator, however, conjectures, that this may be ſuppoſed to have been a phraſe formerly in uſe, and the ſame with the French *en quille*, which is ſaid of a man when he ſtands upright upon his feet without ſtirring from the place. The proper ſenſe of *quille* in French is a nine-pin, and in ſome parts of England nine-pins are ſtill called *coyls*. *Quelle* in the old Britiſh language alſo ſignifies any piece of wood ſet upright.

That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York;—this late complaint¹
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphrey, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess of Gloster.

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son;—and shew some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this. [*so.*]

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure²: these are no women's matters. [*grace*]

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions. [*attire,*

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's
Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great,—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Gloster.* *The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; Was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-
woman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against
her will. [*time;*]

Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd.

[*Exit Eleanor.*]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Re-enter Duke Humphrey.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy deal so with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:—

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

'Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

'Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my
peace?

Enter Horner the armourer, and his Man Peter,
guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me.
What are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of
York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter: God is my witness,
I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up*

¹ i. e. the complaint of Peter the armourer's man against his master, for saying that York was the
rightful king. ² i. e. judgement or opinion.

his hands] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:— I do beseech your royal majesty, Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French, Because in York this breeds suspicion: And let these have a day appointed them For single combat, in convenient place; For he hath witness of his servant's malice: This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset, We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity my case! the spight of a man prevailleth against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O Lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Duke Humphrey's Garden.

Enter Mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwel and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters; the dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us [*Exit Hume.*]. Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—John Southwel, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

Elean. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:

Deep night, dark night, the silent¹ of the night, The time of night when Troy was set on fire; The time when scritch-owls cry, and ban-dogs² howl,

When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves, That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,

We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c.*]

It thunders and lightent terribly; then the spirit riseth.

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power

Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of him become? [*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spirit. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[*As the spirit speaks, they write the answer.*]

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure. [*lake:*]

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*]

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham, with their guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.—

Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

See you well guerdon'd³ for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke; that threat'nt where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this? [*Shewing her the papers.*]

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close, And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—

Stafford, take her to thee.—

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;

Away! [*Exeunt guards with Jourdain, Southwel, &c.*]

¹ Silent for silence.

² Mr. Steevens says, that the etymology of the word *ban-dogs* is unsettled. They seem, however, to have been designed by poets to signify some terrific beings whose office it was to make night hideous.

³ i. e. rewarded.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well :
 A pretty plot, well chose to build upon !
 Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
 What have we here ? *[Reads.]*
The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose ;
But him out-live, and die a violent death. *[posse.]*
 Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere*
 Well, to the rest :
Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk ?
By water shall he die, and take his end.
What shall betide the duke of Somerset ?
Let him burn castles ;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords :
 These oracles are hardly attain'd,
 And hardly understood.
 The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans ;
 With him the husband of this lovely lady : *[them ;*
 Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry
 A sorry breakfast for my lord protector. *[York,*
Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of
 To be the post, in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
 Who's within there, ho !

Enter a Serving-man..
 Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
 To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !
[Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

At Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook¹,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day :
 Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high ;
 And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out².

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
 To see how God in all his creatures works !
 Yea, man and birds are fain³ of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
 My lord protector's hawks do tower so well ;
 They know, their master loves to be aloft,
 And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
 That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much ; he'd be above the clouds. *[that ?]*

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal ; How think you by
 Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy !

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat⁴ on a crown, the treasure of thy heart ;
 Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
 That smooth'nt it so with king and common-weal !

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so
Tantane animis caelestibus irce ? *[peremptory ?]*

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice ;
 With such holiness can you do it ?

Suf. No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes
 So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord ?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord ;
 An't like your lordly lord-protectorship. *[lence.]*

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine info-

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good queen ;
 And whet not on these too too furious peers,
 For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
 Against this proud protector, with my sword !

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere
 come to that !

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for
 the matter, *[Aside.]*

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep :
 an if thou dar'st,

This evening, on the east side of the grove.]

K. Henry. How now, my lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
 Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
 We'd had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand
 sword. *[Aside to Gloster.]*

Glo. True, uncle,

Are you advis'd ?—the east side of the grove ?

Cardinal, I am with you. *[Aside.]*

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle Gloster ?

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my
 lord.— *[for this]*

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
 Or all my fence⁵ shall fail. *[Aside.]*

Car. *[aside]* Medice, teipsum ;

¹ This is the falconer's term for hawking at water-fowl. ² The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, that the wind being high, it was ten to one that the old hawk had flown quite away : a trick which hawks often play their masters in windy weather ; while Dr. Percy says, that the passage signifies, that the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Joan would not have taken her flight at the game. *Utrum horum magis accipe.* ³ i. e. glad. ⁴ To bait or beat *[bathe]* is a term in falconry. ⁵ Fence is the art of defence.

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, A miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before. [fools

K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans, and his brethren, bearing Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd. [king,

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him. [stance,

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou could'st
have better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born? [grace.

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your

K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been
great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here
Or of devotion, to this holy shrine? [by chance,

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep

By good saint Alban; who said,—*Saunders, come;*
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'd'st plums well, that would'st
venture so. [damsons,

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open

In my opinion, yet thou see it not well. [them:—

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God,
and faint Alban. [cloak of?

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this

Simp. Red, master; red as blood. [gown of?

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then, thou know'st what colour
jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you,
master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou had'st been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names,
as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lords, faint Alban here hath done a miracle;

Would ye not think that cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of faint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight,
[Exit Messenger.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.
Now, firrah, if you mean to save yourself from
whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle, with whips.

Glo. Well, fir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same
stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, firrah; off
with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not
able to stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps
over the stool, and runs away; and the
people follow and cry, A Miracle!

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so
long?

Queen. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, fir, we did it for pure need. [town

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[Exit Beadle, with the woman, &c.

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

P p 2

Glo.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ; You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham ?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly ¹ bent,—
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ring-leader and head of all this rout,—
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers :
Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forth-coming yet at London ?
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge ;
'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[Aside to Gloster.]

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart !

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers ;
And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom. *[ed ones ;*

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wick-
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby !

Queen. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest ;
And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal :
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :
Noble she is ; but, if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her my bed and company ;
And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose
us here :

To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To look into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers ;
And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full. *[good,*

War. Sweet York, begin : and if thy claim be
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons :

The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of
Wales ;

The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence ; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster :
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York ;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
Gloster ;

William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, dy'd before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd king ;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came,

And him to Pomfret ; where, as both you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not
by right ;

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an
heir. *[whose line*

York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from
I claim the crown) had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March :
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard earl of Cambridge ; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom : She then was heir
To Roger, earl of March ; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer ; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence :
So, if the issue of the elder son

Succeed before the younger, I am king. *[this ?*

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son ; York claimeth it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign :

It fails not yet ; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together ;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king ! *[king*

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
'Till I be crown'd ; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster :

¹ i. e. wickedly.

² That is, your lady is in custody.

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice, and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophecy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick shall one day make the duke of York a king.

Tork. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Hall of Justice.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Dutchess, Mother Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife:

In fight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[*To the other prisoners.*]

From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou see'st, hath judged
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphrey duke of Gloster:
ere thou go,

Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—

God and king Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff?—Here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewel, good king: When I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit Gloster.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey duke of Gloster scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main; two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.

This staff of honour raught²:—There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand. [*sprays*;

Saf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

Tork. Lords, let him go³.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;

And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight. [*fore*

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely there—
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O God's name, see the lists and all
things fit;

Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

Tork. I never saw a fellow worse bested⁴,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff with a sand-bag⁵ fastened to it; and at the other door enters his Man, with a drum and sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to
you in a cup of sack; And, fear not, neighbour,
you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of
charneco⁶.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, I' faith, and I'll pledge you
all; And a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not
afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy mas-
ter: fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me,
I pray you; for I think I have taken my last
draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I
give thee my apron;—and, Will, thou shalt have
my hammer;—and here, Tom, take all the money
that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God I for
I am never able to deal with my master, he hath
learn'd so much fence already.

¹ That is, sorrow requires solace, and age requires ease.

² Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb reach.

³ i. e. let him pass out of your thoughts.

⁴ i. e. in a worse plight.

⁵ As, according to the old laws of duels, knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag cramm'd hard with sand.

⁶ A name for a sort of sweet wine, probably much in use in our author's time.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man; and touching the duke of York,—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart¹.

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double.

Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason. [Dies.]

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this preference?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right! [fight;]

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt²: And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us The truth and innocence of this poor fellow, Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Duke Humphrey, and his men, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a And, after summer, evermore succeeds [cloud;] Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold: So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet³.—Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me, To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess: Ur eath⁴ may she endure the flinty streets, To tread them with her tender-feeling feet! Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook The abject people, gazing on thy face, With envious looks still laughing at thy shame; That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels, When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets. But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches in a white sheet, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives; let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze! See, how the giddy multitude do point, And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee! Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks; And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame, And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself: For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife, And thou a prince, protector of this land, Methinks, I should not thus be led along, Mail'd up⁵ in shame, with papers on my back; And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans. The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; And, when I start, the envious people laugh, And bid me be advis'd how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke? Trow'st⁶ thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world; Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun? No; dark shall be my light, and night my day; To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell. Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife; And he a prince, and ruler of the land: Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was, That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutchess, Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock, To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame; Nor stir at nothing, 'till the axe of death Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will. For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest, Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings, And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee: But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd, Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry: I must offend, before I be attained: And had I twenty times so many foes, And each of them had twenty times their power, All these could not procure me any scathe⁷, So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless. Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach? Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away, But I in danger for the breach of law. Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell: I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience; These few-days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff, Let not her penance exceed the king's commendation.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

¹ *Ascapart*—the giant of the story—was a name familiar to our ancestors. The figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton. ² According to the ancient usage of the duel, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. ³ *To fleet* is to change. ⁴ *Eath* is the ancient word for *ease*. *Ur eath*, therefore, implies *uneasily* or *painfully*. ⁵ i. e. wrapped up in disgrace; alluding to the sheet of penance. ⁶ Think it. ⁷ *Scathe* is harm or mischief.

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your
grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh¹ again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if
You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Elean. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not
farewel?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit *Gloster*.]

Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with
thee!

For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the isle of Man;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

[*lady*,]

Stan. Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

[*this sheet*,]

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet:

No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

[*Exeunt*.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Abbey at Bury.

*Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York,
and Buckingham, &c. to the Parliament.*

K. Hen. **MUSE**, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost
man,

Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now. [*serve*]

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not ob-
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself!

We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submission:

But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,

And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded, when they grin:

But great men tremble, when the lion roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

First, note, that he is near you in descent;

And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.

Me seemeth² then, it is no policy,

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,

And his advantage following your decease,—

That he should come about your royal person,

Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

And, when he please to make commotion,

'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.

Now, 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;

Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord,

Made me collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,

I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.

My lords of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,³

Reprove my allegation if you can;

Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think, I should have told your grace's³ tale.

The dutchess, by his subornation,

Upon my life, began her devilish practices;

Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by reputing⁴ of his high descent,

(As, next the king, he was successive heir)

And such high vaunts of his nobility,

Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest;

And in his simple shew he harbours treason.

The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb,

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man

Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,

Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,

¹ i. e. the world may look again favourably upon me. ² i. e. it seemeth so me. ³ Suffolk
uses highness and grace promiscuously to the queen. Majesty was not the settled title till the time of
king James the First. ⁴ Reputing of his high descent, means, valuing himself upon it.

Levy great sums of money through the realm,
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
[Humphrey.]

Which time will bring to light in smooth duke

K. Henry. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,

To mow down thorns, that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise: but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent

From meaning treason to our royal person

As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:

The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.

Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,

For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all

Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done!
[France,]

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear¹ ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Aside.]

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!

Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:

I do arrest thee of high treason here. [blush,]

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;

A heart unpotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;

By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they, that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—

Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day!

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, to help me God!

York. In your protectorship, you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief, that flee'd poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment:

Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd

Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy², quickly answer'd:

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in his highness' name;

And here commit you to my lord cardinal

To keep until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;

My conscience tells me, you are innocent. [Exit!]

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are danger.

Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;

Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life;

And, if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,

I would expend it with all willingness:

But mine is made the prologue to their play;

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life:—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;

And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

My liefe³ to be mine enemy:—

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

Myself had notice of your conventicles,

And all to make away my guiltless life:

I shall not want false witnesses to condemn me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;

The ancient proverb will be well effected,

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable:

¹ Gear was a general word for things or matters.

² i. e. *dearest* liege.

³ Easy here means slight, inconsiderable.

If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—

Beshrew the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner. [day:—

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body;
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[Exit guarded.

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom
seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the
parliament? [with grief,

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret: my heart is drown'd
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free¹ lords, cold snow melts with
the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd on a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fair as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his
death².—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of
death. [then,

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: And wer't not madness,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold³
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quillies, how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit.
Which mates⁴ him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely
spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest⁵.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of
Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say, you consent, and censure well⁶ the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender to the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly⁶ who impugns our doom.

¹ By this she means (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the king; but are men of the world, and know how to live. ² Because duke Humphrey stood between York and the crown. ³ Mates him means—that first puts an end to his moving. To mate is a term in chess, used when the king is stopped from moving, and an end put to the game. ⁴ i. e. I will be the attendant on his last scene. ⁵ i. e. judge the deed good. ⁶ i. e. is of no importance.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
To signify—that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword :
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable ;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop !
What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither :
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin :
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought ? nay, then a
shame take all ! [shame !]

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And, what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break off ; the day is almost spent :—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[*Exeunt all but York.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful
And change misdoubt to resolution : [thoughts,
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart. [thought ;
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

¹ *Flaw* is a sudden violent gust of wind.
that is, a Moorish dance.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well ; 'tis politickly done,
To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :
I take it kindly ; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell ;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw¹.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns ;
And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like to a wild Morisco²,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells,
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute :
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble :
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured ;
I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will)
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter two or three, running over the stage, from the
murder of duke Humphrey.*

First M. Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him
know,

We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

Second M. O, that it were to do !—What have
Didst ever hear a man so penitent ? [we done ?

Enter Suffolk.

First M. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

First M. Ay, my good lord, he's dead. [house ;

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

² A Moor in a military dance, now called Morris.

The

The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
According as I gave directions ?

First M. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone ! *[Exeunt Murderers.]*

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset,
with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go call our uncle to our presence
Say, we intend to try his grace to-day, *[straight :*
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.

[Exit.]

K. Henry. Lords, take your places ;—And I
pray you all,
Proceed no stricter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Henry. I thank thee : Well, these words
content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest
thou ?

Where is our uncle ? what is the matter, Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment :—I did dream to-
night,

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords !
the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help !—Oh, Henry, open
thine eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again ;—Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry,
comfort ! *[fort me ?]*

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk com-
Came he right now ¹ to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers ;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived fount ?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding :—
Yet do not go away ;—Come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk
thus ?

Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most christian-like, laments his death :
And for myself,—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.

What know I how the world may deem of me ?

For it is known, we were but hollow friends ;

It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :

So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.

This get I by his death : Ah me, unhappy !

To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy !

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched
man ! *[he is.]*

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face ?

I am no loathsome leper, look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb ?

Why, then, dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy :

Erect his statue then, and worship it,

And make my image but an ale-house sign.

Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea ;

And twice by awkward ² wind from England's
bank

Drove back again unto my native clime ?

What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind

Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gulls,

And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves ;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock ?

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee :

The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me ;

Knowing, that thou would'st have me drown'd
on shore

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness :

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged fides ;

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,

Might in thy palace perish ³ Margaret.

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm :

And when the dusky sky began to rob

My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—

A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—

And threw it towards thy land ; the sea received it ;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart :

And even with this, I lost fair England's view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;

And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue

(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

¹ i. e. just now, even now.

² i. e. adverse.

³ i. e. kill or destroy.

To fit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false
like him?

Ay me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many
Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
† Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick,
'tis too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege:—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return.

[Warwick goes in.]

K. Henry. O Thou that judgest all things, stay
my thoughts;

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And, to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[A bed, with Gloster's body, put forth.]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view
this body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is
made:

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death¹.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke
to death?

Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Hum-
phrey's foes;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these no-
blemen

As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding
fresh,

And fees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's² nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy. [your knife?]

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit Cardinal.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk
dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I
say it;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,

¹ i. e. I see my life destroyed or endangered by his death,

² The puttock is the bittern.

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men! [blood,

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt.*]

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a
heart untainted!

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men
of Bury,

Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know
your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,—
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Left, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons [within] An answer from the king, my
lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a sort² of tinkers to the king.

Within. An answer from the king, or we will
all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
I thank them for their tender loving care:

And had I not been cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;

For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy

Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.

And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,

Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—

He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle
Suffolk!

[*Suffolk.*]

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

If, after three days space, thou here be'st found
On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with
me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt all but Suffolk, and the Queen.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along
with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

Be play-fellows to keep you company!

There's two of you; the devil make a third!

And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations;

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted
wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I
curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan³,

I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

¹ Serpents in general were anciently called *worms*. ² i. e. a company. ³ The fabulous accounts of the plant called a *mandrake* give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate, that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being certainly fatal to him that is offering such unwelcome violence, the practice of those who gather mandrakes is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
 My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;
 Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:
 And even now my burden'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!
 Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees¹!
 Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks²!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards'³ stings!
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;
 And boding scritch-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself:

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban³, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woeful monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

That thou might'st think upon thee by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself:

And banish'd I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

Oh, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I prythee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
 That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
 Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,
 And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soul:
 And I am sent to tell his majesty,
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[*Exit Vaux.*]

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss⁴,
 Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

And with the southern clouds contend in tears;

Theirs for the earth's encrease, mine for my sorrows?⁵

Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st, is
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

And in thy sight to die, what were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:

Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torture more than death;

O, let me stay, befall what may befall. [*corrosive.*]

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from thee:

For wheretoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an Iris⁵ that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask

That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE III.

The Cardinal's Bed-chamber.

Enter K. Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others, to the Cardinal in bed.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

¹ Cypress was employed in the funeral rites of the Romans, and hence is always mentioned as an ill-boding plant. ² It has been said of the basilisk, that it had the power of destroying by a single glance of its eye. A lizard has no sting, but is quite inoffensive. ³ i. e. curie. ⁴ Meaning, Wherefore do I grieve that Beaufort has died an hour before his time, who, being an old man, could not have had a long time to live? ⁵ Iris was the messenger of Juno.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
Enough to purchase such another island, [treasure,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
Oh! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again? then shew me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good plea-
sure be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Coast of Kent.

*Alarm. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter
Captain Whitmore, and other pirates, with Suffolk
and other prisoners.*

Cap. **T**HE gaudy, blabbing¹, and remorse-
ful² day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea;

And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night;

Who with their drowfy, slow, and flagging wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—

And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—

The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[Pointing to Suffolk.

1 Gent. What³ is my ransom, master? let me
know. [head.

Mastr. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes

yours. [sand crowns,

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thou-

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall;

Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum. [life.

1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it

straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;

[To Suffolk.

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.—

Whit. And so am I; my name is—Walter
Whitmore.

How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death
affright? [death.

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me—that by *Water*³ I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;

Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:

Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;

Jove sometime went disguis'd, And why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's

The honourable blood of Lancaster, [blood,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,

¹ The epithet *blabbing*, applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the tell-tale day. ² *Remorseful* is pitiful. ³ See the fourth scene of the first act of this play.

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride;
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou. [side]

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground; [death,

And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy² a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpriz'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—
As hating thee, are rising up in arms: [crown,
And now the house of York—thrust from the
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges! [here,
Small things make base men proud: this villain
Being captain of a pinnace³, threatens more
Than Bargulus⁴ the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.

It is impossible, that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

I go of message from the queen to France;

I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter,—

[death.

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

¹ *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these

With humble suit: no, rather let my head

Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,

Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk no more:
Come, foldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—

Great men oft die by vile bezonians⁵:

A Roman sworder and banditto slave⁶

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand⁷

Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,

Pompey the great⁸; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Walter Whitmore, with Suffolk.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have let,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[Exit Captain, with all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter Whitmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen his mistress bury it. [Exit Whit.

¹ *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king;

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Another part of Kent.

Enter George Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made
of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means
to drefs the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare. Well,
I say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up.

¹ Meaning, pride issuing before its time. ² To affy is to betroth in marriage. ³ A pinnace did not anciently signify, as at present, a man of war's boat, but a ship of small burthen. ⁴ This Bargulus is to be met with in *Tully's Offices*; and the legend is the famous *Theopompus's History*. "*Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit*," lib. ii. cap. 11. ⁵ See note ², p. 505. ⁶ i. e. Herennius a centurion, and Popilius Laenas, tribune of the soldiers. ⁷ Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar. ⁸ The poet seems to have confounded the story of Pompey with some other.

Bevis. O miserable age ! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True ; And yet it is said,—Labour in thy vocation : which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men ; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it : for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them ! I see them ! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher,—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver :—

Bevis. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a *sawyer*, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings¹.

[*Aside.*

Cade. For our enemies shall fall² before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—Command silence.

Dick. Silence !

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

[*Aside.*

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

[*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

[*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack³, she washes backs here at home.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith : the field is honourable ; and there was he born, under a hedge ; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs ; for beggary is valiant.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that ; for I have seen him whipp'd three market-days together.

[*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

[*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

[*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then ; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England,

seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny : the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops ; and I will make it felony to drink small beer : all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheap-side shall my palfry go to graze. And, when I am king (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty !

Cade. I thank you, good people :—there shall be no money ; all shall eat and drink on my score ; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment ? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man ? Some say, the bee stings : but I say, 'tis the bee's wax ; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now ? who's there ?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham : he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous !

Smith. We took him setting of boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain !

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't : the man is a proper man, on mine honour ; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee : What is thy name ?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters⁴ ;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone :—Dost thou use to write thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man ?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd : away with him ; he a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say : hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the Clerk.*

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general ?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself : He is but a knight, is a' ?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself knight presently ; Rise up Sir John Mortimer.

¹ That is, a barrel of herrings. ² Perhaps the word *leg*, which is now used, is *cade* corrupt. ³ He alludes to his name *Cade*, from *cado*, Lat. *to fall*. ⁴ A wallet or knapsack of skin with hair outward. ⁵ i. e. of letters millive, and such like public acts.

Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher; Rise up Sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom:—The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward: therefore yield, or die. [not 1]

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass It is to you, good people, that I speak, O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaiter; And thou thyself, a sheerman, Art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, [not ?]

Married the duke of Clarence's daughter; Did he *Staf.* Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false. [true :

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer, when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.—Go to, sirrah, Tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this; Can he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail them with the army of the king. [vail,

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords, with their train.*

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts,

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the Field. The parties fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less. This monument of the victory² will I bear; and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head; the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:

But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:

For God forbid, so many simple souls

Should perish by the sword! And I myself,

Rather than bloody war should cut them short,

Will parly with Jack Cade their general.—

¹ i. e. I pay them no regard. ² Here Cade must be supposed to take off Stafford's armour.

But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me; And could it not enforce them to relent, That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, madam? Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death? I fear, my love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark: Fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence' house; And calls your grace usurper, openly, And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed: All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth, Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee, Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger; The sight of me is odious in their eyes: And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses: The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewel, my lord: trust not to Kentish Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

London.

Enter Lord Scales, and others, on the walls of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels. *[Mand;]*

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall come. But I am troubled here with them myself. The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you into Smithfield, gather head, And thither will I send you Matthew Gough: Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.

Cannon-Street.

Enter Jack Cade, and the rest. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter Jack Cade with his company. They fight with the King's forces, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, firs:—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be fore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. *[Aside.]*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. *[Aside.]*

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out. *[Aside.]*

¹ According to Holinshed, Matthew Gough was "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in service of the king and his father."

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George Bevis, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. — Ah, thou say¹, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What caus't thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing² to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read³, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth⁴, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent, —

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin. [will.]

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you Kent, in the Commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy; Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justice with favour have I always done; Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never. When have I aught exacted at your hands?

Kent⁵ to maintain, the king, the realm, and you, Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because my book prefer'd me to the king: And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,— Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me. This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings For your behoof, —

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the [field?] *Say.* Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks! [your good.]

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guileless blood-shedding, This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleasing so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar⁶ under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done. [prayer.]

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. [Exeunt some, with Lord Say.]

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead⁷ ere they have it: Men

¹ *Say* was the old word for *folk*; on this depends the series of degradation, from *say* to *serge*, from *serge* to *buckram*. — ² Shakspeare is a little too early with this accusation. ³ That is, they were hanged because they could not claim the benefit of clergy. ⁴ A *footcloth* was a horse with housings which reached as low as his feet. ⁵ Dr. Johnson is inclined to think that *Kent* slipped into the passage by chance, and would read: "When have I aught exacted at your hand, But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?" Mr. Steevens proposes to read, "*Bent* to maintain," &c. i. e. *firmly resolved to the utmost, to, &c.* ⁶ A *familiar* is a demon who was supposed to attend at call. ⁷ Alluding to an ancient usage during the existence of the feudal tenures.

shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapfide, and take up commodities upon our bills¹?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kiss².—Away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII.

Southwark.

Alarm, and retreat. Enter again Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fifth-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!— *[A parley sounded.]*

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to found retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee:

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons, whom thou hast mis-led; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth, That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of France, And make the meanest of you earls and dukes? Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to; Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil, Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar, The fearful French, whom you late vanquished, Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you? Methinks, already, in this civil broil, I see them lording it in London streets, Crying—*Pillagers!* unto all they meet. Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry, Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy. To France, to France, and get what you have lost; Spare England, for it is your native coast; Henry hath money, you are strong and manly; God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels. *[Exit.]*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him; And he, that brings his head unto the king, Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean To reconcile you all unto the king. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IX.

Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the Tower.

K. Henry. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I? No sooner was I crept out of my cradle, But I was made a king, at nine months old; Was never subject long'd to be a king, As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham, and Clifford.

Buck. Health and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong? *[Enter below, multitudes, with halters about their necks.]*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

And humbly thus with halters on their necks Expect your highness' doom, of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

¹ A pun, perhaps alluding to the *brown bills*, or halberds, with which the commons were anciently armed. ² This fact is recorded by Holinshed, p. 634: "and as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together."

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and
country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes¹,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
And now is York in arms, to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower:—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to go-
vern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exit.

SCENE X.

A Garden in Kent.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These
five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst
not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me;
but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a
leafe of my life for a thousand years, I could stay
no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I
climb'd into this garden; to see if I can eat grafs,
or pick a fallot another while, which is not amiss to
cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I
think, this word fallot was born to do me good:
for, many a time, but for a fallot², my brain-pan
had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a
time, when I have been dry, and bravely march-
ing, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to

drink in; and now the word fallot must serve me
to feed on.

Enter Iden, with Serpents.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these? [court,
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without
leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a
thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head
to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an of-
tridge, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere
thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,
I know thee not; Why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that
ever was broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on
me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet,
come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave
you all as dead as a door-nail, I pray God, I may
never eat grafs more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England
stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete cham-
pion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the
edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chins
of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech love
on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails.

[Here they fight.

O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain
me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and
give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy
them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a
burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, be-
cause the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,

¹ Gallowglasses and Kernes were two orders of foot soldiers among the Irish.

by corruption from *cœlata*, a helmet (says Skinner). *quia galeæ cœlatæ fuerunt*.

² That is, *fallot*, more words, whose pomp may answer words, and only words, I shall forbear them, and refer the rest
to my sword.

² A fallot.

³ That is, *fallot*.

And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead¹:

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So with I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.

Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *[Exit.]*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Fields near Saint Albans.

Enter York, attended, with drum and colours.

York, at a distance from his followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;

This hand was made to handle nought but gold:

I cannot give due action to my words,

Except a sword, or scepter, balance it².

A scepter shall it have, have I a soul;

On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well. *[greeting.]*

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,

Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;

And now, like Ajax Telamonius,

On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury!

I am far better born than is the king;

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while,

Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

O Buckingham, I pray thee pardon me,

That I have given no answer all this while;

My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,

Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part:

But if thy arms be to no other end,

The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—

And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,—

As pledges of my fealty and love,

I'll send them all as willing as I live;

Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter King Henry, and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Henry. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;

And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade?—Great God,
how just art thou!

O, let me view his visage being dead,

That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty. *[degree?]*

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;

¹ How Iden was to hang a sword over his own tomb, after he was dead, we cannot pretend to explain. The sentiment of this passage is more correctly expressed thus in the quarto: "Oh sword, I'll honour thee for this, and in my chamber shalt thou hang, as a monument to after age, for this great service thou hast done to me." ² That is, balance my hand.

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels*] Rise
up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes
with the queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret, and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide
his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?

Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely scepter.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Sam. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—

I know, ere they will let me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York

Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,

Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!

The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make
it good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny
their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the
king!

[*Kneels.*]

¹ The Nevils, earls of Warwick, had a bear and ragged staff for their cognizance.
was anciently a royal sport.

York. We thank thee, Clifford: Say, what
news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—

To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;

His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons? [*serve.*]

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears¹,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drums. *Enter the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears
to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen² a hot o'er-weening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly soon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourselves. [*to bow*]

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot
Old Salisbury,—thame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son!

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—

Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

² Bear-baiting.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Can'st thou dispense with heaven for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin; But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath. Who can be bound by any solemn vow To do a murderous deed, to rob a man, To force a spotless virgin's chastity, To leave the orphan of his patrimony, To wring the widow from her custom'd right; And have no other reason for this wrong, But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed, and dream again, To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm, Than any thou canst conjure up to-day: And that I'll write upon thy burget¹, Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff, This day I'll wear aloft my burget, (As on a mountain top the cedar shews, That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm) Even to affront thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy burget I'll rend thy bear, And tread it under foot with all contempt, Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father, To quell these traitors and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,

For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic², that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at Saint Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls! And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear, Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm, And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,— Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me! Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed; But match to match I have encounter'd him, And made a prey for carrion kites and crows Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chace,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day, It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit Warwick.]

Clif. What see'st thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love, But that thou art so fast mine enemy. *[Esteem]*

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword, As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay³!—address⁴ thee instantly.

[Fight, and Clifford falls.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.* *[Die.]*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!

[Exit.]

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout; Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell, Whom angry heavens do make their minister, Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly: He that is truly dedicate to war, Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself, Hath not essentially, but by circumstance, The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.]

And the premised⁵ flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease⁶!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve?

The silver livery of advised age;

And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to flax;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house:

[Taking up the body.]

¹ i. e. thy helmet.

² A stigmatic is one on whom nature has set a mark of deformity.

³ i. e. a dreadful wager.

⁴ i. e. prepare.

⁵ Premised, for sent before their time.

The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent now. ⁶ i. e. to stop. ⁷ i. e. to obtain.

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there;—

[Somerset is killed.

For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death'.—
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Fight. Excursion. Enter King Henry, and Queen
Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for
shame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens? good
Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor
fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush² of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth³,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him⁴; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—

What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all:

And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

¹ The death of Somerset here accomplishes that equivocal prediction given by Jourdain, the witch, concerning this duke; which we met with at the close of the First Act of this Play. ² i. e. all wear or ravage. ³ The brow of youth means the height or summit of youth. ⁴ i. e. three times I saw him fallen, and, striding over him, defended him till he recovered.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<i>King</i> HENRY the Sixth. EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.			
<i>Duc of</i> SOMERSET, <i>Earl of</i> NORTHUMBERLAND, <i>Earl of</i> OXFORD, <i>Earl of</i> EXETER, <i>Earl of</i> WESTMORELAND, <i>Lord</i> CLIFFORD,	} <i>Lords on King Henry's side.</i>	<i>Duke of</i> NORFOLK, <i>Marquis of</i> MONTAGUE, <i>Earl of</i> WARWICK, <i>Earl of</i> SALISBURY, <i>Earl of</i> PEMBROKE, <i>Lord</i> HASTINGS, <i>Lord</i> STAFFORD,	} <i>Of the Duke of York's party.</i>
RICHARD, <i>Duke of</i> York.			
EDWARD, <i>Earl of</i> March, afterwards King, GEORGE, <i>Duke of</i> Clarence, RICHARD, <i>Duke of</i> Gloucester, EDMUND, <i>Earl of</i> Rutland,	} <i>His Sns.</i>	<i>Sir John</i> MORTIMER, <i>Sir Hugh</i> MORTIMER, <i>Lord</i> RIVERS, Brother to the Lady Gray. <i>Sir JOHN</i> MONTGOMERY, Lieutenant of the Tower. <i>Mayor of York,</i> <i>Sir JOHN</i> SOMERVILLE. <i>HUMPHREY, and</i> SINKLO, two Huntsmen. <i>LEWIS XI.</i> King of France. <i>Queen</i> MARGARET. <i>BONA, Sister to the French King.</i> <i>Lady</i> GRAY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.	} <i>Uncles to the Duke of York.</i>

Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, &c.

In part of the Third Act, the Scene is laid in France; during all the rest of the Play, in England.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

London. The Parliament House.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I Wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north, He slyly stole away, and left his men : Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Chear'd up the drooping army ; and himself, Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common foldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

Is either slain, or wounded dangerously : I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Shewing his bloody sword.*]

Mount. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,

[*To Warwick, shewing his.*]

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.— Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps, I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat : possess it, York ;

The action of this play opens just after the first battle at Saint Albans, wherein the York faction carried the day ; and closes with the murder of king Henry VI. and the birth of prince Edward, afterwards king Edward V. So that this history takes in the space of full sixteen years.

For

For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither are we broken in by force.

Nor. We'll all assist you; he, that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me,
my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no
violence;

Unless he seek to put us out by force. [ment;

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parlia-
But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bathful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells¹.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[*Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.*
Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, West-
moreland, Exeter, and others, at the further end
of the stage.

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy
rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer)
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd
revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

Nor. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in
steel.

[down:
West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

Nor. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not, the city favours
them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exc. But, when the duke is slain, they'll
quickly fly. [heart,

K. Henry. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd; I am thine.

Exc. For shame, come down; he made thee
duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exc. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry. [king;

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke
of York. [throne;

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my

York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

Nor. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless
threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March;
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, me-
thinks, you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly.

York. Sons, peace! [leave to speak.

K. Henry. Peace thou! and give king Henry

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him,
lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my
kingly throne,

Wherein my grandfire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France—

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,

¹ The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to fright the birds from rising.

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Henry. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Henry. I know not what to say; my title's weak.

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. An if he may, then am I lawful king:
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Cliff. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster resign thy crown:—
What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps, and the soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Henry. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;—

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Cliff. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

War. What good is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Cliff. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I. [news.]

Cliff. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen these

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degenerate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in hands for this unmanly deed!

Cliff. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. [yield.]

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord? [son.]

K. Henry. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign; and

Neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Here the Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewel, my gracious lord; I'll to my cattle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Nor. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York, and his sons, Warwick, Norfolk, and Montague.*]

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter the Queen, and Prince.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

Queen. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;

Or felt that pain which I did for him once;

Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son;—

1 i. e. to the prerogative of the crown.

The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;

And given unto the house of York such head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm:

And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:

And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee:—Come, son, let's away;

Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak. [thee gone.]

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll see your grace: 'till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus. [Exeunt Queen and Prince.]

K. Henry. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenge may she be on that hateful duke;

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

Will coast my crown¹, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire² on the flesh of me, and of my son!

The loss of those three lords³ torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exc. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention⁴.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn!

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;

Within whose circuit is Elysium,

And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,

And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,

And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,

With whom the Kentish men will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,

Witty⁵, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,

But that I seek occasion how to rise;

And yet the king not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay; What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Gab. The queen, with all the northern earls and

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou, that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—

My brother Montague shall post to London:

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

With powerful policy strengthen themselves,

And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:

¹ i. e. hover over or range about my crown.

² To tire may either mean to fasten, to fix the

talons, from the French *tirer*; or to peck.

³ viz. Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford.

⁴ Meaning, that the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic, viz. the question of their

father's immediate right to the crown.

⁵ Witty would here seem to mean, of sound judgement.

⁵ viz. Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Clifford.

⁶ Meaning, that the argument of their dispute was upon a grateful topic, viz. the question of their

father's immediate right to the crown.

⁷ Witty would here seem to mean, of sound judgement.

⁸ Witty would here seem to mean, of sound judgement.

⁹ Witty would here seem to mean, of sound judgement.

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit Montague.]

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!

You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;

The army of the queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; What should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

Why should I not now have the like success?

[Alarum. Excunt.]

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands! Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy As for the brat of this accursed duke,— [life.]

Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce. [child.]

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent. Let thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, dragg'd off.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey:

And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die:—

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,

Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood

[enter.]

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him. [thine.]

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and

Were not revenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The fight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And 'till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

[Lifting his band.]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords. [me?]

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;

Left, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[Clifford stabs him.]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!*

[Dies.]

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,

Congel'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field;

My uncles² both are slain in rescuing me;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:

But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me;

And thrice cry'd,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*

And full as oft came Edward to my side,

With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt

In blood of those that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cry'd—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*

And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*

A scepter, or an earthly sepulchre!

With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!

We bodg'd³ again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:

And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

¹ This line is in Ovid's *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*. ² These were two bastard uncles by the mother's side, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. ³ i. e. we failed or miscarried again.

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick¹.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeleis of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that flanders him with cow-
ardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[*Draws.*]

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:— [causes,
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumber-
land. [much,

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*York is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
booty!

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto
him now? [berland,

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northum-
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught² at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was't you, that reveill'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your niefs of sons, to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin³ with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this, to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear could fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,

'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's death.

Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves
of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,

To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,

Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates!

But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou
not shamelefs.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,

Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;

Unless the adage must be verif'd,—

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small:

'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'Tis government⁴, that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

Oh, tyger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!

How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child!

¹ Or, noon-tide point on the dial.

² i. e. that reach'd, raught being the ancient preterite and

participle passive of reach. ³ A napkin is a handkerchief.

⁴ Government here signifies evenness

of temper, and decency of manners.

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bidst thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish;
Wouldst thou have me weep? why, now thou hast thy
Forraging wind blows up incessant showers, [will.
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies;
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so,
That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foe will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!— [curse;
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my
And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northum-
berland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death. [Stabbing him.

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king. [Stabs him.

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!—
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.
[Dies.

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares our brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father;
Methinks, 'tis prize¹ enough to be his son.
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a yonker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
Not separated by the racking clouds², [sun;
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event. [heard of.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds³,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters;—by your
leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker-on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too
much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

¹ i. e. honour enough. ² Meaning, the clouds as they are driven by the winds; from *racke*, Belg.
a track. ³ i. e. illustrious and shining by the armorial ensigus granted us as meeds or rewards of
our great exploits.

Mef. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despight;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks,
A napkin, steep'd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorn, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
Oh Clifford, boistrous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee!--
Now my foul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast, [quench.
And burn me up with flames, that tears would
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge, for
me!--

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it. [thee;

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquis of Montague,
and their army.

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what
news abroad? [count

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should re-
Our paleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death!

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought, [queen,
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,—
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards;
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again. [wick!

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War-
And when came George from Burgundy to En-
gland? [power;

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his
And for your brother,—he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, dutches of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war. [died:

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire. [hear;

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame
me not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords. [you out;

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek
And therefore comes my brother Montague.

* Done to death for killed, was a common expression long before Shakspeare's time.

Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught¹ Northumberland,
And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march again;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
That cries—Retire, when Warwick bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;

And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;

The next degree is, England's royal king:

For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along:

And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,

Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)

I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news? [me,

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by

The queen is coming with a puissant host;

And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts², brave warriors: Let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

York.

Enter King Henry, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with forces.

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,

That sought to be encompass'd with your crown;

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—

Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity,
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beast that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that, the forest bear doth lick?

Not his, that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;

And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue, like a loving fire;

Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,

Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young:

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!

Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;

And long hereafter say unto his child,—

“What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,

“My careless father fondly gave away?”

Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—

That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell³?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would, my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,

Than in possession any jot of pleasure.— [know,

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—

Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;

And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,

And in that quarrel use it to the death.

¹ i. e. high. ² Meaning. Why then things are as they should be. ³ This alludes to the common proverb of “Happy the child whose father went to the devil.”

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign¹ your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field;

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune. [I'll stay.]

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too: therefore
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:

Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head;

Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:

Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Art thou there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer
Or any be the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick?

dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands².

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence. [you stay.]

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords,
and hear me speak. [Lips.]

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd³,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire, nor dam;

But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic⁴,

Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt⁵,
Whose father bears the title of a king,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea) [traugh,
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw⁶ were worth a thousand crowns,

To make this shameless callat⁷ know herself—

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus;

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,

¹ That is, *Range* your host. ² Alluding to the proverb, "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." ³ i. e. it is my firm persuasion. ⁴ A *stigmatic* is said to have been a notorious lewd fellow, who hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his punishment. ⁵ *Gilt* is a superficial covering of gold. ⁶ Mr. Steevens comments on this passage thus: "Barrett in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wisp* by *peniculus*, which signifies any thing to wipe or cleanse with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is still scoured by a *wisp* of straw, or hay. Perhaps, Edward means one of these *wisps*, as the denotement of a menial servant. Barrett adds, that, like a *wife*, it signifies "a wreath to be laid under the vessel that is borne upon the head, as women use." If this be its true sense, the prince may think that such a *wisp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a crown." Mr. Steevens afterwards adds, that "a *wife* was the punishment of a scold." ⁷ *Callat*, a lewd woman, a drab.

And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
 And, had he match'd according to his state,
 He might have kept that glory to this day:
 But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
 And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day;
 Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
 That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
 And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
 For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
 Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
 And we, in pity of the gentle king,
 Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Gla. But, when we saw our sun-shine made
 thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no encrease,
 We set the axe to thy usurping root:
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
 Not willing any further conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!—
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer
 stay:

Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire.

Alarm. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent¹ with toil, as runners with a
 race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
 strength.

And, spight-of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle
 death!

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what
 hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Gla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:

What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with
 wings;

And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
 thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:

And, in the very pangs of death, he cry'd,—

Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,—

"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"

So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
 The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our
 blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,

I'll never pause again, never stand still,

'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,

Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with
 thine;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—

And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thou setter up, and plucker down of kings!

Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,

That to my foes this body must be prey,—

Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,

Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand:—and, gentle
 Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,

That winter should cut off our spring-time fo.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
 farewell.

Gla. Yet let us all together to our troops;

And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

And call them pillars, that will stand to us;

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wear at the Olympian games:

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.—

Fore-slow² no longer, make we hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone;

Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,

And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand, that stab'd thy father York;

And this the hand, that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy fire and bro-

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

[*They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
 chace;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. wasted, tired. ² To fore-slow implies to be dilatory, to loiter.

SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter King Henry.**K. Henry.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind :
 Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
 Now, one the better ; then, another best :
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
 Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 'Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so :
 For what is in this world, but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks, it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the time :
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I contemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Past over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how
 lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

¹ The meaning of the king is, that the state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the king-
 dom in a *civil war*, all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves. ² i. e. He should
 have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. ³ To
mis-think is to think ill, unfavourably.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father.

Son. All blows the wind, that profits no-body.
 This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 May be possessed of some store of crowns :
 And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet ere night yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
 Who's this ?—Oh God ! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events !
 From London by the king was I press'd forth ;
 My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 Came on the part of York, press'd by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did !—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee !—
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks ;
 And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their
 fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle ! O bloody times !
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with
 grief ¹.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold ;
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 But let me see :—Is this our foeman's face ?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son !—
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eye ; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart !—
 O, pity, God, this miserable age !—
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget !—
 O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 And hath bereft thee of thy life too late ² !

K. Henry. Woe above woe ! grief more than
 common grief !

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds !—
 O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !—
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses :
 The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;
 The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish !
 If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd !

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
 Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woe-
 ful chances,

Mis-think ³ the king, and not be satisfy'd ?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

K. Henry. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. *[Exit, with the body.]*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so obsequious¹ will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit, with the body.]

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woeful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are And Warwick rages like a chafed bull: *[tied,]* Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

Or else come after, I'll away before. *[Exeter;]*

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies, Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.

Ah, Lancaster! I fear thine overthrow,

More than my body's parting with my soul.

My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,

Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.

The common people swarm like summer flies:

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

And who shines now, but Henry's enemy?

O Phœbus! hadst thou never given consent

That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car had never scorched the earth:

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

And as thy father, and his father, did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York,

They never then had sprung like summer flies—

I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,

Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,

And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?

And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;

And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.

The air hath got into my deadly wounds,

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;

I stab'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.]

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, Clarence, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause, *[looks.]*

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—

That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gulf,

Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford flew with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:

For, though before his face I speak the word,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;

And, wherefoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford groans, and dies.]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave? *[parting.]*

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's de-

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended, If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch

In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

But set his murdering knife unto the root

From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

Instead whereof, let his supply the room;

Measure for measure must be answered. *[house,]*

Edw. Bring forth that fatal scritch-owl to our

That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Attendants bring the body forward.]

War. I think his understanding is bereft:—

Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cl. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager² words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cl. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

¹ Obsequious here implies careful of obsequies, or of funeral rites.

² i. e. Sour, harsh words.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.
Cla. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now? [waist went.
War. They mock thee, Clifford; I swear as thou
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
 When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—
 I know by that, he's dead; And, by my foul,
 Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
 That I in all despite might rail at him,
 I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood
 Scuffle the villain, whose unslanch'd thirst
 York and young Rutland could not satisfy. [head,
War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
 And now to London with triumphant march,
 There to be crowned England's royal king.
 From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
 And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation;
 And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord. [be;
Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my feat;
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
 And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George,
 of Gloster;
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
 Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo², and Humphrey, with cross-bows in their hands.

Sink. UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll
 shroud ourselves;
 For through this³ laund anon the deer will come;
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Colling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
 Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
 And, for the time, shall not seem tedious,
 I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
 In this self place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of
 pure love,
 To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
 No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
 Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee,
 Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anoint—
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now, [ed:
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself? [fee:

Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's
 This is the quondam king; let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities;
 For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France
 for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
 Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,
 And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 For she's a woman to be pity'd much:
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
 And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
 She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
 Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
 And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
 O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

¹ Alluding, perhaps (says Mr. Steevens), to the deaths of Thomas of Woodstock, and Humphrey, dukes of Gloster. ² According to Hall and Holinshed, the name of the person who took K. Henry was Cantlowe. ³ i. e. lawn.

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:

A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind; and that's enough.

Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;

A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy. *[tent,*

Hum. Well, if you be a king crown'd with con-

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us: for, as we think,

You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

Will apprehend you as his enemy. *[oath:*

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an

Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was

king of England? *[main.*

Hum. Here in this country, where we now re-

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months

My father and my grandfather were kings; *[old;*

And you were sworn true subjects unto me:

And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No; for we were subjects but while you

were king. *[a man?*

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeys with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;

And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

Siak. We are true subjects to the king, king

Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,

If he were seated as king Edward is. *[the king's,*

Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in

To go with us unto the officers. *[be obey'd:*

K. Henry. In God's name, lead; your king's name

And what God will, that let your king perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. The Palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and Lady

Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field

This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,

His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The noble gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;

It were dishonour, to deny it her. *[pause.*

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a

Glo. Yea! is it so? *[Aside.*

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps

the wind! *[Aside.*

Glo. Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;

And come some other time, to know our mind.

Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

May it please your highness to resolve me now;

And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. *[Aside.]* Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you

all your lands,

And if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. *[Aside.]* I fear her not, unless the chance

to fall. *[advantages.*

Glo. *[Aside.]* God forbid that! for he'll take

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow?

tell me. *[of her.*

Clar. *[Aside.]* I think, he means to beg a child

Glo. *[Aside.]* Nay, whip me then; he'll rather

give her two.

Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. *[Aside.]* You shall have four, if you'll be

ruled by him. *[other's land.*

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their fa-

Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this wi-

dow's wit. *[leave,*

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love

your children?

Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do

them good? *[harm.*

Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do

them good.

Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness'

service. *[them?*

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give

Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my

boon?

Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to

ask. *[commands.*

Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears

the marble. *[Aside.*

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must

melt. *[Aside.*

Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my

task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a

subject.

K. Edw.

- K. Edw.* Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
- Grey.* I take my leave, with many thousand thanks.
- Glo.* The match is made; she seals it with a curt'fy.
- K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
- Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
- K. Edw.* Ay, but I fear me, in another sense. What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
- Grey.* My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
- That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
- K. Edw.* No, by my troth, I did not mean such love. [did.]
- Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you
- K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.
- Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
- K. Edw.* To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
- Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
- K. Edw.* Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
- Grey.* Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower; For by that loss I will not purchase them.
- K. Edw.* Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily. [and me.]
- Grey.* Herein your highness wrongs both them But, mighty lord, this merry inclination Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
- Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
- K. Edw.* Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request: No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.
- Grey.* Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
- Glo.* The widow likes him not, she knits her brows. [Aside.]
- Clar.* He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom. [Aside.]
- K. Edw.* [Aside.] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
- Her words do shew her wit incomparable;
- All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
- One way, or other, she is for a king;
- And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
- Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?
- Grey.* 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord: I am a subject fit to jest withal, But far unfit to be a sovereign.
- K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee, I speak no more than what my soul intends;
- And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
- Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto: I know, I am too mean to be your queen;
- And yet too good to be your concubine.
- K. Edw.* You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen. [call you—father.]
- Grey.* 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should
- K. Edw.* No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.
- Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
- And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor, Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing To be the father unto many sons.
- Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
- Glo.* The ghostly father now hath done his shrift. [Aside.]
- Clar.* When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift. [Aside.]
- K. Edw.* Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
- Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.
- K. Edw.* You'd think it strange, if I should
- Clar.* To whom, my lord? [marry her.]
- K. Edw.* Why, Clarence, to myself.
- Glo.* That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.
- Clar.* That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
- Glo.* By so much is the wonder in extremes.
- K. Edw.* Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you Her suit is granted for her husband's lands. [both, Enter a Nobleman.]
- Nob.* My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken, And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.
- K. Edw.* See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
- And go we, brothers, to the man that took him, To question of his apprehension.— [ahy.]
- Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honour.— [Exeunt King, Lady, Clarence, and Lords.]
- Glo.* Ay, Edward will use women honourably. 'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all, That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring, To cross me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire and me, (The lustful Edward's title buried) Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies, To take their rooms, ere I can place myself: A cold premeditation for my purpose!
- Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty; Like one that stands upon a promontory, And spies a far-off shore where he would tread, Wishing his foot were equal with his eye; And chides the sea that fenders him from thence, Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way: So do I wish the crown, being so far off; And so I chide the means that keep me from it; And so I say—I'll cut the causes off, Flattering me with impossibilities.—
- My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much, Unless my hand and strength could equal them. Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard; What other pleasure can the world afford? I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap, And deck my body in gay ornaments, And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. O miserable thought! and more unlikely, Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
- Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb; And, for I should not deal in her soft laws, She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub; To make an envious mountain on my back, Where sits deformity to mock my body; To shape my legs of an unequal size; To disproportion me in every part, Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp, That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
 O, monstrous fault to harbour such a thought !
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better person than myself,
 I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;
 And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
 Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
 Be round impaled ¹ with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and home :
 And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out,—
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
 And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions.
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
 I'll flay more gazers than the basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
 Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
 And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
 I can add colours to theameleon ;
 Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
 And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 Tut ! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

SCENE III.

France.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, her Son, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us ; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis
 doth sit.

Queen. No, mighty king of France ; now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days :
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground ;
 Where I must take like feat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why say, fair queen, whence springs
 this deep despair ?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
 with tears, [cares.]
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like
 thyself,

And sit thee by our side : yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief ;
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping
 thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
 Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
 And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;
 While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
 With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;
 And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
 Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lewis. Renowned queen, with patience calm
 the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows
 our foe. [thee.]

K. Lewis. The more I stay, the more I succour

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick.

K. Lewis. What's he approacheth boldly to
 our presence ?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
 friend.

K. Lewis. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What
 brings thee to France ?

[He defends. She arises.]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise :
 For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come,—in kindness, and unfeigned love,—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
 And, lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,

[Speaking to Bona.]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear
 me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit, bred by necessity :
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance !
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten ?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest,—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against
thy liege,

Whom thou obey'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death ? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death ?
No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lewis. Queen Margaret, prince Edward,
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words
bewitch him not ! *[They retire.]*

K. Lewis. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine
honour.

K. Lewis. But is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lewis. Then further,—all dissembling set
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—

That this his love was an eternal plant ;

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;
Exempt from envy¹, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lewis. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,

[Speaking to Warwick]

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lewis. Then, Warwick, this,—Our sister
shall be Edward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :—
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit ;

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lewis. And still is friend to him and Mar-
garet :

But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able² to maintain you ;

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless War-
wick, peace ;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !

I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance³, and thy lord's false love ;

[Post, blowing a horn within.]

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lewis. Warwick, this is some post to us, or
thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for
you ; *[To Warwick]*

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

[To King Lewis]

¹ Envy in this place seems to be put for *malice* or *hatred*. ² This seems to be spoken ironically, the poverty of Margaret's father being a very frequent topic of reproach. ³ Conveyance is here put for artifice and fraud.

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[To the Queen. They all read their letters.]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he I hope, all's for the best. [were nettled:]

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen? [joys.]

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty. [heaven]

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece¹?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.

And, to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry:—

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor;

I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him;

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

[once.]

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over markers,

To revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past, go fear² thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake. [aside,

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid And I am ready to put armour on. [wrong;

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.

There's thy reward; be gone.

[Exit Post.]

K. Lew. But, Warwick;

Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,

To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion:—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine. [it;

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[He gives his hand to Warwick.]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levy'd,

And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long, 'till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exeunt. March Warwick.]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale, but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again;

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.]

¹ We learn from Holinshed, "That king Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles house which was much against the earles honesty (whether he would have deflowered his daughter or his niece, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed) for surely such a thing was attempted by king Edward." ² i. e. fright thy king.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*The Palace in England.**Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.**Glo.* NOW tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;

How could he stay 'till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings. Four stand on one side, and four on the other.**Glo.* And his well chosen bride.*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgement, That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward, Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well. [*King*]*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you offend-
Glo. Not I: [*ed too?*]

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere

To sunder them that yoke so well together, [*pity*],
K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your dislike,aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey Should not become my wife, and England's queen:— And you too, Somerset, and Montague, Speak freely what you think.*Clar.* Then this is my opinion,—that king Lewis Becomes your enemy, for mocking him About the marriage of the lady Bona.*Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonour'd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our common wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself, England is safe, if true within itself?*Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France. [*France*]*Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas¹, Which he hath given for fence impregnable, And with their helps alone defend ourselves; In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.*Clar.* For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride; She better would have fitted me, or Clarence: But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heirOf the lord Bonville on your new wife's son², And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.*K. Edw.* Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife, That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.*Clar.* In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgement:

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave To play the broker in mine own behalf; And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty To raise my state to title of a queen,

Do me but right, and you must all confess That I was not ignoble of descent,

And meaner than myself have had like fortune. But as this title honours me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing, Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee, So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey? Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

¹ Dr. Johnson observes, that this has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. ² Prior to the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. Dr. Johnson remarks on this passage, that he knows not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards.

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.
Glo. [aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but
think the more.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or
what news,
From France ?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters ; and few
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess
them.

What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters ?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words :
"Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
"That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
"To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks
me Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage ?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild
disdain :

"Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
"I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Post. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning
weeds are done,

"And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Post. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words :
"Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
"And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere 't be long."

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so
proud words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presump-
tion.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd
in friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's
Clar. Belike, the younger ; Clarence will have
the elder.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

Glo. Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Say not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to
Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen ;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf

Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;

They are already, or quickly will be landed :

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me ?

If it be so, then both depart to him ;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends :

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's
cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand
[by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand
you.

K. Edw. Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,

'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence, and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence comes ;

Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord. [Warwick ;

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto

And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,

To rest mistrustful where a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ; [ther,

Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's bro-

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :

But welcome, Clarence ; my daughter shall be
thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure ?

Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,

With slight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,

And seize himself ; I say not—slaughter him,

For I intend but only to surprize him.

You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry !]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint

George !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Edward's Camp.**Enter the Watchmen to guard his tent.*

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow,

Never to lie and take his natural rest,

'Till Warwick, or himself, be quite supprest.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report. [that,

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend. [king,

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous. [nefs,

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quiet- I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage. [tent,

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick, and the rest, cry all,—Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the guard; who fly, crying,—Arm! Arm! Warwick, and the rest, following them.*

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair: Gloucester and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke. [parted last,

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we Thou call'dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,

Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shrowd yourself from enemies? [too?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

Edward will always bear himself as king:

Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,

My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king: [Takes off his crown,

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,

And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—

My lord of Somerset, at my request,

See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer

Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward, led out.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do, But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do: To free king Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

*London. The Palace.**Enter the Queen, and Rivers.*

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change? [learn,

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner: Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand,

Is now committed to the bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief; Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle my passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then he come? [London,

Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

Guess thou the rest: king Edward's friends must

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence, [down,

(For trust not him that once hath broken faith)

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary;

To save at least the heir of Edward's right ;
There shall I rest secure from force, and fraud.
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly ;
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park. [*brother,*
Thus stands the case : You know, our king, my
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty ;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord ; for this way lies the game. [*huntsmen stand.—*

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man ; see, where the
Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer ?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste ;
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then ?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord ; and ship from thence
to Flanders. [*meaning.*

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me ; for that was my

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we ? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou ? wilt thou
go along ?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away ; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell : shield thee from
Warwick's frown ;

And pray that I may repose the crown. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Tower in London.

*Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset,
Young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieuten-
ant of the Tower.*

K. Henry. Master lieutenant, now that God and
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat ; [*friends*
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys ;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees ?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns ;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant ? for well using me ?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure :

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee ;

He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me ;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars ;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous ;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars :
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudget an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war ;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both
your hands ; [*hearts,*

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your
That no dissention hinder government :

I make you both protectors of this land ;

While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise. [*will ?*

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield con-
For on thy fortune I repose myself. [*sent ;*

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be
content ;

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow

To Henry's body, and supply his place ;

I mean, in bearing weight of government,

While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated. [*mind.*

Clar. What else ? and that succession be deter-

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his
part. [*says,*

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief af-

Let me entreat, (for I command no more)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,

Be sent for, to return from France with speed :

For, 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear

My joy of liberty is half eclips'd. [*speed.*

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is
that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care ? [*mond.*

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich-

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope : If se-
cret powers [*Lays his hand on his head.*

* The meaning is, that few men conform their temper to their destiny.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad¹ will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavoury news: But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. *[Exeunt.]*

Moment Somers-et, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help:
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy *[mond];*
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richard—
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,
and the rest;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom? *[this;]*

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. *[mon them.]*

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to turn—
Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. *[King,]*
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for
no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. *[Exit.]*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in
doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd. *[He descends.]*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all
were well,

So 'twere not long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must
not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his key.]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with a Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. *[in arms.]*

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you

Montg. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do. *[now forged.]*

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we
Our title to the crown; and only claim

Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will heat
again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The drum begins a march.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on these
points? *[make our claim.]*

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule. *[crown.]*

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

¹ He was afterwards Henry VII. a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses. He was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited.

The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem. [himself;

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hist. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd:—

Come, fellow-foldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*
Sold. [reads] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of
God, king of England and France, and lord of Ire-
land, &c.*

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and
thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For well I wot that Henry is no foldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it befalls thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother! [wick.

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-

Come on, brave foldiers; doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

London.

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague,
Exeter, and Oxford.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him. [again.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; [friends,

Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,

Shall stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—

Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—

Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewel, my sovereign. [true hope.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-

fortunate! [leave.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my

Oxf. [Kissing Henry's hand.] And thus I seal my

truth, and bid adieu. [tague,

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-

And all at once, once more a happy farewel.

War. Farewel, sweet lords; let's meet at Co-

ventry.

[*Exeunt Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?

Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed² hath

got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear

him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—

You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains:

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Mes-
sengers, and others, upon the walls.*

War. **W**HERE is the post, that came from
valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

¹ i. e. noise. ² i. e. merit.

S f 2

¹ *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

² *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Somerville

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad¹ will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a scepter; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavoury news: But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloster,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide. *[Exeunt.]*

Moment Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help:
And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy *[Mond;]*
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich—
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Britany.

Come therefore, let's about it speedily. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings,
and the rest;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom? *[this;]*

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not now
affright us:

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us. *[mon them.]*

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to turn—
Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry. *[King.]*
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord; I know you for
no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my
dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in
doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd. *[He descends.]*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all
were well,

So 'twere not long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must
not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[Takes his keys.]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with a Drum and Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd. *[in arms.]*

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you
Montg. To help king Edward in his time of need.
As every loyal subject ought to do. *[now forgo]*

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hear
again;

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[The drum begins a march.]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
points? *[make our claim]*

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then will
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now we
must rule. *[crowd]*

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

¹ He was afterwards Henry VII. a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houses. He was grandfather to queen Elizabeth, and the king from whom James inherited.

The bruit¹ thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will ; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem. [himself ;

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet ; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd :—

Come, fellow-foldier, make thou proclamation.

[Flourish.
Sold. [reads] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of
God, king of England and France, and lord of Ire-
land, &c.*

Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's
By this I challenge him to single fight. [right,

[Throws down his gauntlet.
All. Long live Edward the fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery ;—and
thanks unto you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York :

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates ;

For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, froward Clarence !—how evil it beseems thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother ! [wick.

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-

Come on, brave foldiers ; doubt not of the day ;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

London.

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence, Montague,
Exeter, and Oxford.*

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London ;
And many giddy people flock to him. [again.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ; [friends,

Those will I muster up :—and thou, son Clarence,

Shall stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,

The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,

Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—

Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—

Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewel, my sovereign. [true hope.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Hector, and my Troy's

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou for-

fortunate ! [leave.

Mont. Comfort, my lord ;—and so I take my

Oxf. [Kissing Henry's hand.] And thus I seal my

truth, and bid adieu. [ague,

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet lords ; let's meet at Co-

ventry.

[Exit Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, and Montague.

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship ?

Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed² hath

got me fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears :

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;

Then why should they love Edward more than me ?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. *A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are these ?

Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear

him hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—

You are the fount, that makes small brooks to flow :

Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—

Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[Exit some with King Henry.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our courte,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains :

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,

Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares :

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[Exit.

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

*Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Mes-
sengers, and others, upon the walls.*

War. **W**HERE is the post, that came from
valiant Oxford ?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow ?

¹ i. e. noise. ² i. e. merit.

S f 2

¹ *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague ?—

Where is the post that came from Montague ?

² *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son ?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now ?

Somerville

Somerv. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from
Warwick. [friends.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly
know.

March. *Flourish.* Enter King Edward, Gloster,
and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and found
a parley.

Glo. See, how the furly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward
come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the
city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages. [hence,

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the
king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy
brother. [wick's gift.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by War-

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's
prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—

What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slyly finger'd from the deck¹!—
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel
down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and
tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

¹ A pack of cards was anciently, and is still in Staffordshire, term'd a *deck of cards*. ² i. e. to cement the stones. Lime makes mortar. ³ Stupid, insensible of fraternal fondness. ⁴ i. e. eminent, egregious.

Enter Oxford; with drum and colours.

War. O chearful colours! see, where Oxford
comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:
If not, the city being of small defence,
We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this
treason

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love: [calls.

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
[A parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whis-
per together; and then Clarence takes his red
rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what
this means?

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruin my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime² the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, throw'st thou, Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt³, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety

Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad)

To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times
more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. [like.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-

War. O passing⁴ traitor, perjurd and unjust!

K. Edw.

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence: I will away towards Barnet presently, And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

March. Warwick and his company follow.

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarm and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug¹, that fear'd² us all.

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exit.*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows, [shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;

Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,

To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were likend oft to kingly sepulchres;

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,

Is nothing left me, but my body's length!

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again! [power;

The queen from France hath brought a puissant

Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,

And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!

Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,

Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,

That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. [last;

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his

And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,

And said,—Commend me to my valliant brother.

And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

Which founded like a clamour³ in a vault,

That could not be distinguish'd; but, at last,

I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—

O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul!—

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids

You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [*Dies.*]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*They bear away his body, and Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Glouster, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.

But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,

That will encounter with our glorious sun,

Ere he attain his easeful western bed:

I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;

For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;

If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:

We, having now the best at Barnet field,

Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;

And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum: cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Tewksbury.

March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But chearly seek how to redress their harms.

What though the mast be now blown over-board,

The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,

And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet, that he

Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

With tearful eyes add water to the sea, [much;

And give more strength to that which hath too

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?

And Montague our top-mast; What of him?

Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; What of these?

Why, is not Oxford here, another anchor?

And Somerset another goodly mast?

¹ Bug means a bugbear. ² i. e. which made us all fear.

³ i. e. a clamour of tongues.

The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings ?
 And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?
 We will not from the helm, to sit and weep ; [no,
 But keep our course, though the rough winds say—
 From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
 As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
 And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea ?
 What Clarence, but a quick-sand of deceit ?
 And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock ?
 All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while :
 Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
 Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and
 rocks.

Why, courage then ! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here :
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes :
 Left, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, as God forbid !
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
 And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame—
 O brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee ; Long may't thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at. [thanks.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset ;—sweet Oxford,

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
 Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less : it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness. [budge.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not
March. *Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, and*
Soldiers, on the other side of the stage.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the
 thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your strength,
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
 I need not add more fuel to your fire,
 For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out :
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
 should say,

¹ To gain say is to deny, to contradict.

² The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedness
Ætop. i. e. Thou that resemblest thy railing mother.

My tears gain say ¹ ; for every word I speak,
 Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes. [vergein,
 Therefore, no more but this :—Henry, your so-
 Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,
 His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
 His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;
 And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
 You fight in justice : then, in God's name, lords,
 Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Both parties go out. *Alarum. Retreat. Extremes.*

SCENE V.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, &c. The
Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.
 Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight :
 For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with
 words. [tune.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my for-
 [Exit Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
 To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that, who
 finds Edward,
 Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is, and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.
Enter Soldiers with the Prince.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him
 speak :

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick :—
 Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious
 York !

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth ;
 Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
 Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

Glo. That you might still have worn the pen-
 coat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Ætop* ² fable in a winter's night ;
 His curish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that
 word. [men.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to
Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive
 scold. [raiser.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
 tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful.
 Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George—
 And thou mishapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
 I am your better, traitors as ye are ;—
 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this ruler
 here ³. [Stabs him.

Glo. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy agonies.
 [Glo. falls dead.]

Clar.
Que
Glo.
K.
Glo.
K.
Glo.
I'll nen
Ere ye
Clar.
Glo.
Que
Canst t
They, t
Did not
If this f
He was
And me
What's
No, no
And I v
Butcher
How fw
You hav
The thou
But, if y
Look in
As, deat
K. Ed
Queen.
Here she
What ! w
Clar. E
Queen.
Clar.
Queen.
Twas fin
What ! v
Hard-fav
Thou art
Petitioner
K. Edw
Queen.
K. Edw
Clar. T
To make
K. Edw
Now mar
With pay
i. e. f
signifying
a heap.

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clar. stabs him.*]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

[*her recovery.*]

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

[*force.*]

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioner for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit Queen.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

[*head.*]

K. Edw. He's fudden, if a thing comes in his

Now march we hence: discharge the common fort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

By this, I hope, she hath a son for us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The Tower of London.

Enter King Henry with a book, and Gloster with the Lieutenant, on the Tower walls.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

[*say rather;*]

K. Henry. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I should

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Rofcius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth¹ every bush:

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

[*kill'd.*]

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and

Glo. Why, what a peevish² fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;

The sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.—

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down

trees;

The raven rook'd³ her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung.

¹ i. e. fears, or suspects. ² i. e. childish. ³ To rook, or rather to ruck, is a north-country word, signifying to squat down, or lodge on any thing.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope ;
 To wit, an undigested deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,
 To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world :
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more ;—Die, prophet, in thy
 speech. *[Stabs him.]*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter
 after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! *[Dies.]*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
 Sink in the ground? I thought, it would have
 mounted. *[death!]*

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
 O, may such purple tears be alway shed
 From those that wish the downfall of our house!
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell; and say,—I sent thee thi-
 ther, *[Stabs him again.]*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
 Indeed 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward:
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 "O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
 And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
 That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
 Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
 I had no father, I am like no father:
 I have no brother, I am like no brother: *[vine,*
 And this word—love, which grey-beards call di-
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me; I am myself alone.—
 Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will fort¹ a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
 And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
 Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
 Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—
 I'll throw thy body in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. *[Exit.]*

SCENE VII.

The Palace in London.

*Enter King Edward, the Queen, with the young
 Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and Attendants.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
 throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride!
 Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardy and undoubted champions:
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
 And two Northumberlands: two braver men
 Ne'er spur'd their couriers at the trumpet's sound:
 With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
 Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—

[Taking the child.]
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repose the crown in peace;
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;
 For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
 And heave it shall some weight, or break my
 back:—

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute².

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
 queen; *[Aside.]*

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
 I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy bro-
 ther, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
 sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—

To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master; }
 And cry'd—All hail! when as he meant— } *Aside.*
 All harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
 Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with
 Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
 Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
 And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
 France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
 With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
 Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—

Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, four annoy!
 For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

¹ i. e. I will select or chuse such a day, whose gloom shall be as fatal to thee. ² It is supposed he
 speaks this line, first touching his head, and then looking on his hand.

LIFE AND DEATH: OF KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King EDWARD IV.	Lord LOVEL.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, af- } terwards Edward V. } Sons to Edward IV.	Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
RICHARD, Duke of York,	Sir JAMES TYRREL.
GEORGE, Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.	Lord STANLEY.
A young Son of Clarence.	Earl of OXFORD.
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, Brother to Edward IV.	Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
afterwards King Richard III.	Sir WALTER HERBERT.
Cardinal BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower,
Archbishop of YORK.	CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest.
Bishop of ELY.	Another Priest.
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.	Lord Mayor.
Duke of NORFOLK. Earl of SURRY.	ELIZABETH, Queen of Edward IV.
Earl RIVERS, Brother to King Edward's Queen.	Queen MARGARET, Widow of Henry VI.
Marquis of DORSET, } Lord GREY, } Sons.	ANNE, Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
Earl of RICHMOND, afterwards King Henry VII.	Duchess of YORK, Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Richard III.
Lord HASTINGS.	
Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.	
Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.	

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghosts, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

England.

London. A Street.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Glo. NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this son² of
York;
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—instead of mounting barbed³ steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,

¹ This tragedy, though it is call'd the Life and Death of this prince, comprizes, at most, but the last eight years of his time; for it opens with George duke of Clarence being clapp'd up in the Tower, which happen'd in the beginning of the year 1477; and closes with the death of Richard at Bosworth Field, which battle was fought on the 22d of August, in the year 1485. ² Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was a sun, in memory of the three suns, which are said to have appear'd at the battle which he gain'd over the Lancastrians at Mortimer's Cross. ³ i. e. steeds furnished with armour, or warlike trappings.

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this week piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant² on mine own deformity:
 And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions³ dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
 In deadly hate the one against the other:
 And, if king Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
 comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
 O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower.
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I
 protest,

As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys⁴ as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by
 women:—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
 My lady Gray his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,

That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking herald,
 That fudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
 Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men, and wear her livery:
 The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother. [*bury.*]

Glo. Even so? an please your worship, Braken-
 You may partake of any thing we say:
 We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king
 Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
 Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:—
 We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
 tongue;

That the queen's kindred are made gentle-folks:
 How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught
 to do. [*fellow.*]

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee,
 He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord? [*me?*]

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
 withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
 obey. [*obey.*]

Glo. We are the queen's abjects⁵, and must
 Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
 Were it, to call king Edward's widow—sister,—
 I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long:
 I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
 Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce⁶: farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence and Brakenbury.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er
 return,
 Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

¹ i. e. deceitful. ² Sir John Hawkins observes, that *descant* is a term in music, signifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphrase on the other. ³ i. e. preparations for mischief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. ⁴ i. e. fancies. ⁵ That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away. ⁶ Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog."

If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd¹,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by faint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband, and her father:
The which will I; not all to much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives, and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter the Corse of Henry the Sixth, with halberds to guard it; Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I awhile obsequiously² lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

Poor key-cold³ figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

O, curst be the hand, that made these holes!

Curst the heart, that had the heart to do it!

Curst the blood, that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be heir to his unhappiness!

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—

Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

And, till as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds? *[Paul,*

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by faint
I'll make a corse of him that disobey.

Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by faint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this pattern⁴ of thy butcheries:—

Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh⁵!—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells!

Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

¹ A mew was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. ² Obsequious, in this instance, means funeral. ³ A key, on the account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. ⁴ i. e. instance or example. ⁵ It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. Mr. Tollet observes, that this opinion seems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northerners from whom we descend; for they practised this method of trial in dubious cases.

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !

[dead,
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man ;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. [have

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou
canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand ex-
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself, [cus d
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not ?

Anne. Then say, they were not slain :

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's
hand. [garet saw

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st ; queen Mar-
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glo. I grant ye. [grant me too,

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then God
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath
him. [come.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him
thither ;

For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place, but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me

Anne. Some dungeon. [name it.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou
lyest !

Glo. So will it, madam, 'till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower² method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ? [effect.

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurs'd

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's
wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by :

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life. [thy life !

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy day, and death

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair creature ; thou art
both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he ? [spit at me !

Glo. Here : [She spits at him.] Why dost thou

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake !

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead !

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once ;
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops ;

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him ;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death ;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep ;

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,

¹ i. e. irregular, uncouth ; or the phrase may mean, Thou that art as dangerous as a pestilence, that
infects the air by its diffusion. ² i. e. a more serious method.

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
 And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weep-
 I never su'd to friend, nor enemy ; [ing.
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee, [speak.
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to

[*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
 [*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*
 Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ; —
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young
 Edward ; —

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
 This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*She puts on the ring.*

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
 To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
 And presently repair to Crosby-place¹ :
 Where—after I have solemnly interr'd
 At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
 And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
 I will with all expedient duty see you :
 For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,
 To see you are become so penitent.—

Treisel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :

But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
 Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two, with Lady Anne.*

Glo. Take up the corse, fir.

Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my
 coming. [*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What ! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !

Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature²,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woeful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn you' fellow in his grave ;

And then return lamenting to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Palace.

*Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers her brother, and Lord
 Grey her son.*

Riv. Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt,
 his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

¹ Crosby-place is now Crosby-square in Bishopsgate-street.
 prodigal or lavish mood.

² i. e. when nature was in a

And

And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm than loss of such a lord.

Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have blest'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Queen. Ah, he is young; and his minority

Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determin'd¹, not concluded yet: But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham, and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley!

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been! [of Stanley,

Queen. The countess Richmond, good my lord To your good prayer will scarcely say—Amen. Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd, I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe The envious slanders of her false accusers; Or, if she be accus'd on true report, Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the king do-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stanley. But now the duke of Buckingham, and I, Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully. [with him?

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers, And between them and my lord chamberlain; And sent to warn² them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure Who are they, that complain unto the king, [it is:— That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not? By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly, That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours. Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair, Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog, Duck with French nods and apish courtesy, I must be held a rancorous enemy. Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abus'd By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [grace?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace. When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?— Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal grace,——

¹ *Determin'd* signifies the final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be altered by reason of some act consequent on the final judgment.

² i. e. to *summon* them.

Whom God preserve better than you would wish to— Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while, But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter. The king—of his own royal disposition, [ter: And not provok'd by any suitor else; Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shews itself, Against my children, brothers, and myself; Makes him to fend; that thereby he may gather The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—The world is grown so bad, That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch: Since every Jack became a gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends: God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means, Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility Held in contempt; while great promotions Are daily given, to enoble those [noble. That scarce, some two days since, were worth a

Queen. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, [height: I never did incense his majesty Against the duke of Clarence, but have been An earnest advocate to plead for him. My lord, you do me shameful injury, Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—— [not so?

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who know. She may do more, sir, than denying that: She may help you to many fair preferments; And then deny her aiding hand therein, And lay those honours on your high desert. [she,— What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king. A batchelor, a handsome stripling too: I wis, your grandam had a worse match.

Queen. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs: By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd. I had rather be a country servant-maid, Than a great queen, with this condition— To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at: Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me. [king?

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have said. I will avouch in presence of the king: I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains¹ are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out², devil! I remember them, too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. [*King,*

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize³ his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine. [*Grey,*

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murder's villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
[*don!*—

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu par-

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's,
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world. [*world,*

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
Thou cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.— [*She advances.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd⁴ from me:
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle⁵ villain, do not turn away! [*fight?*

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in
banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curies, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,
And the most mercilest, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
reported.

Dorf. No man but prophecy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
see it. [*came,*

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick
curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king⁶,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son
Was stab'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wi-
ther'd hag. [*thalt hear me.*

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

¹ i. e. my labours. ² Out is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, frequent in the mouths of the common people of the North. ³ i. e. to make royal. ⁴ i. e. pillaged. ⁵ Gentle in this place implies high-born. An opposition is meant between that and villain, which means at once a wicked and a low-born wretch. ⁶ Alluding to his luxurious life.

Thou elvish-mark'd¹ abortive, rooting hog² !
 Thou that waft seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature³, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour⁴ ! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha ?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think,
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no
 reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me ; and ends in—Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse
 against yourself. [fortune !]

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
 Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled⁵ spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool, fool ! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd
 toad. [curse ;]

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantick
 Left, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all
 mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
 your duty. [me duty,]

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
 Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects :
 O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, matter marquis, you are mal-
 apert ;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current :
 O, that your young nobility could judge,
 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable ! [them ;]
 They that stand high, have many blasts to shake
 And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ;—learn it, learn it,
 marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : But I was born so
 Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top, [high,
 And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas !
 alas !—

Witness my sun, now in the shade of death ;
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darknefs folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's⁶ nest :—

O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done. [hand,]

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
 In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house !

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
 And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he bites,
 His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ; [him ;]
 Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon

And all their ministers attend on him. [ham ?]

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Bucking-

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gen-
 tle counsel ?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And be to yours, and all of you to God's ! [Exit.]

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine ; I wonder, she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother ;

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent

My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Queen. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot to do some body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repay'd ;

He is frank'd up⁷ to fattening for his pains ;

God pardon them that are the cause thereof !

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scathe⁸ to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd ;—

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself. [Aside.]

¹ The common people in Scotland have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for mischief. ² She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elsewhere termed from his ensigns armorial. ³ The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated, that his misshapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. ⁴ Intimating, that much of his honour was torn away. ⁵ A spider is called bottled, because, like other insects, he has a middle slender and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom make her liken him to a spider. ⁶ An *airy* is a hawk's or an eagle's nest. ⁷ Mr. Pope says, that a *frank* is an old English word for a *hog-slay*, and that 'tis possible he uses this metaphor to Clarence, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a *boar*. Mr. Steevens however asserts, that a *frank* was not a common *hog-slay*, but the pen in which those hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. ⁸ i. e. harm, mischief.

Enter Cateby.

Cateb. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Queen. Cateby, I come :—Lords, will you go
with me ?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloster.]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darknes,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ ;
And seem a faint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates ?
Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

1 Mur. We are, my lord ; and come to have
the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is. *[me :*

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about
When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Mur. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand
to prate,

Talkers are no good doers ; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'
eyes drop tears¹ :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;
Go, go, dispatch.

1 Mur. We will, my noble lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in the Tower.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a christian faithful man²,

I would not spend another such a night,

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;

So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray
you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;

¹ Probably, a proverbial expression.
Fleeting is the same as *changing sides*.

And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd towards
England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown !
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
What fights of ugly death within mine eyes !
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued³ jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those holes,
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought, I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this fore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O, then began the tempest to my soul !

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cry'd aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?

And so he vanish'd : Then came wand'ring by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

Clarence is come,—false, fleeing⁴, perjur'd Clarence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;—

Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,

I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell ;

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these

things,—

That now give evidence against my soul,—

For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me !

O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

² i. e. not an infidel.

³ i. e. invaluable.

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone: [dren!—
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor child—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace
good rest!— [Clarence sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:¹
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how
cam'st thou hither?

2 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief? [dious:—

1 Murd. O, sir, 'tis better to be brief, than te-
shew him our commission, talk no more.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir, 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [Exit Brakenbury.]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2 Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment,
hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What? art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for
it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the
which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou had'st been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and
tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope,
this compassionate humour of mine will change;
it was wont to hold me but while one would tell
twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the
deed's done.

2 Murd. Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. When he opens his purse to give us
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few,
or none, will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous
thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot
steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear,
but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his
neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a blushing
shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a man's
bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me
once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found;
it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turn'd out
of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and
every man, that means to live well, endeavours to
trust to himself, and live without it.

1 Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow,
persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and be-
lieve him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to
make thee sigh.

1 Murd. I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail
with me.

2 Murd. Spoke like a tall² fellow, that respects
his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 Murd. Take him over the cottard³ with
the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into
the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 Murd. O excellent device! and make a sop
of him.

1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.

2 Murd. Strike.

1 Murd. No, we'll reason⁴ with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup
of wine. [anon.]

1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are
humble.

1 Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks
mine own. [speak.]

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare
to die.

¹ Meaning, they often suffer real miseries for imaginary and unreal gratifications. ² Tall, in old
English, means stout, daring, fearless, and strong. ³ i. e. the head, a name adopted from an
apple that's like a man's head. ⁴ i. e. we'll talk.

Clar.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest¹ have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

¹ *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

² *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

² *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

¹ *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

² *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

¹ *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake;
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

¹ *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing², brave Plantagenet,
That princely³ novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

² *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster
hates you.

Clar. Oh, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

[*York*
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

¹ *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

¹ *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

¹ *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

² *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must
die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?—

O, sirs, consider, he that sets you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

² *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—
Would not intreat for life? as you would beg,
Were you in my distress,—

¹ *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

² *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

¹ *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will
not serve, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit.

² *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately dis-
patch'd!

How fair, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

¹ *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not? [have been.

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you

² *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

¹ *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
'Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit with the body.

¹ *Quest* is *inquest* or jury.

² i. e. youth; one yet new to the world.

² i. e. blooming Plantagenet, a prince in the spring of life.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Court.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. **W**HY, so:—now have I done a good day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Left he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly. [*remember*

Queen. There, Hastings;—I will never more
Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love
lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

[*this league*

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love

[*To the Queen.*

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble

Enter Gloucester.

[*duke.*

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign, king, and

And, princely peers, a happy time of day! [*queen;*

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the

Brother, we have done deeds of charity; [*day:—*

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—

Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of you,

That all without desert have frown'd on me;—

Of you, lord Woodville,—and, lord Scales, of you,—

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter:—

I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness

To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury, to scorn his corse. [*he is?*

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the
presence,

But his red-colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-
vers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand¹,

That came too lag to see him buried:—

God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

¹ This alludes to a proverbial expression, that "Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go:
"Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow."

K. Edw.

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness bear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit¹, sovereign, of my servant's life; Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman, Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who su'd to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:—
But for my brother not a man would speak,—
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Hath been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,
Poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King and Queen, Hastings,*
Rivers, Dorset, and Grey.]

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness!—Mark'd you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two children of Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy. [*breast?*]

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your And cry,—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us,—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both:
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I. [*love you well;*]
Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloucester
Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit. [*dam?*]

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.
Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?
Enter the Queen, distractedly; Rivers, and Dorset,
after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee;
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not
for our father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept!

¹ He means the remission of the forfeit.

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world !
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence ! *[Clarence !]*

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and

Queen. What stay had I, but Edward ? and he's gone. *[gone.]*

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence ? and he's

Dutch. What stays had I, but they ? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas ! I am the mother of these griefs ;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they :—

Alas ! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother ; God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing :

In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;

Much more, to be thus opposite with heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you. *[ther,*

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him,

Let him be crown'd : in him your comfort lives :

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;

But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,

I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing. *[breast,*

Dutch. God blefs thee ; and put meekness in thy
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ! *[Aside.*

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. *[peers,*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love :

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow ¹ the young prince be fetch'd
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, left, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd :
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd :

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go

To give your censures ² in this weighty business ?

[Exeunt Queen, &c.]

Manent Buckingham, and Gloster.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :

For, by the way, I'll fort occasion,

As index ³ to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Street near the Court.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour : Whither
away so fast ?

2 Cit. I promise you, I hardly know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

1 Cit. Yes, that the king is dead.

2 Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady : seldom comes a better :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir. *[Death ?]*

2 Cit. Doth the news hold of good king Edward's

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while !

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

¹ Edward the young prince, in his father's life-time, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as prince of Wales, under the governance of Anthony Woodville, earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches ; and, by the authority of his presence, to restrain the Welchmen, who were wild, dissolute, and indisposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages. ² i. e. your opinions. ³ i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude.

¹ *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign. [child!]

³ *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a
² *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;

That, in his nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

¹ *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

³ *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,
God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. [mother.]

¹ *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and

³ *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:

For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster; [proud:]
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and
And were they to be rul'd and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

¹ *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will
be well. [cloaks;]

³ *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God fort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

² *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

³ *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

² *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

³ *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northamp-
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night: [ton:]
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow [ter,
More than my brother; Ay, quoth my uncle Glof-
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make
haste. [not hold]

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
In him that did object the same to thee: [young,
He was the wretched'st thing, when he was
So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious ma-
dam.

Dutch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remem-
ber'd²,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I prythee, let
me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I prythee, pretty York, who told thee
York. Grandam, his nurse. [this?]

Dutch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou
wast born. [me.]

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told

Queen. A parlous³ boy:—Go to, you are too
shrewd. [child.]

Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to un-

Queen. How doth the prince? [fold.]

Mes. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey,
Are sent to Pomfret, prisoners; and, with them,
Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Dutch. Who hath committed them? [ham.]

Mes. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Bucking-

Queen. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless⁴ throne:—

Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accuried and unquiet wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:

And being seated, and domestick broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,

Blood to blood, self against self:—O, preposterous

And frantick outrage, end thy damned spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

¹ Wretched here means paltry, pitiful, being below expectation. ² To be remembered is used by Shakespeare to imply, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. ³ Parlous is keen, shrewd. ⁴ i. e. not producing awe, not revered. To jut upon is to encroach.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep : And so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

In London.

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber ¹. [*reign :*

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' love—
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me. [*years*

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew ; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their fugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts ;
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but
they were none. [*greet you.*

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and
happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord :—and thank
you all.—

I thought, my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way :—
Fie, what a slug is Hastings ! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the
sweating lord. [*ther come ?*

Prince. Welcome, my lord : What, will our mo-

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ?—Lord cardinal, will your grace

Perseuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny,—lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak
oratory

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here : But if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional ² :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place :
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children, ne'er 'till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind
for once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day, or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought
most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place :—
Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord ?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record ? or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

¹ London was anciently called *Camera regia*.
herent to old customs,

² Ceremonious for superstitious ; traditional for ad-

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd ¹ to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long ².

Prince. What say you, uncle ?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice ³, Iniquity, } *Aside.*
moralize,—two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a foldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly ⁴ have a forward
spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke
of York. [*brother ?*]

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother ; to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late ⁵ he died, that might have kept that
title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glo. O my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign ;

But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give :
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it ?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light
gifts ;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly ⁶, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little
lord ? [*me.*]

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call

Glo. How ?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in
talk ;—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with
me :—

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ;

Because that I am little like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he rea-
sons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself :

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along ?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother ; to entreat of her,

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my
lord ?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost ;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.

But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and
Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous boy ;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable ;

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither,
Catesby ; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart :

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—

What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will
not he ?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

¹ i. e. diffused, dispersed.

² A proverbial line.

³ By vice the author means not a quality,

but a person. See note 3, p. 492.

⁴ i. e. commonly, in ordinary course.

⁵ i. e. too lately, the loss is

too fresh in our memory.

⁶ i. e. I should still esteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier.

To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided ¹ councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William : tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly. [can.]

Catesby. My good lords both, with all the heed I

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we

Catesby. You shall, my lord. [sleep ?]

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Catesby.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we
perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man ;—somewhat we
will do :—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Before Lord Hastings' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, my lord,—

Hast. [Within.] Who knocks ?

Mes. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock ?

Mes. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious
nights ?

Mes. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mes. Then certifies your lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the boar had ras'd ² off his helm :
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's plea—
If presently you will take horse with him, [sure,—
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :
His honour, and myself, are at the one ;
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance ³ ;
And for his dreams,—I wonder, he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you
say. [Exit.]

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early
stirring ;

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Catesby. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,
'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ? wear the garland ? dost thou mean

Catesby. Ay, my good lord. [the crown ?]

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ? [ward]

Catesby. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find you for-
Upon his party, for the gain thereof :

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That, this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries :

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death. [mind !]

Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Catesby. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey : and so 'twill do

With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou, and I ; who, as thou know'st, are dear

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Catesby. The princes both make high account of
you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside.]

Hast. I know they do ; and I have well deserv'd it.

¹ i. e. a private consultation, separate from the known and publick council. ² This term *ras'd*
or *rasped* is always given to describe the violence inflicted by a boar. By a boar, throughout this scene,
is meant Gloucester, who was called the boar, or the hog, as has been before observed, from his
having a boar for his cognizance, and one of the supporters of his coat of arms. ³ i. e. wanting
some example or act of malevolence, by which they may be justified.

Enter

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stanl. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood¹,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never, in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am? [London]

Stanl. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you².—Wot you
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stanl. They, for their truth³, might better wear
their heads;

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.
[Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.]

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:
Then I was going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was. [tent;

Purs. God hold⁴ it, to your honour's good con-

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for
me. [Throws him his purse.]

Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see
your honour. [heart.]

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my
I am in your debt for your last⁵ exercise;

Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord Cham-
berlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work⁶ in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower? [there:]

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st
it not. [Aside.]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.]

S C E N E I I I.

Before Pomfret-castle.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, conducting Lord Rivers,
Lord Richard Grey, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to
execution.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. [you!]

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. [after.]

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here—

Rat. Dispatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,

Richard the second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink [heads.]

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd the Hastings, curs'd the Buck-
ingham,

Then curs'd the Richard:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

As for my sister, and her princely sons,—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now ex-
pir'd. [embrace:]

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here
Farewel, until we meet again in heaven. [Exit.]

S C E N E I V.

The Tower.

*Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Bishop of Ely,
Catesby, Lovel, with others at a table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are
Is—to determine of the coronation: [met]

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stanl. They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day. [in:]

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind here—
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind. [hearts,—]

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sound'd him, nor he deliver'd

¹ i. e. the cross. ² A familiar phrase in parting, as much as, *I have something to say to you.* ³ i. e.

honesty. ⁴ i. e. continue it. ⁵ i. e. performance of divine service. ⁶ Shriving work is con-

fession.

His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lord, may name the time :
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all good mor-
I have been long a sleeper ; but I trust, [row,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue¹, my
lord,

William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be
bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*]

Stanl. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgement, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
For these strawberries. [morning ;

Hast. His grace looks chearfully and smooth this
There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom,
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanl. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood² he shew'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;
For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevailed
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders : Whoso'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd ; behold, mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Conforted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble
lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strum-
Talk'st thou to me of ifs ?—Thou art a traitor :—
Off with his head ;—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done ;—
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[*Exit Council, with Richard and Buckingham.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for
me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly. [ble,
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse³ did stum-
And started, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cates. Dispatch, my lord, the duke would be
at dinner ;

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast ;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to ex-
claim. [glad !

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard !—miserable En-
I prophesy the fearful't time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head ;
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Tower-Walls.

*Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, in rusty armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change
thy colour ?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror ?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks

¹ This expression is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue*, *queue*, or *tail* of a speech, consists of the last words, which are the token for an entrance or answer. To *come on the cue*, therefore, is to come at the proper time. ² i. e. appearance. ³ The *housings* of a horse, and sometimes a horse himself, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*.

Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone ?

Glo. He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor !

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls. [you,—

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us !

Enter Lovel, and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a christian ;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts :

So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect. [traitor

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd

That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Were't not, that by great preservation

We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster ?

Mayor. What ! had he so ?

Glo. What ! think you we are Turks, or infidels ?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death ;

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution ? [death ;

Mayor. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his

And your good graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end ;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented :

Because, my lord, we would have had you heard

The traitor speak, and timorously confess

The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;

That you might well have signify'd the same

Unto the citizens, who, haply, may

Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word

shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens

With all your just proceedings in this case. [here,

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent, Yet witness what you hear we did intend :

And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,

Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen¹,

Only for saying—he would make his son

Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury

And bestial appetite in change of lust ; [wives,

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,

Even where his ranging eye, or savage heart,

Without controul, list'd to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :

Tell them, when that my mother went with child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,

My princely father, then had wars in France ;

And, by just computation of the time,

Found that the issue was not his begot ;

Which well appeared in his lineaments,

Being nothing like the noble duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;

Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord ; I'll play the orator,

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,

Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,

With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock,

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[Exit Buckingham.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,

Go thou to friar Penker ;—bid them both

Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[Exit Lovel and Catesby.

Now will I in, to take some privy order

To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight,

And to give notice, that no manner of person

Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [Exit

S C E N E VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.

And mark how well the sequel hangs together :

Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,

For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me :

The precedent was full as long a doing :

And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,

¹ This person was one Walker, a substantial citizen and grocer at the Crown in Cheapside.

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
 That cannot see this palpable device?
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
 When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.¹

[Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

*Baynard's Castle.**Enter Gloster, and Buckingham, at several doors.*

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word. [dren?]

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's child—

Buck. I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,
 And his contract by deputy in France:
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives;
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
 As being got your father then in France,
 And his resemblance being not like the duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind:
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.
 And, when my oratory grew toward end,
 I bade them, that did love their country's good,
 Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so? [word:]

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a
 But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
 Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
 silence:

His answer was,—the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to, but by the recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus saith the duke, thus bath the duke inferr'd;
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause, and chearful shout,
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they; would
 they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend² some
 fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,

¹ i. e. seen in silence, without notice or detection.
 pimper.

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy descent:

And be not easily won to our requests;

Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,

As I can say nay to thee for myself;

No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

[Exit Gloster.]

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
 knocks. [Exit Gloster.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
 I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby? what says your lord to my request?

Catesby. He doth entreat your grace, my noble
 lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,

Divinely bent to meditation;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,

To draw him from his holy exercise. [duke:]

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,

In deep designs, in matter of great moment,

No less importing than our general good,

Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.]

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
 Edward!

He is not loolling on a lewd day-bed,

But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtézans,

But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping, to engross³ his idle body,

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:

But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say
 us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: here Catesby comes again:—

Re-enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says your lord? [fembled]

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have

Such troops of citizens to come to him,

His grace not being warn'd thereof before:

He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should

Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:

By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;

And so once more return and tell his grace.

[Exit Catesby.]

When holy and devout religious men

Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter Gloster above, between two Bishops. Catesby
 returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two
 clergymen!

² i. e. pretend.³ i. e. to satiate.

Buck. Two props of virtue for a christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; would it might
please your grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a christian land ?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you re-
The supreme seat, the throne majestic, [sign
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd¹ in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure², we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land :
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consoled with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
For, not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends,
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,

And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
(And much I need to help you, if need were)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife :

For first was he contract to lady Lucy,

Your mother lives a witness to his vow ;

And afterwards by substitute betroth'd

To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension and loath'd bigamy :

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity :

If not to bless us and the land withal,

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry

From the corruption of abusing time,

Unto a lineal true-derived course.

[you.
Mayor. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd
love. [suit.

Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse³,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfal of your house.

¹ i. e. immersed up to the shoulders.

² i. e. recover.

³ i. e. pity.

And, in this resolution, here we leave you;—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Catef. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,

[*Exit Catefby.*]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,

To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load:

But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God blefs your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd!

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*To the Clergymen.*] Come, let us to our holy work again:—

Farewel, good cousin;—farewel, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquis of Dorset, at one door; Anne Dutchess of Gloster, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young daughter, at the other.

Dutch. **W**HO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day! [*away?*]

Queen. As much to you, good sister! Whither

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there. [*ther:*]

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all toge-

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector. [*title!*]

Queen. The lord protect him from that kingly

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother!

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,

And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the Dutchess of Gloster.*]

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children:

If thou wilt out-strip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou encrease the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stanl. Full of wife care is this your council, madam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours:

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way:

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O my accursed womb, the bed of death;

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stanl. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go—

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge

Of golden metal, that must round my brow,

Were

Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen !
Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse ; [hands,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ;
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accur'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !*
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse :
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu ; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory !

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it !

Dutch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee !— [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee !— [To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee ! [To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen ?

Queen. Stay yet ; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls !
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
Rude ragged nurse ! old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well !
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

The Court.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter Richard, as King, Buckingham, Cat's-paw, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,

Buck. My gracious sovereign. [ham,—

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :—
But shall we wear these glories for a day ?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch³,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed :— [speak.
Young Edward lives ;—Think now what I would

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so : but Edward

Buck. True, noble prince. [lives.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live—true ! noble prince !—
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
Before I positively speak in this : [dear lord,

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit Buckingham.

Catef. The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective⁴ boys ; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes :—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy,—

Page. My lord. [gold

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
Would tempt unto a close exploit⁵ of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man ; Go, call him
hither, boy.— [Exit boy.

The deep-revolving witty⁶ Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

Hath he so long held out with me untr'd,

And stops he now for breath ?—Well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

Stanl. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catefby : rumour it
abroad,

That Anne my wife is very grievous sick ;

I will take order for her keeping close.

Enquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

¹ This seems to allude to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide, viz. by placing a crown of iron heated red-hot, upon his head. ² I. e. sorrow. ³ To play the touch means, to represent the touchstone. ⁴ I. e. inattentive, inconsiderate. ⁵ I. e. secret act. ⁶ Witty implies in this place judicious, or cunning. A wit was not in our author's time employed to signify a man of fancy, but was used for wisdom or judgement.

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter,
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.— [Ter:]
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit Catesby.]

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

[Enter Tyrrel.]

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

[Jeet.]

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient sub-

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord. [mine:]

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two ene-

[mies,

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep ene-
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark,
Come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

[Whispers.]

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

[Exit.]

[Re-enter Buckingham.]

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to

Buck. I hear the news, my lord. [Richmond.]

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well,
look to it. [mise,

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by pro-
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
D'd prophecy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

[that time]

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in court'sy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name, I
started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack¹, thou
keep'st the stroke

Between thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day. [or no.]

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will,

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the
vein. [Exit.]

Buck. Is it even so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

[Enter Tyrrel.]

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost chang'd my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smother'd
The most replenish'd sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear these tidings to the bloody king.

[Enter King Richard.]

And here he comes:—All health, my sovereign
lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

¹ An image like those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street, and at the market-houses at several towns in this kingdom, was usually called a *Jack of the clock-house*. Perhaps these figures were called *Jacks*, because the engines of that name which turn the spit were anciently ornamented with such a puppet.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel, 'till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up
close ;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catsby.

Catsb. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st
in so bluntly ?

[*Richmond ;*]

Catsb. Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-
Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth. [men,

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men ; My counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction² am I witness to,
And will to France ; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical. [here ;
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret ! who comes

Enter the Queen and the Dutches of York.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation !

[*right ;*]

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt. [lambs,

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf ?
Why didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done ?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet
son ?

[*ghost,*]

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood !

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat ; [grave,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here !
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of⁴ signiory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[*Sitting down with them.*]

If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :—

I had an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him ;

I had a husband, 'till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst an Edward, 'till a Richard kill'd him ;

Thou hadst a Richard, 'till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
him ;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :

That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;

That foul defacer of God's handy-work ;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her⁵ pue-fellow with others' moan !

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my
woes ;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for re-
venge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;

Young York he is but boot⁶, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate⁷ Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither : But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

¹ Meaning, that timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay. ² In-
duction means preface, introduction, first part. ³ Right for right is justice answering to the claims of
justice. ⁴ Signiory is here used for seniority. ⁵ Puc-fellow seems to be companion. We still say
of persons in the same difficulties, that they are in the same box. ⁶ Boot is that which is thrown
in to mend a purchase. ⁷ i. e. Faithless ; or adulterate may be put for adulterer.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence :—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead ! [come,

Queen. O, thou didst prophecy, the time would
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my
fortune ;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant ¹ ;
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below :
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot ² ;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
queen ?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues ;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time ;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, And dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke ;
From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewel, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance,
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses ! stay a while,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast
the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse ;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O, quicken them
with thine !

Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Queen. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestine joys ³,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !

[part
Let them have scope : though what they do im-
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart. [me,

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd : go with
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum, within.
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter King Richard, and his train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done. [crown,

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons, and brothers ?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children ?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence ?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son ? [Grey ?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings ? [drums !

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarm,
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed : Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alaram.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of war

Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son ? [self.

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your—

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch ⁴ of your con-
dition,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in
haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it
well,

Thou can'st on earth to make the earth my hell ;
A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild, and
furious,

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and vent-
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody.

¹ The pageants displayed on public occasions in those days, were generally preceded by a short account of the order in which the characters were to walk. These indexes were distributed among the spectators, that they might understand the meaning of the allegory exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. ² This alludes to the dangerous situation of those persons to whose care the standards of armies were entrusted. ³ i. e. words, used to complaints, succeed joys that are dead ; and unbecometh'd to them, to whom they should properly descend. ⁴ i. e. a *share* or *particle* of your disposition.

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grac'd¹ me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphry Houre²,
that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordi-
[nance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror :
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory !

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serves³ thy life, and doth thy death attend.

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say Amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word
with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were op-
posite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were con-
[trary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Queen. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle co-
[zen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands so ever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

That ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of for-
tune,

The high imperial type⁴ of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from
So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her bro-
thers ;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my mean-
ing :

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen ; Who
else should be ?

Queen. What, thou ?

K. Rich. I, even I : What think you of it, ma-
[dam ?

Queen. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her bro-
[thers,

¹ i. e. blest'd, or made me happy. ² Mr. Steevens remarks, that this may probably be an allusion to some affair of gallantry of which the Dutchess had been suspected ; or, that the poet's fondness for a quibble may perhaps have induced him at once to personify and christen that hour of the day which summon'd his mother to breakfast. ³ i. e. accompanies. ⁴ i. e. exhibition, shew.

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York ; then, haply, will she weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds ;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam ; this is not the
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way ;
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

Queen. Nay, then indeed, she cannot chuse but
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil ¹.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your encrease, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother ;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your metal, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid ² like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten times double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys ;
And when this arm of mine hath chafficed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say ? her father's
brother

Would be her lord ? Or shall I say, her uncle ?
Or, he that slew her brothers, and her uncles ?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting

K. Rich. Tell her the king, that may command,
entreats.

Queen. That at her hands, which the king's
King forbids ³.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last ?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens

Queen. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject
low.

Queen. But she, your subject, loaths such

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too
quick.

Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and
Two deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that
is past.

Queen. Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-strings

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my
crown,—

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing ; for this is no oath.

The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;

The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;

The crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory ;

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

¹ i. e. havock. ² Bid is in the past sense from *bide*.
vitical law. See Leviticus xviii. 14.

³ Alluding to the prohibition in the Le-

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Queen. Thyself is self-mis-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven,—

Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all.

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By time to come.

[*past*;

Queen. That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'er-
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
ter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:

The parents live, whose children thou hast but-
cher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this;
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
yourself.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury
them:

Where, in that nest of spicery¹, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
farewel. [*Kissing her.* *Exit Queen.*
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter Ratcliff, and Catesby.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke
of Norfolk;—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby; where is he?

Catesby. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salisbury;
When thou com'st thither,—Dull unmindful villain,
[*To Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Catesby. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at
Salisbury?

[*I go?*

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post
before.

Enter Lord Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what
news with you?

Stanl. None good, my liege, to please you with
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good, nor bad!
What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stanl. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas
on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stanl. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

[*Morton,*

Stanl. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

¹ Alluding to the phoenix.

A who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stanl. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear. [not.]

Stanl. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stanl. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north. [north,

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What dothey in the
When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stanl. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

But I'll not trust you, sir.

Stanl. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster thy men. But, hear
you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanl. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[Exit Stanley.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter a Messenger.

2 Mef. In Kent, my liege, the Guilfords are in
And every hour more competitors¹ [arms;
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mef. My lord, the army of great Buckings-
ham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but fongs
of death? [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mef. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh, I cry you mercy:

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd

Reward to him that brings the traitor in? [liege.

3 Mef. Such proclamation hath been made, my
Enter another Messenger.

4 Mef. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dor-
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms. [set,
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up
If not to fight with foreign enemies, [in arms;
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter Gatesby.

Gatesby. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news; That the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet it must be told. [here,

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we reason
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury;—the rest march on with me.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stanl. Sir Christopher², tell Richmond this from
That, in the sty of this most bloody boar [me;—
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.

But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chri. At Pembroke, or at Harford-west, in

Stanl. What men of name resort to him? [Wales.

Chri. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal. [to him;

Stanl. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me
Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel. [Exit.]

¹ i. e. opponents. ² The person who is called Sir Christopher here, appears by the Chronicles to have been Christopher Urswick, a bachelor in divinity; and chaplain to the countess of Richmond, who had intermarried with the lord Stanley. This priest, the history tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unsuspected, on messages betwixt the countess of Richmond and her husband, and the young earl of Richmond, whilst he was preparing to make his descent on England. Dr. Johnson has observed, that Sir was anciently a title assumed by graduates.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Salisbury.**Enter the Sheriff, with Buckingham, led to execution.**Back.* WILL not king Richard let me speak with him?¹*Sher.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward, [Grey, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice; If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction!— This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?*Sher.* It is, my lord. [doomsday.*Buck.* Why, then All-Soul's day is my body's This is the day, which, in king Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children, or his wife's allies: This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted: This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul, Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs². That high All-seer whom I dally'd with, Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms: Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,— When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a prophetess.— Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[Exit Buckingham, &c.]

S C E N E II.

*Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire. A camp.**Enter Henry Earl of Richmond, Earl of Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.**Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, [friends, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment; And here receive we from our father Stanley Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines, Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his troughIn your embowell'd³ bosoms,—this foul swine Lies now even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends, To reap the harvest of perpetual peace By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords, To fight against that bloody homicide.*Herb.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings; Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*Bosworth Field.**Enter King Richard in arms, with the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, and others.**K. Rich.* Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth Field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not? [lord.*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving*K. Rich.* Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night; [that.—

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for Who hath defcry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account: Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground:—

Call for some men of sound direction:—

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exit.

*Enter on the other side of the field, Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, Dorset, &c.**Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set, And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:—

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

¹ The reason why the duke of Buckingham solicited an interview with the king, is explained in *R. Henry VIII. A&I.* ² i. e. the time to which the punishment of his wrongs was respite. *Wrong* here means wrongs done, or injurious practices. ³ i. e. ripped up. ⁴ i. e. true judgement; tried military skill.

And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent :

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, [him,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business ;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.

*Enter, to his tent, King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk,
and Catesby.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Catesby. It's supper time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?—

And all my armour laid into my tent ? [dines.

Catesby. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readi-

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, bid thee to thy charge ;

Use careful watch, chide truant sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord. [Norfolk.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine :—Give me a watch¹ :—
[To Catesby.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves² be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord ? [thumberland ?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cock-shut time³, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent

And help to arm me, Ratcliff.—Leave me, I say.
[Exit Ratcliff.

*Richmond's Tent opens, and discovers him, and his
Officers, &c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stanl. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm !
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stanl. I, by attorney⁴, bleis thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good ;
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war⁵.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell : the leisure⁶, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long hundred friends should dwell upon ;
God give us leisure for these rites of love !

Once more, adieu :—Be valiant and speed well !
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;
Lest leaden slumber peize⁷ me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory :
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen,

[Exit lords, &c.

O, Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory !
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still ! [Sleeps.

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the
Sixth.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[To K. Rich.
Think how thou stabb'dst me in the prime of youth
At Tewksbury ; despair therefore, and die !—
Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

[To Rich.
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

¹ That particular kind of candle is here meant anciently called a *watch*, because, being marked out into sections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it supplied the place of the more modern instrument by which we measure the hours.

² *Staves* are the wood of the lances. As it was usual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightness of them was an object of consequence.

³ i. e. twilight. *Cock-shut* is said to be a net to catch woodcocks ; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after sun-set or before its rising, *cock-shut* light may very properly express the evening or the morning twilight.

⁴ i. e. by deputation. ⁵ By *staring* war is probably meant *war that looks big*.

⁶ *Leisure* in this passage stands for want of leisure.

⁷ i. e. weigh me down, from *peser*, French.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed boy
[*To K. Rich.*

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
Think on the Tower and me ; despair and die ;
Henry the sixth bids thee despair and die !—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror ! [*To Richm.*
Harry, that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep ; live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair, and die !—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and flourish !
Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !
[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret ! despair, and die !
Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !
[*To K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan ; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance ! despair, and die !
[*To K. Rich.*

All. Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

Will conquer him ;—awake, and win the day !
[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;
[*To K. Rich.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake ! [*To Richm.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !
Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghost. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower ;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
[*To K. Rich.*

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in
joy ; [*To Richm.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.
Enter the Ghost of Lady Anne.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne
thy wife, [*To K. Rich.*

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair, and die !—

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;
[*To Richm.*

Dream of success and happy victory ;

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the
crown ; [*To K. Rich.*

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny :
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—
I dy'd for hope !, ere I could lend thee aid :
[*To Richm.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up
my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !—

The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight ?

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :

Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here ? No ;—Yes ; I am :

Then fly,—What, from myself ? Great reason : Why ?

Left I revenge. What ? Myself on myself ?

I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,

That I myself have done unto myself ?

O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain : Yet I lye, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dirtiest degree ;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! guilty !

I shall despair,—There is no creature loves me ;

And, if I die, no soul shall pity me :—

Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent ; and every one did threat

To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I : The early village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful

dream !—

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,

Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

i. e. I died for wishing well to you.

It

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
Under our tents; I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard, and Ratcliff.*]

Richmond wakes. Enter Oxford, and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond. [men,

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords. [der'd,

Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard mur-
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give di-
rection.— [He advances to the troops.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The leisure and enforcement of the time

Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this,—

God and our good cause fight upon our side;

The prayers of holy faints, and wronged souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces;

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that made means¹ to come by what he hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil [him;

Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy:

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,

Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;

If you do free your children from the sword,

Your children's children quit it in your age.

Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords:

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;

God, and Saint George²! Richmond, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, &c.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching
Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said
Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

[*Clock strikes.*]

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

[*book,*]

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day it will be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the
field. [horse:—

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot³!—what think'st
thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold, [Reads
For Dickon⁴ thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

For conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have interr'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort⁵ of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,

A scum of Brittain, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;

You having lands, and blest with beautiful wives,

They would distraint the one, distraint the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Brittain⁶ at our brother's cost?

¹ To make means, in our author's time, always signified—to come at any thing by indirect practices.

² Saint George was the common cry of the English soldiers when they charged the enemy.
boot here would seem to mean to help.

⁴ The ancient abbreviation of Richard.

⁵ i. e. a company.

⁶ Bretagne.

A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Britains ; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bob'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands ? lie with our wives ?
Ravish our daughters ?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !—

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

What says lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy hath past the marsh ;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helmets. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

[*Another part of the field.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue !
rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite² to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a
horse !

Catesby. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the dye :
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him :—

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

[*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond ; they
fight, Richard is slain.*

*Retreat, and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley,
bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victo-
rious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stanl. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou
acquit thee !

Lo, here, these long-usurped royalties
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it³.

Rich. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all !—
But tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Stanl. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Stanl. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Rich. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us ;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red :—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—Amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire ;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood !

Let them not live to taste this land's encrease,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again ;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ That is, fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.
² *These* it like the tyrant you have destroyed.

² i. e. an adversary.

³ i. e. don't

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF
HENRY VIII.

K

King
Card
CAP
Ch
CRA
Duke
Duke
Lord
Sir T
GAR
Bisho
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Sir H
Sir T
Sir A
Sir N
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That
Sad, big
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The judge
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The play
I'll under
Ridely in
That com
A noise of
In a long

Enter the
the Duke
Back.

Since last
Mr.
introduce
speech ad
ready ma
the plays
i. e. pro

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King HENRY the Eighth.
 Cardinal WOLSEY. Cardinal CAMPEIUS.
 CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
 CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Duke of NORFOLK. Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
 Duke of SUFFOLK. Earl of SURREY.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, Lord Keeper.
 GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
 Bishop of LINCOLN.
 Lord ABERGAVENNY. Lord SANDS.
 Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.
 Sir THOMAS LOVELL.
 Sir ANTHONY DENNY.
 Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
 Sir WILLIAM SANDS ¹.
 CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.

Three other Gentlemen.

Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.

GARTER, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Serjeant at Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.

Porter, and his Man.

Queen KATHARINE.

ANNE BULLEN.

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows.

Women attending upon the Queen. Spirits,

which appear to her. Scribes, Officers,

Guards, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

COME no more to make you laugh; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass; if they be still and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to bear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat ², guarded with yellow,

Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle bearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, (beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
 To make that only true we now intend ³)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The just and happiest bearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
 The very persons of our noble story,
 As they were living; think, you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery!
 And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

London.

An antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other,
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. **G**OOD morrow, and well met. How
 have you done,
 Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:

Healthful; and ever since a fresh ⁴ admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
 Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
 Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde:

¹ Mr. Steevens observes, that Sir William Sands was created Lord Sands about this time, but is here introduced among the persons of the drama, as a distinct character. Sir William has not a single speech assigned to him; and, to make the blunder the greater, is brought on after Lord Sands has already made his appearance. ² Alluding to the fools and buffoons, introduced for the generality in the plays a little before our author's time; and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own i. e. pretend. ⁴ i. e. an untired admirer.

I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back ;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together ;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could
have weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner,

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
'Till this time, pomp was fingle ; but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders it's : To-day, the French,
All clinquant¹, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said, they saw but one : and no discernor
Durst wag his tongue in censure². When these
funs,

(For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis³ was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function⁴.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element⁵
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord ?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him ! no man's pye is
free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce⁶ vanities ? I wonder,
That such a keech⁷ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propt by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown ; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way ;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him ; Whence has he
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king to appoint
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file⁸
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out⁹,
Must fetch in him he papers¹⁰.

Aber. I do know

Kinmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on their
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue¹¹ ?

Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd ; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboarded
The sudden breach on't.

¹ i. e. all glittering, all shining. ² Censure for determination of which had the noblest appearance. ³ The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Bevois) a son was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror earl of Southampton. ⁴ i. e. the commission for regulating this festivity was well executed. ⁵ No initiation, no previous preparation. ⁶ i. e. proud. ⁷ A keech is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould is called yet in some places a keech. There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolsey* was the son of a butcher, and in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—Goody keech. ⁸ i. e. the list. ⁹ That is, all mention of the board of council being left out of his letter. ¹⁰ i. e. His own letter, by his own single authority, without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he papers down. ¹¹ i. e. What effect had this pompous show but the production of a wretched conclusion ?

Nor. Which is budded out ;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd ¹ ?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace ² ; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate !

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plentiful safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together : to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power : You know his nature,
That he's revengeful ; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bofom up my counsel, [rock,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him,
certain of the guard, and two Secretaries with
papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his
eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both
full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor ? ha ?
Where's his examination ?

Ser. Here, to please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready ?

Ser. Ay, please your grace. [ingham

Wol. Well, we shall then know more ; and Buck-
shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, and his train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur ³ is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. 'A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood ⁴.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd ?

Alk God for temperance ; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks

Matter against me ; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object : at this instant [king ;
He bore ⁵ me with some trick : He's gone to the
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about : To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king ;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd ;

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself : We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd ;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself ;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,

I am thankful to you ; and I'll go along
By your prescription :—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions ⁶) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

[as strong

Buck. To the king I'll say 't ; and make my vouch
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't : his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests ⁷ the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

[cardinal

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, Thus let be : to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead : But our court cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation :
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
England and France, might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him : He privily
Deals with our cardinal ; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the emperor
Pay'd ere he promis'd ; whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd ;—
That he would please to alter the king's course,

¹ Silenc'd for recalled. ² A fine name of a peace ! spoken ironically. ³ Wolsey, as has
been before observed, is said to have been the son of a butcher. ⁴ That is, the literary qualifica-
tions of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a
contemptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the ancient, unletter'd, mar-
tial nobility. ⁵ i. e. he slaps or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. ⁶ i. e. from honest
indignation ; warmth of integrity. ⁷ i. e. excites.

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter Brandon; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and
two or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.
Serj. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will
of heaven

Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The
king
[*To Aberg.*
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Council Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
Shoulder; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel. The
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on
his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

Of a full-charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter
the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and
Suffolk: she kneels. The King riseth from his
seat, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half
your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been com-
missions

Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,

[*To Wol.*

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears,
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many¹ to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file²
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not
wholesome

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,

¹ i. e. the multitude.

² i. e. I am but first in the row of counsellors.

The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction ?

Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France : This makes bold
mouths :

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them ; their curses now,
Live where their prayers did ; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business¹.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice ; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues,—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint²
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope³ malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd ; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once⁴ weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear :
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop⁵ bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission : Pray, look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.]

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd
commons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary]

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergarny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak ought ?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins ?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor ; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this ?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish

¹ i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

² i. e. stop.

³ i. e. to

recounter with.

⁴ Once is not unfrequently used for *sometime, or at one time or other, among our*

ancient writers.

⁵ Lop signifies the branches.

With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
 Abusing better men than they can be,
 Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tenn's, and tall stockings,
 Short blister'd breeches¹, and these types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men;
 Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
 They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
 The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their dis-
 Are grown so catching. [exes]

Cham. What a loss our ladies
 Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
 There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whoresons
 Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
 A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow. [going]

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad, they're
 (For, sure, there's no converting of 'em) now
 An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
 A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
 And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r-lady,
 Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
 Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
 Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
 Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
 Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
 This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
 To many lords and ladies; there will be
 The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
 indeed,
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
 His dew's fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
 He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal;
 in him,

Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine:
 Men of his way should be most liberal,
 They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
 But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
 Your lordship shall along:—Come, good Sir
 Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
 For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
 This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to York-Place.

Hostboys. A small table under a state for the Car-
 dinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter
 Anne Bullen, and divers other Ladies and Gentle-
 women, as guests, at one door; at another door,
 enter Sir Henry Guilford.

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes you all: This night he dedicates
 To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
 In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
 One care abroad; he would have all as merry
 As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
 Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovel.

The very thought of this fair company
 Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
 But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
 I think, would better please 'em: By my life,
 They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
 To one or two of these!

Sands. I would, I were;
 They should find easy penance.

Lov. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
 Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
 His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
 Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
 My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking:
 Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
 And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet
 ladies: [Sits.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
 I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
 But he would bite none; just as I do now,
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[Kisses her.]

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
 So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
 The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
 Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
 Let me alone.

Hostboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his
 state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that
 noble lady,
 Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
 Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
 And to you all good health. [Drinks.]

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
 Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
 And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
 I am beholden to you:—cheer your neighbours:—
 Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
 Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
 In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
 Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,

¹ i. e. breeches puff'd, swell'd out like bladders.

My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play ¹.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, chambers ² discharg'd.*]

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers,
habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Cham-
berlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal,
and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, [pay them]
They have done my poor house grace; for which I
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their plea-
sures.

[*Chuse ladies for the dance. King, and Anne Bullen.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,

Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it ³.

Wol. Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord;
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now ⁴ unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,

Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bul-
len's daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet
heart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

[*To Anne Bullen.*]

And not to kiss you ⁵.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

[*partner,*]

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

¹ i. e. if I make my party. ² A chamber is a gun (used only on occasions of rejoicing) which stands erect on its breech, and so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to its bulk. They are called chambers because they are mere chambers to lodge powder; a chamber being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Chambers are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the Parliament-house, when the king goes thither. ³ i. e. take the chief place. ⁴ i. e. unhappily. ⁵ A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner.

A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

*A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen at several doors.**1 Gen.* **W**HITHER away so fast?*2 Gen.* O,—God save you!Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.*1 Gen.* I'll save youThat labour, *sir*. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.*2 Gen.* Were you there?*1 Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.*2 Gen.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?*1 Gen.* You may guess quickly what.*2 Gen.* Is he found guilty?*1 Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.*2 Gen.* I am sorry for't.*1 Gen.* So are a number more.*2 Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?*1 Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *visâ voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.*2 Gen.* That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gen. The same.All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
And so his peers, upon this evidence, [not:
Have found him guilty of high-treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.*2 Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?*1 Gen.* When he was brought again to the bar,
—to hearHis knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,¹
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.*2 Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.*1 Gen.* Sure, he does not,He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.*2 Gen.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,

Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Left he should help his father.*2 Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.*1 Gen.* At his return,No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.*1 Gen.* All the commonsHate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
With him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and doat on; call him, bounteous Buck-
The mirror of all courtesy;— [ingham,*1 Gen.* Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter Buckingham from his arraignment, (Two slaves
before him, the axe with the edge toward him;
halberds on each side) accompanied with Sir Tho-
mas Lovel, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sandi,
and common people, &c.**2 Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.*Buck.* All good people,You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear
witness,And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that sought it, I could wish more chris-
tians:Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that
lov'd me,And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences¹ This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.

'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with : no black
envy

Shall make my grave ¹.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven : my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him : May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be !
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument ! [grace ;

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now but will mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
And with that blood, will make 'em one day
groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father :
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd
most ;

A most unnatural and faithless service !
Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :—
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewel :

And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive
me ! [Exeunt Buckingham, and Train.

¹ Meaning, that envy should not procure or advance his death. ² i. e. great fidelity.

1 Gen. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 Gen. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 Gen. Good angels keep it from us !
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir :

2 Gen. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith ² to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it ;
I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident ;
You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine ?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not :
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merly to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark : But it
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The car-
dinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

*My Lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with
all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and
of the best breed in the north. When they were ready
to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission, and main power, took 'em from me
with this reason,—His master would be serv'd before
a subject, if not before the king : which I oppos'd
mouths, sir.*

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf.
Cham.
Full o
Nor.
Cham.
Has cr
Suf.
Has cr
Nor.
This i
That b
Turns

Suf.
Nor.
And w
Between

He dive
Doubts,
Fears, a
And, ou
He coun
That, lik
About h
Of her, t
That ang
That, wh
Will ble
Cham.

These ne
And ever
Look into
The Fren
The king
This bold
Suf. A
Nor. V

And heart
Or this im
From prin
Lie like o
Into what
Suf. For

I love him
As I am n
If the king
Touch me
I knew him
To him th
Nor. Le
And, with
From these

My lord, y
Cham. E
The king h
You'll find
Health to y

¹ The du
Pitch here i

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause? [*wife*]

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him
one day. [*elfe.*]

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd
the league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true, [*em,*]

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end, [*open*]

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;

Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch² he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:

As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*A Door opens, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much
afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry!

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it is:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker. [*To Wolsey.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go. [*To Norf. and Suf.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though³, for his
place:

But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heaven at him.

Suf. I another. [*Exeunt Norf. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if he have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judg-

ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him

welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have

with'd for. [*loves,*]

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'

¹ The duchess of Alençon. ² Meaning, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low.
³ *Put here implies height.* ³ i. e. so sick as he is proud.

You are so noble : To your highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be
acquainted

Forthwith, for what you come :—Where's Gardiner ?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A yoman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my
favour

To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pi'thee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary ;
I find him a fit fellow.

Cardinal goes out, and re-enters with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand : much joy and favour
You are the king's now. [to you ;

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

[*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

[then

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

[him ;

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man¹ still : which so griev'd
That he ran mad, and dy'd. [him,

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him !

That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow ? but, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither ;—Here's the pang
that pinches :

His highness having liv'd so long with her ; and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing ;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave is a thousand fold more bitter, than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt² ! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will ! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel³, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, paining
As soul and body's fevering.

Old L. Alas, poor lady !

She's stranger now again⁴.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content,

Is our best having⁵.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Bestrew me, I would,

And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gain
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril⁶ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.—

[be a queen ;

Old L. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it : but, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

[a little ;

Old L. Then you are weakly made : pluck off
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to : if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk !

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England

¹ i. e. kept him out of the king's presence, by employing him in foreign embassies. ² i. e. to send
her away contemptuously. ³ Dr. Warburton says, " she calls fortune a quarrel or arrow, from
her striking so deep and suddenly. Quarrel was a large arrow so called." Dr. Johnson, however,
thinks the poet may be easily supposed to use quarrel for quarreller, as murder for murderer, the ad for
the agent. ⁴ i. e. she is again an alien ; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman.
⁵ i. e. our best possession. ⁶ Cheveril, kid-skin, soft leather. ⁷ i. e. let us descend still lower,
and more upon a level with your own quality.

You'd venture an emballing¹: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't
worth, to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:

Our mistresses' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, Amen! [*blessings*]

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and
wishes,

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit

The king hath of you.—I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*
That they have caught the king, and who knows
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle²:—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O, fate!)

A very fresh fish here, (eye, eye upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me. [no.]

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence³,
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story)

That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Ægypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er-mount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: by my life,

That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,

I know, your back will bear a dutches;—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

*Trumpets, 4 Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers
with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes
in the habits of Doctors; after them, the Arch-
bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops
of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph;
next them, with some small distance, follows a
Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal,
and a Cardinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing
each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-
headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arm,
bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen, bear-
ing two great Silver Pillars⁵; after them, side by
side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the
Sword and Mace. The King takes place under
the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him,
as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance
from the King. The Bishops place themselves on
each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below
them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops.*

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, "You would venture to be distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty." Mr. Tollet, however, says, "Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a queen-consort, such as Anne Bullen was, is not distinguished by the ball, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished." ² From this and many other artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem, that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time: if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king James. ³ Mr. Steevens on this passage remarks, "Forty pence was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by pounds, marks, and nobles. Forty pence is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee." ⁴ Dr. Burney in his *General History of Music* conjectures, that sennet may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or appraising the people of their approach. Mr. Steevens adds, that he has been informed that sennet is the name of an antiquated French tune. ⁵ Pillars were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Wolsey had two great silver pillars usually borne before him by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare.

The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read, Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; And to bestow your pity on me: for

I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew

He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice

He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you: If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,

And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty

Against your sacred person, in God's name,

Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt

Shut door upon me, and so give me up

To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,

The king, your father, was reputed for

A prince most prudent, of an excellent

And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one

The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

A year before: It is not to be question'd

That they had gather'd a wise council to them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,

Who deem'd our marriage lawful; Wherefore I

humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore: If not; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unfettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge;
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom ^[wrong]
O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you do me
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted

By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You chargen,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present; If it be known to him,
That I gainsay² my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to ^[sure]
Remove these thoughts from you: The which be
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak

¹ Challenge is here a *verbum juris*, a law term.
I challenge him. ² i. e. deny.

The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says

To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouth'd ;

You sign¹ your place and calling, in full seeming, With meekness and humility : but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours, Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mount'd, Where powers are your retainers : and your words, Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please Yourself pronounce their office². I must tell you, You tender more your person's honour, than Your high profession spiritual : That again I do refuse you for my judge ; and here, Before you all, appeal unto the Pope, To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

Cam. The queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well. She's going away.

King. Call her again.

[*the court.*]

Cris. Katharine, queen of England, come into 'Uper. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help, They vex me past my patience !—pray you, pass on : I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more, Upon this business, my appearance make In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate :

That man i' the world, who shall report he has A better wife, let him in nought be trusted, For speaking false in that : Thou art, alone, (If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness, Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,— Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out³) The queen of earthly queens :—She is noble born ; And like her true nobility she has Carried herself towards me.

Wal. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness, That it shall please you to declare, in hearing Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound, There must I be unloos'd ; although not there At once and fully satisfy'd⁴) whether ever I Did broach this business to your highness ; or Lay'd any scruple in your way, which might Induce you to the question on't ? or ever Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might Be to the prejudice of her present state,

Or touch⁵ of her good person ?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honour, I free you from 't. You are not to be taught That you have many enemies, that know not Why they are so, but, like to village curs, Bark when their fellows do : by some of these The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd : But will you be more justify'd ? you ever Have with'd the sleeping of this business ; never Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred, oft, The passages made toward it :—⁵ on my honour, I speak my good lord cardinal to this point, And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention :—

Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness, Scruple, and prick⁶, on certain speeches utter'd By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ; Who had been hither sent on the debating A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and Our daughter Mary : I the progress of this business, Ere a determinate resolution, he (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ; Wherein he might the king his lord advertise, Whether our daughter were legitimate, Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me, Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way, That many mix'd considerations did throng, And press'd in with this caution. First, methought, I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had Commanded nature, that my lady's womb, If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should Do no more offices of life to't, than The grave does to the dead : for her male-issue Or died where they were made, or shortly after This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom, Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling⁷ in The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer Toward this remedy, whereupon we are Now present here together ; that's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,— By all the reverend fathers of the land, And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember

¹ i. e. you *show* or *denote*.

² That is, Having now got power, you do not regard your word.

³ i. e. if thy several qualities could speak thy praise. ⁴ The sense is, "I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my character, though I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice."

⁵ The *king*, having first address'd to Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. ⁶ i. e. prick of conscience, which was the term in confession. ⁷ A ship is said to *hull*, when she is dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *hulk*, is left at the discretion and mercy of the waves.

How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to
How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points

Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward;
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her;
Katharine our queen, before the prime creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court to further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. *[They rise to depart.]*

King. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Queen's Apartments.

The Queen and her Women, as at work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench: my soul grows
sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave
working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.
Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their beads, and then lay by.
In sweet musick is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, bearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great car-
Wait in the presence¹.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces *[business]*
To come near. *[Exit Gent.]* What can be their
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from fa-
vour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs² are
righteous:

But, All hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey, and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness! *[wife;]*

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a house.
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to
withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regis
serenissima,—*

Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious; *[you]*

Pray, speak in English: here are some will think
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress take;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: *[Lord]*
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,

¹ i. e. in the presence-chamber. ² Affairs for professions.

(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been ¹, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with
these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out ² my afflictions,
They that may trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, sir? [*tection;*

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's pro-
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly. [*ruin:*

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us. [*thought ye,*

Queen. The more shame for ye; holy men I

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at
once

The burdens of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago; I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse. [*myself,*

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long,—let me speak
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman, (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections [*him?*
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd
Been, out of fondness, superstitious ³ to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we
aim at. [*guilty,*

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself to
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me. [*earth,*

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' ⁴ faces, but heaven knows your
hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lilly,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace [*nest,*
Could but be brought to know, our ends are ho-

¹ i. e. for the sake of that royalty I have formerly possessed. ² To weigh out here implies the
me as to outweigh. ³ i. e. served him with superstitious attention. ⁴ A quibble; said to have
been originally the quibble of a saint.—“England, a little island, where, as *Saint Augustine* saith,
there be people with angels faces, so the inhabitants have the courage and hearts of lions.”

You'd feel more comfort¹ why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and
servants. [virtues]

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king
loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray,
forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fa-
thers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Antichamber to the King's Apartment.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of
Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force¹ them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself²?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time

Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his³ contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
And hedges⁴, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy

Trace⁵ the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd⁶.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,

¹ i. e. enforce, urge. ² i. e. except in himself. ³ i. e. his private practices opposite to his public procedure. ⁴ To hedge, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path. ⁵ To trace is to follow. ⁶ To memorize is to make memorable.

To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Saf. He is return'd, in his opinions¹; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but prince's dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Saf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Saf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter Wolfey, and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the dutchess of Alencon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens!—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke!—

Nor. He's discontented.

Saf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sir. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice! [*daughter,*

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her
virtuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would
fret the string,
The master cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule²; and Lovel.

Saf. The king, the king.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of
thrift,

Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

King. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat; and whispers Lovel, who goes to*

Wolfey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord, [*tory*]
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven-
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require

i. e. with the same sentiments he entertained before he went abroad, which sentiments justify the king's divorce. ² Mr. Steevens on this passage remarks thus: "That the cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to a similar incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another." See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 796.

Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

King. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [*Aside.*]

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*]

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours¹: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd² with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: the honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, if the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty
to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

¹ The sense is, my purposes went beyond all human endeavour.
an equal pace with my abilities.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;

[*Giving him papers.*]
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey;
the Nobles throng after him, whispering and
smiling.*]

Wol. What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends: indeed, to gain the popedom,
And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then; farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the Earl
of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who
commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Esther house, my lord of Winchester's,
'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay, [*Exit*]
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to
do it,

(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin?
Follow your envious courtes, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That fool,
You ask with such a violence, the king
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

¹ The
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² The lit
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king; an

Ty'd it by letters patents : Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bemoaning land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare make a foundier man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul, [feel
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewel nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks ¹.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king : your
goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life :—I'll startle you [wrench
Worse than the sacring bell ², when the brown
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal. [man,
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
But that I am bound in charity against it !

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;

I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners. [at you.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities ; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him. [is,—

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you ;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection ⁴ :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,

¹ The hat of a cardinal was scarlet ; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them.

² The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring* or *consecration* bell ; from the French word, *sacrer*.

³ i.e. absolute.

⁴ The judgment in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant shall be out of the king's protection ; and his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, forfeited to the king ; and that his body shall remain in prison at the king's pleasure.

The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall
thank you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

[*Enter Cromwell, amazedly.*]

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd?

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,

Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance
Some little memory of me will stir him, [thee;
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master mis'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't? [thee;
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.²

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. ² This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey.

A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

*A Street in Westminster.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.**1 Gen.* YOU are well met ¹ once again.*2 Gen.* So are you. [hold]*1 Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and be-
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?*2 Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.*1 Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd for-
This, general joy. [row;*2 Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.*1 Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.*2 Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?*1 Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation:
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.*2 Gen.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those
customs,I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?*1 Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learn'd and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amptill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.*2 Gen.* Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is com-
ing. [Hautboys.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. A lively flourish of trumpets.
2. Then two Judges.
3. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace
before him.
4. Choristers singing. [Music.
5. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then
Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his
head a gilt copper crown.

6. Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold,
on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With
him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod
of silver with the dove, crown'd with an
earl's coronet. Collars of SS.7. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his
coronet on his head, bearing a long white
wand, as high steward. With him the
Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of mar-
shalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.8. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports;
under it the Queen in her robe; her hair
richly adorn'd with pearl, crown'd. On
each side her, the bishops of London and
Winchester.9. The old Dutchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of
gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the
Queen's train.10. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain cir-
clets of gold without flowers.

They pass over the stage in order and state.

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—These I
Who's that, that bears the scepter? [know;—*1 Gen.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.*2 Gen.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.*1 Gen.* 'Tis the same, high-steward.*2 Gen.* And that my lord of Norfolk.*1 Gen.* Yes.*2 Gen.* Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady:
I cannot blame his conscience.*1 Gen.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports. [her.*2 Gen.* Those men are happy; so are all are near
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, dutchess of Norfolk.*1 Gen.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.*2 Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
And, sometimes, falling ones. [indeed;*1 Gen.* No more of that.[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.
Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 Gen. Among the croud i' the abbey; where a
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled [finger
With the mere rankness of their joy.*2 Gen.* You saw the ceremony?*3 Gen.* That I did.*1 Gen.* How was it?*3 Gen.* Well worth the seeing.*2 Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

* Alluding to their former meeting in the second act.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams¹
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what follow'd? [paces]

3 *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-
like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it York place,
that's past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly, and Gardiner; the one, of
Winchester,
(Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary)
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that: [comes,
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,

1 i. e. like battering rams.

2 *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure*, happily
3 i. e. by short stages. 4 i. e. (says Mr. Tollet) He was a man of an unbounded stomach, of
pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he by'd, i. e.
limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the
kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play.

And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick, led between Griffith
her Gentleman-usher, and Patience her woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam: but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily²,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man! [cester,

Grif. At last, with easy roads³ he came to Lei-
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words:—"O father abbot,
"An old man, broken with the storms of state,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
"Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. [him]

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd⁴ all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: 't the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.

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Of his own body he was ill¹, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brags; their virtues
We write in water². May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and four, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that fought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet,

For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.
The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden wizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two braid a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtesies; then the two, that braid the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order:

at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and boldeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye
all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw you none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed
troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

[dreams
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [Musick ceases.

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a savvy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this
Let me ne'er see again. [fellow

[Exit Griffith, and Messenger.

Re-enter Griffith, with Capucius.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
What is your pleasure with me? [you,

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

¹ A criminal connection with women was anciently call'd the vice of the body. So, in *Holinshed*, p. 1258, "he labour'd by all means to cleare mistresse Sanders of committing evill of her bodie with him." ² Dr. Percy remarks, that "this reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in Sir Thomas More's *History of Richard III.* where, speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and who doth us a good turne, we write it in dulle."

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name

Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam. [exits]

Kath. In which I have commended to his good—
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !
Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,

For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband ; let him be a noble :
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by :
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus. [lord,
These are the whole contents :—And, good my
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;

Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember [me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world : tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewel,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;—
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, interr me.
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading Katharine,

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Some Part of the Palace.

*Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with
a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovel.*

Gard. 'T's one a'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us [Thomas !
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir
Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at pri-
With the duke of Suffolk. [meros

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's
the matter ?

It seems, you are in haste : an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business : Affairs, that
walk

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you ;

And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,
She 'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily ; that it may find [me
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir Tho-
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, Sir Thomas : You are a gentleman
Of mine own way² ; I know you wife, religious ;

¹ *Primero* and *primavista*, two games at cards, that is, first, and first seen : because he that can
shew such an order of cards first, wins the game. ² i. e. of mine own opinion in religion.

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take 't of me,—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, fir, you speak of two [well,—
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
Stands in the gap and trade¹ of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop [speak
Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken² with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board [mas,
He be convented³. He's a rank weed, Sir Tho-
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
servant. [Exit Gardiner and Page.

*As Lovel is going out, enter the King, and the Duke
of Suffolk.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your high-
Most heartily to pray for her. [ness

King. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out? [made

Lov. So said her woman; and that her fustenance
Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladdening of
Your highness with an heir!

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness

A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [Exit Suffolk.

¹ i. e. the practised method, the general course.
And to the king. ³ i. e. summon'd, conven'd.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, fir, what follows? [bishop,

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the arch-
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Re-enter Denny, with Cranmer.

King. Avoid the gallery. [Lovel seemeth to stay.
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!— [Exit Lovel, and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well. [know

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me
your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother
of us⁴,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person: which I weigh not,

² i. e. they have broken silence, and told their
⁴ i. e. you being one of the council.

Being

Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not [world?
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
Your enemies are many, and not small; their
practices

Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween¹ you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good
man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
His language in his tears. [Exit Cranmer.]

Enter an Old Lady.

Gen. [within.] Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring [angels

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever blest her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel,—

Enter Lovel.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
queen. [Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unfay't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Before the Council Chamber.

Cranmer, Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late: and yet the
gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means
this?—Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, 'till you be
called for.

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So.—

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven he found not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor, [sures
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their plea-
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—

King. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury:
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst purpurgers,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought,
They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.—

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the
per end of the table on the left hand; a servant
left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Can-
terbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Som-
rey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat them-*

¹ To ween is to think, to imagine. Obsolete.

seats in order on each side, Cromwell at the lower end, at Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary :

Why are we met in council ?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it ?

Crom. Yes.

Ner. Who waits there ?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords ?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop ;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty : But we all are men,

In our own natures frail ; and capable

Of our flesh, few are angels² : out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeem'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling [lains],

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chap-

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous ; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords : for those, that tame wild horses,

Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer [em,

(Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,

Farewel all physic : And what follows then ?

Comotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state : as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching,

And the strong course of my authority,

Might go one way, and safely ; and the end

Was ever, to do well : nor is there living

I speak it with a single heart, my lords)

A man, that more detests, more stirs against,

Both in his private conscience, and his place,

Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

May heaven, the king may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it ! Men, that make

Wily, and crooked malice, nourishment,

Are bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

What they will, may stand forth face to face,

And freely urge against me.

Ses. Nay, my lord,

That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,

[pleasure,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness'

And our consent, for better trial of you,

From hence you be committed to the Tower ;

Where, being but a private man again,

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than, I fear, you are provided for. [thank you,

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I

You are always my good friend : if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful : I see your end,

'Tis my undoing : Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition ;

Win straying souls with modesty again,

Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,

I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,

But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,

That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss³ discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,

However faulty, yet should find respect

For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,

To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master Secretary,

I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst

Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer

Of this new sect ? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found ?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much ;

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

[agreed,

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;

There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other

Would you expect ? You are strangely troublesome :

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me ?

¹ This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that Sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor : but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 25th of November, 1529 ; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to Sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be after Elizabeth's birth (which brings it down to the year 1534). Sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our poet's chancellor ; who succeeded Sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. ² Meaning, perhaps, Few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity. ³ i. e. your fair outside.

Must

Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven : I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
How much more is his life in value with him ?
'Would I were fairly out on 't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commen-
dations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

[*To Cranmer.*

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

King. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
This honest man, wait like a lowly foot-boy
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, If a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me :
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism ;
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour ; How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons :¹ you shall have [of Norfolk,
Two noble partners with you : the old dutches
And lady marquis Dorset ; Will these please you ?—
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy
The common voice, I see, is verily'd [true heart
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.*
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exit

S C E N E III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within : *Enter Porter, and his Man.*
Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals !
Do you take the court for ² Paris-garden ? ye rascals
slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye
rogue. Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones ; these are
but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads
You must be seeing christenings ? Do you look
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient ; 'tis as much as
possible

¹ Mr. Steevens says, " It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once plentiful and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal escaped at the expence of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name." ² The bear-garden of that time, and in a line with Bridewell.

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning¹; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one found cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-
brand², to mow 'em down before me: but, if I
spur'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or
old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see a chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em
down by the dozens? Is this Morefields to muster
in? or have we some strange Indian with the
great tool come to court, the women so besiege
us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door!
O my christian conscience, this one christening
will beget a thousand: here will be father, god-
father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be
a brasier³ by his face, for, o' my conscience,
twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all
that stand about him are under the line, they need
no other penance: that fire-drake⁴ did I hit three
times on the head, and three times was his nose
pitch'd against me; he stands there like a mor-
tar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's
wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me
till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for
slandring such a combustion in the state. I mis'd
the meteor⁵ once, and hit that woman, who cry'd
out, *clab!* when I might see from far some forty
ruchoneers draw to her succour, which were
the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd.
They fell on; I made good my place; at length
they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd 'em
all; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose
at, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I
was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win
the work: The devil was amongst 'em, I think,
surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-
house, and fight for bitten apples⁶; that no audi-
ence, but the tribulation of Tower-hill⁷, or the
shops of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able

to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,
and there they are like to dance these three days;
besides the⁸ running banquet of two beadies, that
is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand,
fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these [have
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,

If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards⁹, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princefs.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll
make your head ake.

Port. You'll the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll
peck you o'er the pales else. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord
Mayor, Garter, Granmer, Duke of Norfolk with
his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noble-
men bearing two great standing bowls for the
christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a
canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, god-
mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle,
&c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the
Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and
Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and
Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high
and mighty princefs of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and
the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *Maying* on the first of May. ² Of
Warwick every one has heard. Colbrand was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Win-
chester. ³ A *brasier* signifies a man that manufactures bras, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally
used to convey warmth. Both these senses are here understood. ⁴ A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, an-
ciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.
A *fire-drake* was likewise an artificial firework. ⁵ i. e. the brasier. ⁶ The prices of seats for the
play in our ancient theatres were so very low (viz. a *penny*, *twopenny*, and *sixpence*, each, for the *ground*,
gallery, and *rooms*:—the boxes were somewhat higher, being a *shilling* and *half-a-crown*), that we can-
wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shaksp. are in this scene;
especially when it is added, that *tobacco* was smoked, and *ale* drank in them. ⁷ Dr. Johnson suf-
fers the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. ⁸ A publick whipping. ⁹ To *beat*
bards is to *tipple*, to *lie at the spigot*. *Bumbards* were large vessels in which the beer was carried
soldiers upon duty. They resembled *black jacks* of leather.

May hourly fall upon ye !

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*]
With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossips, ye have been too pro-
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, [her,
And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows
with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
[¹ Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,

As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations : He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess² ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords ;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE³.

² *T*IS ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—that's witty !
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to bear

For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we shew'd 'em⁴ : If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

¹ These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of king James. ² Theobald remarks, that the transition here from complimentary address to king James the first is so abrupt, that it seems to him, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in his opinion it was, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. He makes no question but the poet rested here :

And claim by those their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. ³ Dr. Johnson is of opinion, with other Critics, that both the *Prologue* and *Epilogue* to Henry VIII. were written by Ben Jonson. ⁴ In the character of Katharine.

CORIOLANUS

C O R I O L A N U S.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscians.
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the people.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Licitors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

The SCENE¹ is partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with slaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 Cit. BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 Cit. You are resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 Cit. First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 Cit. One word, good² citizens.

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good: What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: but they think, we are too dear: the leannefs that afflicts us, the subject of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere

we become rakes³: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 Cit. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1 Cit. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [Shouts within.] What shouts are these? The other side the city is risen: Why stay we prating here to the Capitol?

All. Come, come.

1 Cit. Soft; who comes here?

¹ The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches exactly copied from the Life of Coriolanus in *Plutarch*. ² Good is here used in the mercantile sense. ³ Alluding to the proverb, as lean as a rake; which perhaps owes its origin to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Dr. Johnson observes, that *Rækel*, in Islandick, is said to mean a r-dog, and this was probably the first use among us of the word rake. As lean as a rake is, therefore, lean as a dog too worthless to be fed.

Enter

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 Cit. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 Cit. He's one honest enough; 'Would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 Cit. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, Will you undo yourselves?

2 Cit. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your slaves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a gulf it did remain In the midst o' the body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—

2 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,

Which ne'er came from the lungs⁴, but even thus, (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly⁵ As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

2 Cit. Your belly's answer: What! The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart⁶, the arm our foldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend; Your most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd: "True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he, "That I receive the general food at first, "Which you do live upon: and fit it is; "Because I am the store-house, and the shop "Of the whole body: But, if you do remember, "I send it through the rivers of your blood, "Even to the court, the heart, to the seat⁷ o' the brain;

"And, through the cranks and offices of man, "The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, "From me receive that natural competency "Whereby they live: And though that all at once, "You, my good friends," (this says the belly) mark

2 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot "See what I do deliver out to each; "Yet I can make my audit up, that all "From me do back receive the flour of all, "And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly And you the mutinous members: For examine Their counsels, and their cares; digest things

rightly,

¹ To scale is to disperse. The word is still used in the North. The meaning is, Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest. ² Disgrace are hardships, injuries. ³ Where for whereas. ⁴ i. e. with a smile not indicating pleasure. ⁵ Most fitly contempt. ⁶ i. e. exactly. ⁷ The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. ⁸ Seat for throne.

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves:—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

² *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' the-lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage¹.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale².—Hail, noble Mar-
cius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissen-
tious rogues,

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

³ *Cit.* We have ever your good word. [*flatter*

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
Beneath abhorring.—What would have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead, [ye?
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof,
The city is well stor'd. [*they say,*

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Show their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
Could the nobility lay aside their ruth³, [enough?
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pitch⁴ my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd: Hang 'em! [*verbs;*
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;— [*sent not*

That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods
Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity⁵, [*caps*
And make bold power look pale) they threw their
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them? [*Joins,*

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wife:
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—⁶ death!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators;
Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.*

¹ *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately
The Volces are in arms. [*told⁶ us;*

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would with me only he.

Com. You have fought together. [*and he*

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

² *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

¹ The meaning is, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed, lead'st the pack,
when any thing is to be gotten. ² Bale is an old Saxon word for misery or calamity. ³ i. e. their
pity, compassion. ⁴ The old copy reads—picke my lance; and to the word is still pronounced
Staffordshire, where they say—picke me such a thing, that is, throw any thing that the demander
wants. ⁵ Meaning, To give the final blow to the nobles. Generosity is high birth. ⁶ viz. that
Volces are in arms.

Men. O, true bred !

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I

Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on :—

Follow, Cominius ; we must follow you ;

Right worthy you priority.

Com. Noble Lartius !

1 Sen. Hence ! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Nay, let them follow :

The Volces have much corn ; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners :—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.—

[*Exeunt.*]

Citizens steal away. *Manent* Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

Bru. He has no equal.

[*ple,—*]

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the peo—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

[*gods.*]

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to ¹ gird the

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him ² ! he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon : But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—

In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what mis-carries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out on Marcius, *O, if he*
Had borne the business !

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits ³ rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear

How the dispatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action ⁴.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Senate-House in Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,

[*know,*]

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

Had circumvention ? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think,
I have the letter here ; yes, here it is :

" They have press'd a power, but it is not known

[*Reading.*]

" Whether for east, or west : The dearth is great ;

" The people mutinous : and it is rumour'd,

" Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,

" (Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)

" And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

" These three lead on this preparation

" Whither 'tis bent : most likely, 'tis for you :

" Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army's in the field :

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,

To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves ; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim ; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,

Take your commission ; hie you to your bands ;
Let us alone to guard Corioli :

If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army ⁵ ; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;

I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Caius Marcius' House in Rome.

*Enter Volumentia, and Virgilia : They sit down on two
low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express
yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son
were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that
absence wherein he won honour, than in the em-
bracements of his bed, where he would shew much
love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and
the only son of my womb ; when youth with
comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way ; when, for a
day of king's entreaties, a mother should not bid
him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering
how honour would become such a person ; that

¹ To sneer, to gibe. ² The sense is, that the present wars annihilate his gentler qualities. ³ Merits
and demerits had anciently the same meaning. ⁴ i. e. We will learn what he is to do, besides going
himself ; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. ⁵ That is, If the Romans being
bring up your army to remove them.

was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleas'd to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak¹: I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum; See him pluck down Aufidius by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him: Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear, Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes; Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt² his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba, When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria, We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee, And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Usher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,——

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,

Than look upon his school-master.

Val. O my word, the father's son: I'll swear, is a very pretty boy. O my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he

let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd³ it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack⁴, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn, she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, and was accounted more honourable than any other. ² Gilt is an obsolete word, meaning a superficial display of gold.

To mammock is a phrase still used in Staffordshire, and implies to cut in pieces, or to tear. ⁴ Crack signifies a boy child.

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with drum and colours, Captains, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will.

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mes. Within this mile and half. [ours.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they Now, Mars, I prythee, make us quick in work; That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter Senators, with others, on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drum afar off.

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,

Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Alarum, far off.

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho! *Enter the Volces.*

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce, And he shall feel mine edge.

[Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, You shames of Rome, you! Herds of boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorrd Farther than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell! All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale

With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, [home, And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on; If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gate.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 Sol. Nor I.

3 Sol. See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters: who, upon the sudden, Clapt-to their gates; he is himself alone, To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who, sensible, out-dares his senseless sword, And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter Marcius bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir.

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius:

Let's fetch him off, or make remain¹ alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.

SCENE V.

Within the Town.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base flutes Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—There is the man of my foul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, Convenient numbers to make good the city: Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, To help Cominius.

¹ Make remain is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than remain.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those the places highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The Roman Camp.

Enter Cominius retreating, with soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought:
we are come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice?—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth, [since?]
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't

Mes. Above an hour, my lord. [drums:]

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
How could'st thou in a mile confound¹ an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mes. Spies of the Voices

Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius!

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him², or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you? [think—]

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you 'till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose. [side]

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on what
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay³ the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd⁴, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wade thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius. [Waving his hand.]

[*They all shout, and wave their swords, take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Voices? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

¹ Confound is here used in the sense of—to expend.

² i. e. swords lifted high.

³ i. e. remitting his ransom.

⁴ Delay for

Though thanks to ail, must I select from all :
The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four¹ shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows :
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in ail with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a Lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports² be guarded : Keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid ; the rest will serve
For a short holding : if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lien. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct
us.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Marcius, and Aufidius.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do
hate thee

Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike ;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy : Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls, [blood,
And made what work I pleas'd : 'Tis not my
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*Here they fight, and certain Voices come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights till they be driven in breathless.*]

Officious, and not valiant !—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting.*]

S C E N E IX.

The Roman Camp.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans ; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a scarf, &c.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's
work,

Thou'lt not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles ;
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire ; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd³, hear more ; where the dull
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—“ We thank the
“ gods,

“ Our Rome hath such a soldier !”—
Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparisons⁴ !
Had'st thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done ; that's, what I can ;
Induc'd, as you have been ; that's for my country ;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overtaken mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech
you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
To hear themselves remember'd.

[*finat*]

Com. Should they not⁵,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store)
of all

The treasure, in the field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius ! Marcius ! cast up their caps and lances ; Cominius and Lartius stand bare.*]

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more ! When drums and trumpets
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows

¹ Coriolanus may mean, that as all the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a part of them, he will submit the selection to four indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. ² i. e. the gates. ³ i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. ⁴ The meaning is,—This man performed the action, and we only filled up the shew.

⁵ That is, not be remembered.

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¹ Him
age, in
support
men of
rough, v
² i. e. ex

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him¹ be made
A coverture for the wars!—No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolic;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises fauc'd with lyes.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steel, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steel; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition²,
To the fairness of my power³.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best⁴, with whom we may articulate⁵,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cry'd to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should

Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary: yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent:

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [Exit.]

S C E N E X.

The Camp of the Volces.

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll patch⁶ at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

Sol. He's the devil. [poison'd,

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's
With only suffering itain by him; for him
Shall flie out of itself: nor sleep nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements⁷ all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I [city;
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended⁸ at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
(Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, sir. [Exit.]

¹ *Him for it.* The personal *him* is not unfrequently used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter. ² A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. ³ i. e. in proportion equal to my power. ⁴ i. e. the chief men of Corioli. ⁵ i. e. enter into articles. ⁶ *Patch* is a word used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. ⁷ *Embarquements* means not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*, or *impediment*. ⁸ i. e. expected.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. THE augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' the right hand file? Do you?

Bru. Why, how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks¹, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tender-like, upon too trivial motion: one that

converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning². What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such wealmen as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurgusses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say, your worthips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon³ conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fasslet-feller; and then rejoin the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the colic, you make faces like mummers: set up the bloody flag against all patience⁴, and, in rearing for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: you are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-even to your worthips: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the bestly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now, my fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

¹ Alluding to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he flows his own. ² Rather a late-lie-down than an early riser. ³ i. e. blind. ⁴ i. e. declare war against patience.

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—
Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Botb. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—
A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—
Brings a' victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And it was time for him too, I'll warrant him that: 'an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Vol. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—
Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and one too i' the thigh:—
There's nine that I know.

Vol. He had before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: Hark, the trumpets.

[*A shout, and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him

he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them, Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to Rome, renown'd Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my good foldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence?, hail!

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome, general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

[*come:*]

And I could laugh; I am light and heavy. Welcome A curse begin at very root of's heart, That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should dote on: yet by the faith of men,

[*will not*]

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors: We call a nettle, but a nettle; and The faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

[*To his Wife and Mother.*]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited; From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings, But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy:

i. e. informed. 2 i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, "Thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest."

Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flourish. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in state, as before.*

Brutus and Sicinius come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him : Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture ¹ lets her baby cry,
While she chats him : the kitchen malkin ² pins
Her richest lockram ³ 'bout her reeky neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions ; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens ⁴
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him ⁵,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the least cause, these his new honours ; which
That he will give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility :
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will's
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred

He still hath held them ; that, to his power, he
would

Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms : holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more foul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war : who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't ; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry stubble ; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter ? [*thought,*

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. ¹
That Marcius shall be consul : I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak : Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd : the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue ; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts :
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol ;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

¹ *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here : How
many stand for consulships ?

² *Off.* Three, they say : but 'tis thought of every
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

¹ *Off.* That's a brave fellow ; but he's venge-
ance proud, and loves not the common people.

² *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men
that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd
them ; and there be many that they have lov'd,
they know not wherefore : so that, if they love
they know not why, they hate upon no better a
ground : Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care
whether they love, or hate him, manifests the
true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and,
out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly
see 't.

¹ *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their
love or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good, nor harm ; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render it
him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to
affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is
as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their love.

¹ *Rapture* was a common term at that time used for a fit simply. ² A kind of mop made of
clouts for the use of sweeping ovens : thence a dirty wench. *Maukin* in some parts of England figu-
rifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens, a scarecrow. ³ *Lockram* was some kind of
cheap linen. ⁴ i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. *Seld* is often used by
antient writers for *seldom*. ⁵ i. e. as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country :
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,
who have been supple and courteous to the people;
bonnetted¹, without any further deed to heave
them at all into their estimation and report: but
he hath so planted his honours in their eyes,
and his actions in their hearts, that for their
tongues to be silent, and not confess so much,
were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report other-
wise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lye,
would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear
that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man :
Make way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the people, Licitors before them; Coriolanus, Mene-
mus, Cominius the Consul: Sicinius and Brutus, as
Tribunes, take their places by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Vöices, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that [you,
Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length; and make us think,
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off²;
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[*Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,

Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, sir: yet off,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You foot'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your
people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down. [fun,
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
When the alarm were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*.

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spaw'n how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now
see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it:—Proceed *Comi-
nius*.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome³, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian⁴ chin he drove
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers; Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: He topt the fliers;
And, by his rare example, made the coward
Turn terror into sport: as waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, [stamp)
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's
Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate⁵ o' the city, which he painted
With shunleis destiny; aidleis came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood

¹ Bonnet, Fr. is, to pull off one's cap. ² i. e. that is nothing to the purpose. ³ i. e. raised
power to recover Rome. ⁴ i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. ⁵ The parts of wo-
men were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found
among the players. ⁶ i. e. the gate was made the scene of death.

To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the ho-
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery ¹ itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend his time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be called for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter Coriolanus.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom: for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please
you,

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Brut. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;
Shew them the unaking scars, which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
With we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Cornets. Then Exeunt.]

Manent Sicinius, and Brutus.

Brut. You see how he intends to use the
people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Brut. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market place,
I know they do attend us.

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 Cit. Once ², if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do: for if
he shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we
are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak
for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must
also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingra-
titude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be in-
grateful, were to make a monster of the multitude;
of the which, we being members, should bring
ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a
little help will serve: for once, when we stood up
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us—the
many-headed multitude.

3 Cit. We have been call'd so of many; not
that our heads are some brown, some black, some
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversly
colour'd: and truly, I think, if all our wits were
to issue out of one scull, they would fly east, west,
north, south; and their consent of one direct
way should be at once to all the points o' the
compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge,
my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as
another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a
block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould,
sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where being three
parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth
would return for conscience sake, to help to get
thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—
You may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolv'd to give your voices
But that's no matter, the greater part carries it.
say, if he would incline to the people, there was
never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus, and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility;
mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all to-
gether, but to come by him where he stands, by
ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his
requests by particulars; wherein every one of us
has a single honour, in giving him our own voices
with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and
I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. O sir, you are not right; Have you not
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace: Look, sir;—my
wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

¹ Misery for avarice.

² Once here means the same as when we say once for all.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a
brace.

You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, fir; tell us what hath brought
you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir; 'Twas never my desire yet
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any
thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the con-
fultship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good
voice, fir;

What say you?

Both Cit. You shall have it, worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—There's in all two worthy
voices begg'd:—

I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no
matter. [Exit.]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here
the customary gown.

1 Cit. You have deserv'd nobly of your country,
and you have not deserv'd nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,
you have been a rod to her friends; you have not,
indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love. I will,
fir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a
dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they ac-
count gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice
is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will
practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them
most counterfeitedly; that is, fir, I will counterfeit
the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it
bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech
you, I may be consul.

2 Cit. We hope to find you our friend; and
therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 Cit. You have received many wounds for
your country.

Cor. I will not seal¹ your knowledge with shew-
ing them. I will make much of your voices, and
so trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, fir, heartily!

[Exit.]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish² gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob, and Dick, that does appear,
Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't.
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices; for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
Indeed, I would be consul. [voices:]

1 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

2 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods
give him joy, and make him good friend to the
people!

All. Amen, amen.—God save thee, noble consul!

[Exit.]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, fir.

[again,

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [Exit Coriol. and Men.]
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose

1 Cit. He has our voices, fir. [this man?]

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

¹ I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to
writing.

² i. e. this rough hirsute gown.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not
mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his coun-

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could
shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

I would be consul, says he: *aged custom,*

But by your voices, will not so permit me:

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,

Here was,—I thank you for your voices, thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,

I have nothing further with you:—Was not this
mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness

To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,

As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,

But was a petty servant to the state,

He was your enemy; ever spake against

Your liberties, and the charters that you bear

I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving

A place of potency, and sway o' the state,

If he should still malignantly remain

Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might

Be curses to yourselves: You should have said,

That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less

Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature

Would think upon you for your voices, and

Translate his malice towards you into love,

Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,

And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd

Either his gracious promise, which you might,

As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;

Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article,

Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,

And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt?

When he did need your loves; and do you think,

This his contempt shall not be bruising to you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you,

Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,

On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
[friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,

As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And, on a safer judgement, all revoke

Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,

And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you

The apprehension of his present portance⁴,

Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,

(No impediment between) but that you must

Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided

By your own true affections: and that, your minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do

Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to

How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continued: and what stock he springs of,

The noble house o' the Marcians; from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,

Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:

Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,

That our best water brought by conduits hither;

And Censorinus, darling of the people,

And noble nam'd so, twice being censor,

Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,

That hath beside well in his person wrought

To be set high in place, we did commend

To your remembrances: but you have found,

Scaling his present bearing with his past⁵,

That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke

Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,

(Harp on that still) but by our putting on:

And presently, when you have drawn your numbers,

Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all

Repent in their election.

[*Exeunt Citizens*]

Bru. Let them go on;

This mutiny were better put in hazard,

Than stay, past doubt, for greater:

If, as his nature is, he fall in rage

With their refusal, both observe and answer

The vantage of his anger⁶.

Sic. To the Capitol, come;

We will be there before the stream o' the people:

And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own.

Which we have goaded onward.

¹ i. e. did you want knowledge to discern it?

³ Object his pride.

⁴ i. e. carriage.

⁶ i. e. mark, catch, and improve the opportunity which his hasty anger will afford us.

² i. e. with contempt open and unrestrained.

⁵ i. e. weighing his past and present behaviour.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street.

Exeunt. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head? [caus'd

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Voices stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius? [curse

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me: and did Against the Voices, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That, of all things upon the earth, he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To Lartius.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people, The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;

For they do prank¹ them in authority, Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter? [commons?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the

market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

For all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues!—What are

your offices? [teeth?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their

¹ Plume, deck, dignify themselves.

² i. e. shuffling.

³ i. e. shuffling.

⁴ i. e. shuffling.

⁵ i. e. shuffling.

⁶ i. e. shuffling.

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility:—

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot:

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd

them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

[clouds,

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must enquire your

way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

[t'ring?

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This pal-

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely⁴

I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, fir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,

I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves: I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle⁵ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and

scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words 'till their decay, against those meazels⁶,

² The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff

⁴ Falsely for treacherously.

⁵ Cockle is a weed which

⁶ Mezell is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper.

Which

Which we disdain should tetter us, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain!—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows¹? mark you
His absolute *shall*?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.

Cor. *Shall*!

O gods!—But most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but [rit
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not ipi-
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance: if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs². They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
lute power)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons, [the corn
More worthier than their voices. They know,
Was not our recompence; setting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the
war,

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

They would not thread the gates⁴: this kind of
service

Did not deserve corn gratis: Being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native⁵
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did re-
quest it;—

"We are the greater poll, and in true fear
"They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debate
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, titles,
wisdom

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while [low
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it fol-
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state. [is
More than you doubt⁶ the change of 't; that pre-
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body⁷ with a dangerous physic,
That's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: Your dishonour
Mangles true judgement, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity⁸ which should become it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. He has said enough. [frow

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall ne-
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho! Let him be apprehended!

¹ A minnow is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. ² Alluding to having called him *Triton* before. ³ Meaning, that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest. ⁴ That is, *pass* them. ⁵ *On* natural parent. ⁶ i. e. fear. ⁷ To jump anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion any thing. To jump a body may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. ⁸ Integrity is in this place soundness, uniformity, consistency.

Sic. Go, call the people: [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose name, myself

Attach thee, as a traiterous innovator,
A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged fir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Re-enter Brutus, with a rabble of Citizens, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, ædiles.

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace: stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of
breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak:—You, tri-
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

All. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,
Whom late you nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation;

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

Heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,

On the part o' the people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy

Present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;

Or him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
To destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

All. Yield, Marcus, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Befeech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

[friend,

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,

And bear him to the rock.

[*Coriolanus draws his sword.*]

Cor. No; I'll die here.

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

[draw a while.

Men. Help, Marcus! help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

All. Down with him, down with him! [*Exeunt.*]

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I prythee, noble friend, home to thy house;

Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, 'befeech you.

Com. Come, fir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd;) not Romans, (as they
are not,

[gone.]

Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be

Men. Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,

I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself

[tribunes,

Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands

Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,

Before the tag² return? whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little; this must be patch'd

With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

Dr. Johnson, on this passage, remarks, that he knows not whether to *owe* in this place means to
be by right, or to be indebted. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are
powerless, will give us power in some other time: or, this time of the people's predominance will
bring them in debt; that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile
obedience. 2 The lowest of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them,
rag, and bobtail.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's
his mouth :

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, doth forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work !

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed ! [*vengeance,*

Men. I would they were in Tiber !—What, the
Could he not speak 'em fair ?

Enter Brutus, and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That will depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself ?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

All. He shall sure out.

Men. Sir, sir,—

Sic. Peace. [*but hunt*

Men. Do not cry, havock¹, where you should
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue ?

Men. Hear me speak :—

As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul !

All. No, no, no, no, no. [*people,*

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to dispatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence,
Were but one danger ; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death ; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies ? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,

By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country :
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam².

Bru. Meerly awry : When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was ?

Bru. We'll hear no more :—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Left his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tyger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process,
Left parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so—

Sic. What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come—

Men. Consider this ;—He hath been bred i' the
wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer :
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you :— [*must come,*
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He
Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Coriolanus's House.

Enter Coriolanus, with Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present
me

Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of fight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumentia.

Pat. You do the nobler.

¹ i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. To cry havock, was, I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *hafoc*, which in Saxon signifies a hawk. It was afterwards used in war, and seems to have been the signal for general slaughter. ² i. e. Awry. Hence a *kam* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. The Welch word for crooked is *kam*.

Cor. I muse¹, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy or sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance² stood up
To speak of peace, or war. [*To Vol.*] I talk of you;
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
False to my nature? Rather say, I play [me
The man I am.

Vol. O, fir, fir, fir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go. [are,

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough,
something too rough;
You must return and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
Before he should thus stoop to the herd³, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble.
But when extremities speak, I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
In the war do grow together: Grant that, and
tell me,

In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force⁴ you this?

Vol. Because,

That now it lies you on to speak to the people:
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to; but with such
words

That are but roared in your tongue, but bastards,
and syllables

Of no allowance⁵, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required;
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general lowts⁶
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want⁷ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not⁸ what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I prythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prythee now, [rather
Go, and be rul'd: although, I know, thou had'st
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter Cominius.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Prythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

¹ i. e. I wonder.

² i. e. my rank.

³ i. e. the people.

⁴ i. e. urge.

⁵ i. e. of no

⁶ established rank, or settled authority.

⁷ i. e. our common clowns.

⁸ i. e. the want of their loves.

⁹ In this place not seems to signify not only.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd ¹ sconce?
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot ² to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I prythee now, sweet son; as thou hast
said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:—

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired ³ with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent ⁴ in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't;
Left I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'd'st it from me;
But own thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
lov'd

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia.]

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I

Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.—

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

The Forum.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, *It shall be so,*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them. [to cry,

Bru. And when such time they have begun
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [Exit Ædile.]

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth ⁵
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks ⁶
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with
others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

¹ Mr. Hawkins explains *unbarbed* by bare, uncover'd; and adds, that in the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutered for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe*, which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. Mr. Steevens, however, says, *unbarbed sconce* is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man was to shave him. ² i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. ³ i. e. which played in concert with my drum. ⁴ To *tent* is to take up residence. ⁵ i. e. according to Mr. Malone—He has been used to his worth, or (as we should now say) his *pennyworth* of contradiction; his full quota or proportion. ⁶ To *look* is to wait or expect. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart is waiting there to help us to break his neck*.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume¹.—The hon-
nour'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our streets with war!

¹ *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people. [*say.*

Æd. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho. [*sent?*

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this pre-
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy church-yard. [*only.*

Cor. Scratches with briars, fears to move laughter

Men. Consider further,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds;
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy² you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,

That being past for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so. [*take*

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to

From Rome all reason'd³ office, and to wind

Yourself into a power tyrannical;

For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,

In thine hands clutch'd as many millions, in

Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,

Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To the rock with him! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not lay new matter to his charge:

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

[*mother?*

Men. Is this the promise that you made your

Com. Know, I pray you—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, faying: Pent to linger

But with a grain a day, I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word;

Nor check my courage for what they can give,

To have't with faying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Envy'd⁴ against the people, seeking means

To pluck away their power; as⁵ now at last

Given hostile strokes, and that not⁶ in the presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers

That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,

Even from this instant, banish him our city;

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,

I say, it shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so; let him away:

He's banish'd, and it shall be so. [*friends;—*

Com. Hear me, my matters, and my common

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,

Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love

My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate⁷, her womb's increase,

And treasure of my loins: then if I would

Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As enemy to the people, and his country:

It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air, I banish you;

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair! have the power still

¹ i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. ² Envy is here
taken at large for malignity, or ill intention. ³ i. e. all office established and settled by time. ⁴ i. e.
behaved with signs of hatred to the people. ⁵ As, in this instance, would seem to have the power
of as well as. ⁶ Not stands again for not only. ⁷ i. e. I love my country beyond the rate at which I
value my dear wife.

To banish your defenders : 'till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not 'till it feels ;
Making but reservation of yourselves,
Still your own foes) deliver you, as most
Abated captives¹, to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back ;
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others. The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

All. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despight ;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city. [*come :—*]

All. Come, come, let us see him out at gates ;
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—*Come.* [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Before the Gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears ; a brief farewell :
—the beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage ? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd matter-ship in floating : fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning² : you were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens ! O heavens !

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,— [*Rome,*

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
And occupations perish !

Cor. What, what, what !

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—*Cominius,*
Droop not ; adieu :—Farewel, my wife ! my mother !
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true *Menenius,*
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles ; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond³ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace : and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen) your
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught

With cautelous baits and practice⁴.

Vol. My first⁵ son,

Whither wilt thou go ? Take good *Cominius*
With thee a while : Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That start's i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods !

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee ; so, if the time thrust forth,
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man ;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :—

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch⁶ : when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still ; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand :—*Come.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus, with an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home ; he's gone, and we'll
no further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Brut. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.

¹ Abated is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirits. ² The sense is, When fortune strikes the hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness cunning, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. ³ i. e. foolish. ⁴ First, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. ⁵ First, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. ⁶ First, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men.

Sic. Bid them home :
 Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [Exit Ædile.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us :

Keep on your way.

[O'the gods

Vol. O, you're well met : The hoarded plague
 Requite your love !

Men. Peace, peace ; be not so loud. [hear ;—

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should
 Say, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone ?

[To Brutus.

Vir. [To Sicin.] You shall stay too : I would, I
 had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind ?

[fool.—

Vol. Ay, fool ; Is that a shame ?—Note but this
 Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship²
 To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
 Than thou hast spoken words ?

Sic. O blessed heavens !

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wife words ;
 And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what ;—Yet
 go ;—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
 Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
 His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then ?

Virg. What then ?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
 As he began ; and not unknit himself
 The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

[rabble :

Vol. I would he had ? 'Twas you incens'd the
 Cates, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven
 Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :

As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The meanest house in Rome ; so far, my son,

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see)

Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her wits ?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[Exit Tribunes.

But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
 But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
 Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home, [with me ?
 And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup

Vol. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself,
 And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go :
 Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
 In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me :
 your name, I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as
 you are, against 'em : Know you me yet ?

Vol. Nicanor ? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you ;
 but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.
 What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from
 the Volcian state, to find you out there : You have
 well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange infur-
 rection : the people against the senators, patricians,
 and nobles.

Vol. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state
 thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike prepa-
 ration, and hope to come upon them in the heat of
 their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small
 thing would make it flame again. For the nobles
 receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy
 Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take
 all power from the people, and to pluck from
 them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing,
 I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent
 breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd ?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelli-
 gence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I
 have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a
 man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her hus-
 band. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear
 well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus
 being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate,
 thus accidentally to encounter you : You have end-
 ed my business, and I will merrily accompany you
 home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you
 most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the
 good of their adversaries. Have you an army
 ready, say you ?

¹ Dr. Johnson here remarks, that the word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and
 taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and,
 in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius
 takes Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a *human creature*, and accordingly cries out :
 Note but this fool. — Was not a man my father ?

² i. e. cunning enough.

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment¹, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Antium.

Before Aufidius's House.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean apparel, disguis'd and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City, 'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir Of these fair edifices for my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not; Left that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [Exit Citizen.
O, world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a diffention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes, [sleep
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.

SCENE V.

A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.

Enter another Serving-man.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus! [Exit.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

¹ That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. ² Companion was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word fellow.

Re-enter the first Serving-man.

1 Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Serving-man.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions²? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 Serv. Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Serving-man. The first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house. [hearth.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go, And batten on cold bits. [Pushes him away.

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. [Exit.

3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Serv. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Serv. Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius, with the second Serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Voices' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name? [me yet?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Voices,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,¹
And witness of the malice and displeasure [mains:
Which thou shouldst bear me, only that name re-
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak² in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame³ seen through thy country, speed thee
straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn runs of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius, [heart
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
[*True*; I'd not believe them more than thee,
All noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scarr'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I marry'd; never man

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell
thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, sitting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy
Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

[have

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission, and set down,—
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own
ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: Most
welcome!

[Exit.

1 *Serv.* Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have
struck him with a cudgel; and yet my mind
gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turn'd me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would
set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: He had, sir, a kind of face,
methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking, as it were,—
'Would I were hang'd, but I thought there was
more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: He is simply
the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater foldier
than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither: but I take him to
be the greater foldier.

2 *Serv.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how

¹ Memory for memorial.

² i. e. resentment or revenge.

³ i. e. disgraceful diminutions of

to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations, I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the troth on't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand¹, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He will go, he says, and fowle² the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd³.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were) durst not (look you, sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds

peace, as far as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent⁴. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd⁵, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so; and as war, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volces.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A public Place in Rome.

Enter Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His remedies are tame⁶ in the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Br. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd, But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much He could have temporiz'd. [better, if]

Sic. Where is he, hear you? [wife]

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Br. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, as Are bound to pray for you both. [our knees]

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Br. Farewel, kind neighbours: We wish'd Co- Had lov'd you as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

¹ Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event. ² That is, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. The word is derived from *fore*, i. e. to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals. ³ That is, *bared*, *cleared*. ⁴ i. e. full of rumour, full of materials for discourse. ⁵ i. e. fotten'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd.

⁶ i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance¹.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-shell'd, when Marcius stood for
And durst not once peep out. [Rome,

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius? [be,

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason² with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—

Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mes. Yes, worthy sir,

The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mes. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between

The young't and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone³,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news? [ters, and

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughter
To melt the city leads upon your pates;

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?— [news?

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
If Marcius should be joined with the Volces,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapeth man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation⁴, and
The breath of garlick-eaters⁵!

Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit⁶.
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly⁷ revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him even

¹ That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. ² i. e. talk. ³ Dr. Johnson remarks, that to *atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. ⁴ *Occupation* is here used for *mechanics*, men *occupied* in daily business. ⁵ To *smell of garlick* was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by Guevara. It appears also, that garlick was once much used in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion. Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow, a person left to suffer without friends to assist him. ⁶ Alluding to the apples of the Hesperides. ⁷ To *revolt smilingly*, is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt.

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true :

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face [hands,
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.—You have made fair
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it. [like beasts,

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out of the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They'll roar him in again¹. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us: That we did, we did for
the best; and though we willingly consented to
his banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made you [Capitol?
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the

Com. O, ay; what else? [Exe. Com. and Men.

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong,
when we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

[wealth

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go.

[Exeunt Tribunes.

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him;
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;

Unless by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,

(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account. [Rome?

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:

The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty

To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome
As is the osprey² to the fish, who takes it

By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man; whether defect of judgement,
To fail in the disposing of those chances

Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving

From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,

(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,

So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choak it in the utterance. So our virtues

Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done³.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler⁴, strengths by strength do
fail.

Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou more.

[Exeunt.

¹ i. e. As they hooted at his departure, they will roar at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. ² A kind of eagle. ³ The sense is, The virtue which delights to commend itself will find the surest tomb in that chair wherein it holds forth its own commendations. ⁴ i. e. What is already right, and received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*A public Place in Rome.**Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, and Brutus, with others.*

Men. NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,

Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him in a most dear particular. He call'd me father: But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him, A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we have bled together. Coriolanus He would not answer to: forbid all names; He was a kind of nothing, titleless, 'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work: A pair of tribunes, that have rack'd¹ for Rome, To make coals cheap: a noble memory²!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon When least it was expected: he reply'd, It was a bare³ petition of a state, To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well: Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard For his private friends: his answer to me was, He could not stay to pick them in a pile Of noisome, musty chaff: he said, 'twas folly, For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt, And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child, And this brave fellow too, we are the grains: You are the musty chaff; and you are smelt Above the moon: We must be burnt for you. [*aid*]

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your In this so never-needed help, yet do not Upbraid us with our distress. But sure, if you Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue, More than the instant army we can make, Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius

Return me, as Cominius is return'd,

Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it: I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip, And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me. He was not taken well; he had not din'd: The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then We pout upon the morning, are unapt To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls [him] Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch 'Till he be dieted to my request, And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness, And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge Of my success. [*Exit.*]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye Red as 'twould burn Rome: and his injury The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him: 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do, He sent in writing after me; what he would not, Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions⁴; So that all hope is vain; Unless his noble mother, and his wife, Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him For mercy to his country—Therefore, let's hence, And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Volscian Camp.**Enter Menenius to the Watch, or Guard.*

1 Watch. Stay: whence are you?

2 Watch. Stand, and go back. [*your leave,*]

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by I am an officer of state, and come To speak with Coriolanus.

1 Watch. From whence?

Men. From Rome. [*our general*]

1 Watch. You may not pass, you must return; Will no more hear from thence.

2 Watch. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire before

¹ To rack means to harass by exactions. The meaning is, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals.
² Memory for memorial. ³ A bare petition means only a mere petition. ⁴ Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that here is a chiasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this: To yield to his conditions is vain, and better cannot be obtained, so that all hope is vain.

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots ¹ to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is, Menenius.

¹ *Watch.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name

Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,

Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, happily, amplified;
For I have ever verifi'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer ²: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ³ ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

¹ *Watch.* 'Faith, 'sir, if you had told as many
lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your
own, you should not pass here: no, though it were
as virtuous to lie, as to live chafely. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

² *Watch.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as
you say, you have) I am one that, telling true under
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Has he din'd, can't thou tell? for I would
not speak with him 'till after dinner.

¹ *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

¹ *Watch.* Then you should hate Rome, as he
does. Can you, when you have push'd out of your
gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent
popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield,
think to front his revenges with the easy groans
of old women, the virginal palms ⁴ of your
daughters, or with the palsy'd intercession of such
a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think
to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to
flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you
are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution: you are condemn'd,
our general has sworn you out of reprieve and
pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here,
he would use me with estimation.

² *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

¹ *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back,

I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;
—back, that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand
for you: you shall know now, that I am in esti-
mation: you shall perceive that a Jack guardant
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess
by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not
in the state of hanging, or of some death more
long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; be-
hold now presently, and swoon for what's to come
upon thee. The glorious gods sit in hourly scold
about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no
worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my
son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look
thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly
moved to come to thee: but being assured, none
but myself could move thee, I have been blown
out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to
pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen.
The good gods allwage thy wrath, and turn the
dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a
block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away!

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lyes
In Volcian breasts ⁵. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[*Gives him a letter.*]

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man Aufidius
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper. [*Exit.*]

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

¹ *Watch.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius.

² *Watch.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power:
You know the way home again.

¹ *Watch.* Do you hear how we are shent ⁶ for
keeping your greatness back?

² *Watch.* What cause, do you think, I have to
swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your
general: for such things as you, I can scarce think
there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will
to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let
your general do his worst. For you, be that you

¹ A lot here is a prize. ² Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: To verify is to establish by testimony. One may say with propriety, he brought false witnesses to verify his title. Shakspeare considered the word with his usual laxity, as importing rather testimony than truth, and only meant to say, I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would suffer. ³ Subtle means smooth level. ⁴ By virginal palms may be understood the holding up the hands in supplication.

⁵ i. e. Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. ⁶ Shent means shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of ourselves.

are, long; and your misery increase with your age!
I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.]

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our general:
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.
[Exit.]

S C E N E . III.

A Tent.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow

Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the measure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him: for whose old love, I have
(Though I shew'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! What shout is this?

[Shout within.]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius,
with Attendants, all in mourning.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mold
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'zy worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and
am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,

Even to a full disgrace.—Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous queen of heaven², that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unfaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;
[Kneels.]

Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and improperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while [Kneels.]
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beech
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;

I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

[Pointing to Valeria.]

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,

[Shewing young Marcius.]

Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,

With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw³,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my-
self,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:

Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more, no more!

You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame

¹ i. e. how openly.

² i. e. Juno.

³ i. e. every gust, every storm.

May hang upon your hardnefs : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be filent and not ſpeak, our raiment

And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life We have led ſince thy exile. Think with thyſelf, How more unfortunate than all living women Are we come hither : ſince that thy fight, which ſhould

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
¹ Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow ;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to ſee The ſon, the huſband, and the father, tearing His country's bowels out. And to poor we, Thine enmity's moſt capital : thou barr'ſt us Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy : For how can we, Alas ! how can we for our country pray, Where to we are bound ; together with thy victory, Where to we are bound ? Alack ! or we muſt loſe The country, our dear nurſe ; or elſe thy perſon, Our comfort in the country. We muſt find An evident calamity, though we had Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win : for either thou Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led With manacles thorough our ſtreets ; or elſe Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ; And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed Thy wife and children's blood. For myſelf, ſon, I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, 'till Theſe wars determine : if I cannot perſuade thee Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts, Than ſeek the end of one, thou ſhalt no ſooner March to aſſault thy country, than to tread (Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb, That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine, That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name Living to time.

Boy. He ſhall not tread on me ; I'll run away 'till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be, Requires nor child nor woman's face to ſee. I have ſat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus. If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy ^{[us,} The Volces whom you ſerve, you might condemn As poiſonous of your honour : No ; our ſuit Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volces May ſay, " This mercy we have ſhew'd ; " the Romans,

" This we receiv'd ; " and each in either ſide Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, " Be bleſt " For making up this peace ! " Thou know'ſt, great ſon,

The end of war's uncertain ; but this certain, That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit

Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name, Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes ; Whoſe chronicle thus writ,—" The man was noble, " But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out : " Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains " To the enſuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, ſon : Thou haſt affected the fine ſtrains of honour, To imitate the graces of the gods ; To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air, And yet to charge thy ſulphur with a bolt That ſhould but rive an oak ². Why doſt not ſpeak ? Think'ſt thou it honourable for a noble man Still to remember wrongs ?—Daughter, ſpeak you : He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy ; Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more Than can our reaſons.—There is no man in the world

More bound to his mother ; yet here he lets me prate, ³ Like one i' the ſtocks. Thou haſt never in thy life Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy ; When ſhe, (poor hen !) fond of no ſecond brood, Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafe home, Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt, And ſpurn me back : But, if it be not ſo, Thou art not honeſt ; and the gods will plague thee, That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away : Down, ladies ; let us ſhame him with our knees, To his ſurname Coriolanus 'longs more pride, Than pity to our prayers. Down : An end : This is the laſt :—So we will home to Rome, And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us : This boy, that cannot tell what he would have, But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowſhip, Does reaſon ⁴ our petition with more ſtrength Than thou haſt to deny't.—Come, let us go : This fellow had a Volce to his mother ; His wife is in Corioli, and this child Like him by chance :—Yet give us our diſpatch : I am huſh'd until our city be aſire, And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother !—

[Holds her by the hand, ſilent.]

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope, The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O ! You have won a happy victory to Rome : But, for your ſon,—believe it, O, believe it, Moſt dangerouſly you have with him prevail'd, If not moſt mortal to him. But, let it come :—Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars, I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius, Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard A mother leſs ? or granted leſs, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were :

And, ſir, it is no little thing, to make Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good ſir, What peace you'll make, adviſe me : For my part, I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you : and pray you,

¹ That is, *conſtrains* the eye to weep, and the heart to ſhake. ² The meaning is, to threaten much, and yet be merciful. ³ i. e. keeps me in a ſtate of ignominy talking to no purpoſe. ⁴ i. e. argue for.

Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work Myself a former fortune¹.

[*Aside.* *The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Ay, by and by;

But we will drink together; and you shall hear

[*To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.*]
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-feal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The Forum, in Rome.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yon coign o' the Capitol; yon corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenc'd, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse². The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mef. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:

A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,

No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mef. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?

Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*]

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia

Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,

A city full; of tribunes, such as you,

A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;

This morning, for ten thousand of your throats

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Sound still, with the shouts.*]

Sic. First, the gods bleis you for your tidings:

Accept my thankfulness. [*next,*]

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, passing over the stage, &c. &c.

Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:

Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A publick Place in Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:

Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,

Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse,

The city ports by this hath enter'd, and

Intends to appear before the people, hoping

To purge himself with words: Dispatch.—Most welcome!

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

1 Con. How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoison'd,

¹ I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power.

² Subintelligitur remembers his dam.

And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose,
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: 'till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd¹ me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him².
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts
of the people.*]

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is, He prescribed to me with an air of authority, and gave me his countenance for my wages; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. ² This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. ³ That is, rewarding us with our own expences.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
*Enter Coriolanus, with drums and colours; the Com-
mons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoil, we have brought
home,

Doth more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?—

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears!—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes imprest upon him ; that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 Lord. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle on a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently.

[The croud speak promiscuously.]

He kill'd my son,—My daughter,—He kill'd my
cousin Marcus.

He kill'd my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.—
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth : His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and kill

Marcus, who falls, and Aufidius stands on
him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep. [quiet ;
3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this
rage,

Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame,
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :
Help, three o' the chieftest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory ².
Assist.

[Exit, bearing the body of Marcus. A dead
march sounded.]

¹ i. e. his fame overspreads the world.

² Memory, as before, for memorial.

JULIUS CAESAR

JULIUS
OCTAVIUS
M. ANTONIUS
M. AEMILIUS
CICERO
BRUTUS
CASSIUS
CASCA
TREBONIUS
LIGARIUS
DECIMUS
METELLUS
CINNA

SCENE

Enter
Flav.

Is this a
Being m
Upon a
Of your
Car.
Mar.
What do
You, fir
Cob. T
I am but
Mar.

Cob. A
a safe con
of bad fo
Flav.

Cob. N
me. Yet
Mar.

Cob. V

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS } *Triumvirs after the Death
of Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *Senators.*
BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIVS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *Conspirators against Ju-
lius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS, and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.
CINNA, *a Poet: Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO,*
and VOLUMNIUS; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS; *Servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*
CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, for the three first ACTS, at Rome: afterwards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and near Philippi.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

ROME.

A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

Flav. HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, fir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—

You, fir; what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, fir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with
a safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender
of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, fir, be not out with
me. Yet, if you be out, fir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me,
thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, fir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the
awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor
woman's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed,
fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great
danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever
trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-
work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, fir, to wear out their shoes, to get
myself into more work. But, indeed, fir, we
make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his
triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings
he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have

Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude. [fault,

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this
Assemble all the poor men of your fort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies¹.
Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius², Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcia, a Soothsayer, &c.

Cæf. Calphurnia,—

Cæcia. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæf. Calphurnia,—

Calp. Here, my lord.

Cæf. Stand you directly in Antonius's way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæf. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæf. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæf. Ha! Who calls?

Cæcia. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

Cæf. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæf. What man is that?

[*March.*

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
Cæf. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cæf. Fellow, come from the throng:—Look
upon Cæsar. [again,

Cæf. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæf. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet³. Exeunt Cæsar and train.*

Cæf. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæf. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamester; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæf. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes, that gentleness,
And shew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange⁴ a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference⁵,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cæf. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cæf. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cæf. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughier, or did use

¹ Ceremonies for religious ornaments.

² This person was not Decius, but Decimus Brutus.

³ We have before observed, that *Sennet* appears to be a particular tune or mode of martial musick.

⁴ *Strange* is alien, unfamiliar.

⁵ i. e. with a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.

To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſter¹; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flouriſh and ſhout.]

Bru. What means this ſhoutiſh? I do fear, the
Chooſe Cæſar for their king. [people]

Caf. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it fo.

Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well:—

But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

And I will look on both indifferently:

For, let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love

The name of honour more than I fear death.

Caf. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.—

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my ſingle ſelf,

I had as lief not be, as live to be

In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.

I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:

We both have fed as well; and we can both

Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and guſty day,

The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,

Cæſar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now*

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd; and we did buſſet it

With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,

And ſtemming it with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,

Cæſar cry'd, *Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.*

I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder

The old Anchifeſ bear, ſo, from the waves of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæſar: And this man

Is now become a god: and Caſſius is

A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,

If Cæſar careleſſly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain,

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;

And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,

Did loſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,

Alas! it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink, Titinius,*

As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould

So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world,

And bear the palm alone.

[Shout. Flouriſh.]

Bru. Another general ſhout!

I do believe, that theſe applauſes are

For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

Caf. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow
world,

Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.

Men at ſome time are maſters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,

But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.

Brutus, and Cæſar: What ſhould be in that Cæſar?

Why ſhould that name be ſounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,

Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.

Now in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,

That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:

Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,

But it was ſam'd with more than with one man?

When could they ſay, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,

When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay, [brook'd

There was a Brutus² once, that would have

The eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome,

As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:

How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,

I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,

I would not, ſo with love I might intreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,

I will conſider; what you have to ſay,

I will with patience hear; and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, ſuch high things.

'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this³;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome

Under ſuch hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Caf. I am glad, that my weak words

Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from

Brutus.

Re-enter Cæſar and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæſar is re-

turning.

Caf. As they paſs by, pluck Caſca by the ſleeve:

And he will, after his ſour faſhion, tell you

What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do ſo:—But, look you, Caſſius,

The angry ſpot doth glow on Cæſar's brow,

And all the reſt look like a chidden train:

Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero

Looks with ſuch ferret⁴ and ſuch fiery eyes,

As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,

Being croſs'd in conference by ſome ſenators.

¹ That is, to invite every new proteſter to my affection by the ſtale or allurements of cuſtomary oaths.

² i. e. Lucius Junius Brutus.

³ i. e. ruminates on this.

⁴ A ferret has red eyes.

Cæs. Cæsa will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Cæsa to them.

Cæs. You pull'd me by the cloak; Would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Cæsa; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Cæs. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Cæsa what had
chanc'd.

Cæs. Why, there was a crown offer'd him:
and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a'
shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Cæs. Why for that too.

Cæs. They shouted thrice; What was the last
cry for?

Cæs. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Cæs. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every put-
ting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cæs. Who offer'd him the crown?

Cæs. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cæsa.

Cæs. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the man-
ner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it.
I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown,—yet
'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coron-
nets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but,
for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have
had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he
put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very
loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd
it the third time; he put it the third time by:

and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted,
and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their
sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stink-
ing breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that
it had almost choak'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and
fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst
not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and re-
ceiving the bad air.

Cæs. But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar
swoon?

Cæs. He fell down in the market-place, and
foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sick-
ness.

Cæs. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Cæsa, we have the falling-sickness.

Cæs. I know not what you mean by that; but,
I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag peo-
ple did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he
pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the
players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cæs. Marry, before he fell down, when he
perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd
the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and
offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a
man of any occupation¹, if I would not have
taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell
among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he
came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or
said, any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to
think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches,
where I stood, cry'd, *Alas, good soul!*—and for-
gave him with all their hearts: But there's no
heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd
their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Cæs. Ay.

Cæs. Did Cicero say any thing?

Cæs. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cæs. To what effect?

Cæs. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look
you i' the face again: But those, that understood
him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads:
but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I
could tell you more news too: Marullus and Fla-
vius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put
to silence. Fare you well. There was more
foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cæs. Will you sup with me to-night, Cæsa?

Cæs. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cæs. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Cæs. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cæs. Good; I will expect you.

Cæs. Do so: Farewel both. [Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cæs. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprize,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

¹ i. e. Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians, to whom he offered his throat.

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Brut. And so it is. For this time I will leave you :
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you ; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so :—till then, think of the world :

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble : yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd¹ : Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me². I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Cæsa, his sword
drawn ; and Cicero, meeting him.*

Cic. Good even, Cæsa : Brought you Cæsar
home ?

Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Cæsa. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway
of earth³

Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too faucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Cæsa. A common slave (you know him well by
sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural ;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-dispos'd time :
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Cæsa. He doth : for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Cæsa : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Cæsa. Farewel, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cæs. Who's there ?

Cæsa. A Roman.

Cæs. Cæsa, by your voice.

[*this ?*]

Cæsa. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is

Cæs. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæsa. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cæs. Those, that have known the earth so full of
faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Cæsa, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cæsa. But wherefore did you so much tempt
the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

[*life*]

Cæs. You are dull, Cæsa ; and those sparks of
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind⁴ ;
Why old men fools, and children calculate⁵ ;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Cæsa, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious⁶ grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Cæsa. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius ?

Cæs. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews⁷ and limbs like to their ancestors ;
But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;

¹ i. e. The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

² The meaning is, Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me. Should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.

³ The whole weight or momentum of this globe.

⁴ i. e. why they deviate from quality and nature.

⁵ i. e. foretell or prophesy.

⁶ Prodigious is portentous.

⁷ Thews is an obsolete word implying
muscular strength.

Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Casf. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Casf. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep ;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ? But, O, grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca : and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand ¹ :
Be factious ² for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Casf. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me

In Pompey's porch : For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element,
It favours ³ like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one
in haste.

Casf. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cin. To find out you : Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Casf. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna ?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this ?
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Casf. Am I not staid for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party——

Casf. Be you content : Good Cinna, take this pa-
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this
In at his window ; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there ?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Casf. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness. *[him,*

Casf. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,

We will awake him, and be sure of him. *[Exit.]*

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter Brutus, in his Orchard.

Bru. **W**HAT, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say : What,
Lucius !

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *[Exit.]*

Bru. It must be by his death ; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him !—
That ;—

¹ i. e. here's my hand.

² *Factious* seems here to mean *active*.

³ i. e. it resembles.

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse¹ from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affection's sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof²,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back;
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees³
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
And kill him in the shell. [chievous;

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the kalendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

"Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress!

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome—" Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome [Rome?
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
If the redress will follow, thou receivest [mise,
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks. [Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council⁴; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother⁵ Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them? [ears,

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough [racy;
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on⁶,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter Cassius, Cæsa, Decius, Cinna, Metellus, and
Trebonius.*

Cas. I think, we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Cæsa; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper.

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break

Cæsa. No. [here?

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Cæsa. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath; If not the face of men,

¹ i. e. pity. ² i. e. common experiment. ³ i. e. low steps. ⁴ Shakespeare here describes what
passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his
own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*,
the passions which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the
desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.
⁵ Cassius married Junia, Brutus' sister. ⁶ i. e. if thou walk in thy true form.

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
'Till each man drop by lottery¹. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious²,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be bury'd in his gravity. [him;]

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well lov'd of Cæsar,
Should out-live Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. [Cassius,

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought³, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath strucken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees⁴,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard⁵,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along to him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

¹ Perhaps the poet here alludes to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by lot of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment. ² i. e. *cautious*. ³ That is, turn melancholy.

⁴ Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. ⁵ i. e. *hates Cæsar*.

Cæs. The morning comes upon us : We'll leave you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ; Let not our looks put on our purposes ; But bear it as our Roman actors do, With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy : And so, good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Brutus.

Boy! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ; Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies, Which busy care draws in the brains of men ; Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

[*now ?*]

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you ? It is not for your health, thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, Musing, and sighing, with your arms across : And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You star'd upon me with ungentle looks : I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot : Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ; But, with an angry westure of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ; Fearing to strengthen that impatience, Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal, Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ; And, could it work so much upon your shape, As it hath much prevail'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wife, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ; And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night ? And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ; You have some sick offence within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,

I charm you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love, and that great vow Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy : and what men to-night Have had resort to you : for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus. Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted, I should know no secrets That appertain to you ? Am I yourself, But, as it were, in fort, or limitation ; To keep with you at meals, comfort¹ your bed, And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure² ? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ; As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this [secret, I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal, A woman that lord Brutus took to wife ; I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal, A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter, Think you, I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father'd, and so husbanded ? Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them : I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound Here, in the thigh : can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knock,* Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ; And by and by thy bosom shall partake The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee, All the character³ of my sad brows :—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]

Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.

Lucius, who is that knocks ? [you.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue. [*Caius,*

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave To wear a kerchief ? 'Would you were not sick !

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius, Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods, that Romans bow before,

¹ *Comfort your bed*, "is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea," says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *comfort*. But this good old word, however disused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine, in public said, "She hath beene to me a true obedient wife, "and as comfortable as I could wish." In our marriage ceremony, also, the husband promises to *comfort* his wife ; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1582, says, that to *comfort* is, "to re-create, to solace, to make pastime." ² Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. ³ i. e. all that is character'd on, &c.

I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must [make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his Night-gown.

Cæf. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæf. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
You shall not stir out of your house to-day. [forth?

Cæf. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies¹,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.
A lion's hath whelp'd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurl'd² in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæf. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;

[*princes.*

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of

Cæf. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæf. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well,
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæf. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so. [Cæsar:
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæf. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæf. Shall Cæsar send a lye?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come. [cause,
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
Left I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæf. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee [tents,
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance³.

¹ i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens. ² To hurl is, perhaps, to clash, or move with violence and noise. ³ There are two allusions in this speech; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new tinctures, and new marks of cognizance; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The Romans, says Decius, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can
And know it now; the senate have concluded [say:
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock,
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

"Break up the senate 'till another time,
"When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable¹. [phurnia?

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

*Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsa,
Trebonius, and Cinna.*

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Cæsa.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.— [nius!

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebo-

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,
[Aside.

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

"Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Cæsa; have an eye to
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Me-
tellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not;
thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is
but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look
about you: security gives way to conspiracy.
The mighty gods defend thee!

"Thy lover,

"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive². [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Another part of the same Street.

Enter Portia, and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam. [gain,

Por. I would have had thee there, and here a-

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else? [well,

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: Which way hast
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol. [not?

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou?

Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him? [fear may chance.

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.

¹ i. e. subordinate.

² i. e. the fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*The Street, and then**The Capitol: the Senate sitting.*

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.

Cæf. THE ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit. [suit]

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæf. What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæf. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæf. What, urge you your petitions in the street? Come to the Capitol.

[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

Pop. I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

Cæf. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena? [thrive.]

Cæf. He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might I fear, our purpose is discovered. [him.]

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark

Cæf. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes:

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæf. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar. [him.]

Bru. He is address'd: press near, and second

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.

Cæf. Are we all ready? What is now amiss, That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.] A humble heart:—

Cæf. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordinance², and first decree,

Into the lane³ of children. Be not fond, To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood, That will be thaw'd from the true quality With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked cur'sies, and base spaniel fawning. Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him, I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear, For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar; Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæf. What, Brutus!

Cæf. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon: As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall, To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæf. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move, prayers would move me: But I am constant as the northern star, Of whose true-fixt, and resting quality, There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks, They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,

Let me a little shew it, even in this;

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæf. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæf. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me. [They stab Cæsar.]

Cæf. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæf. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;

Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

¹ i. e. he is ready. ² Pre-ordinance, for ordinance already established. ³ Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "the law of children. That is, change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter." ⁴ i. e. susceptible of fear, or other passions.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
 Should chance—— [Caesar's]

Bru. Talk not of standing :——Publius, good
 cheer ;

There is no harm intended to your person,
 Nor to no Roman else¹ : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed,
 But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were dooms-day.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :
 That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the time,
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
 So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd
 His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let's all cry, Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages
 hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
 No worthier than the dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd
 The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
 Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? A friend of An-
 tony's. [kneel ;]

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
 Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
 Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
 Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
 If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
 How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
 Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to
 friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind,
 That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome,
 Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar ! Dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank² :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Caesar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made
 rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do ; yet see you but our hands,
 And this the bleeding business they have done :
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
 Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
 Antony :

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence³.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, 'till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand :
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Me-
 tellus ;—
 Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—

¹ This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to our ancient writers. ² i. e. who else is grown too high for the public safety. ³ Brutus' meaning is, Antony, our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just perform'd, and our hearts, united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection.

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen, all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe¹.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And, this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Caf. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Caf. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you? [indeed,

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Caf. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent, [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Caf. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide² of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs³ of men;
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*⁴, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome. [Hath chanc'd:

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with Cæsar's body.*

S C E N E II.

The Forum.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Plb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

¹ *Lethe* was a common French word, signifying death or destruction, from the Latin *letum*, and used in that sense by many of the old translators of novels. ² i. e. the course of times. ³ Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "these limbs of men;" that is, the *se* bloodhounds of men. ⁴ See note ¹, p. 722.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him;
And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak. [reasons,

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*; and compare their
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians*;
Brutus goes into the rostrum.

3 *Pleb.* The noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence!
Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: be-
lieve me for mine honour; and have respect to
mine honour, that you may believe: censure me
in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you
may the better judge. If there be any in this as-
sembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I say,
that *Brutus' love* to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If
then that friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against
Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I lov'd *Cæsar*
less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you ra-
ther *Cæsar* were living, and dye all slaves; than
that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all free men? As
Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was for-
tunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I ho-
nour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him:
There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune;
honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambi-
tion. Who is here so base, that would be a bond-
man? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is
here so vile, that will not love his country? If
any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for
a reply.

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done
no more to *Cæsar*, than you shall do to *Brutus*.
The question of his death is enroll'd in the *Capitol*:
his glory not extenuated, wherein he was wor-
thy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suf-
fered death.

Enter Mark Antony, &c. with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*:
who, though he had no hand in his death, shall re-
ceive the benefit of his dying, a place in the com-
monwealth; As which of you shall not? With
this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for
the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for my-
self, when it shall please my country to need my
death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live! live! [house.

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better parts
shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts
and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Pleb.* Peace; silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæsar's* corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar's* glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, 'till *Antony* have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho! and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him:—Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus' sake*, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus' sake*,
He finds himself beholden to us all. [here.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus*

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blest, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace; let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him. [ears;

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with *Cæsar*! The noble *Brutus*

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for
him?—

O judgement, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:

My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,

And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks, there is much reason in his
sayings.

2 *Pleb.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters?

1 I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. [Antony.]

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world: now lies he there, And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, Who, you all know, are honourable men: I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you, Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar, I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament, (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read) And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, And dip their napkins¹ in his sacred blood; Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy, Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark An- [Antony.]

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you. You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar, It will inflame you, it will make you mad: 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs; For if you should, O, what would come of it.

4 *Pleb.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony; You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while? I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it!

I fear, I wrong the honourable men, Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?—Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar, And let me shew you him that made the will. Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [He comes down from the pulpit.]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent; That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through: See, what a rent the envious Casca made:

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

The dint of pity²: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will berevend: Revenge! About,—Seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Pleb.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise, and honour-

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you. [able,

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor

dumb mouths!

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

¹ i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen.
pression of pity.

² i. e. the im-

On
Enter
T
Otho. Yo
A drach
late river R
mean, who

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak. [tony.]

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not:—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas¹.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar!—We'll revenge his

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar! [death.]

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves:

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now,
fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him, the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to night, that I did feast with
And things unluckily charge my fantasy: [Cæsar,
I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor? Then to answer every man directly, and
briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I
fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him
going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands,
ho! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn
all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;
some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

On a small Island near Mutina².

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. THESE many then shall die; their names
are prick'd. [Lepidus?]

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you,

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius³ shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony. [him.]

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damu⁴
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

¹ A drachma was a Greek coin of the value of seven-pence farthing. ² A small island in the
little river Rhenus near Bononia, according to Hammer. ³ Lucius, not Publius, was the person
meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony. ⁴ i. e. condemn him.

Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Ota. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Ota. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Ota. You may do your will;
But he's a try'd and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd, [out;
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Ota. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,

But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;—
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong. [sies;

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine eye—
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
And when you do them— [wrongs;

Bru. Cassius, be content,
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The inside of Brutus' Tent.

Enter Brutus, and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement! [member!]

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon¹,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in²; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions³.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, 'till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men. [Brutus:]

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not. [mov'd me.]

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempt-

Cas. I durst not? [ed him.]

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know, [better
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

¹ Warburton comments on this passage thus: "The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation: —Brutus, bay not me."
² i. e. to limit my authority by your direction or censure. ³ That is, to know on what terms
⁴ it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus !——
Bru. What's the matter ?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful ?
Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[A noise within.
Post. [within.] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Luc. [within.] You shall not come to them.
Post. [within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.
Enter Post.
Cas. How now ? What's the matter ? [mean ?
Post. For shame, you generals ; What do you
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha ; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !
Bru. Get you hence, firrah ; saucy fellow, hence.
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time : [fools :—
What should the wars do with these jiggling
Companion's, hence.
Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Post.
Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think, you could have been so
angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha ! Portia ?
Bru. She is dead. [so ?—
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you
O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?
Bru. Impatient of my absence ;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her
death

That tidings came ; With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire ².

Cas. And dy'd so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !

Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl
of wine :—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—
Fill, Lucius, 'till the wine o'er-swell the cup ;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia ! art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? Hear you aught of her
in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you.

But yet my nature could not bear it so. [think
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

¹ i. e. fellow.

² This circumstance is taken from Plutarch, and is also mentioned by Val. Maximus. Pliny, however, reports her to have died at Rome of a lingering illness, while Brutus was abroad.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on; we will along
Ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel,
good Metella;—

Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro, and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius. [*pleasure.*]

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again:
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace¹ upon my boy,

That plays thee musick?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.—

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me: Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi. [*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
cry'dst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Claud. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Both. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claud. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ A mace is the ancient term for a scepter.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*The Plains of Philippi.**Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

Octa. **N**OW, Antony, our hopes are answered :

You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant shew ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Octa. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Octa. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[March.]

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army ;
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

Octa. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Octa. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

Octa. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live ! hail Cæsar !*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And how'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :
This tongue had not offended to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause : If arguing make
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators ;

When think you that the sword goes up again ?—

Never, 'till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well aveng'd ; or 'till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou can'st not die by traitors hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octa. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou could'st not die more honour-
able.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Octa. Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field :

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ;
and swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

[Lucilius and Messala stand forth.]

Luc. My lord. *[Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius.]*

Cas. Messala.

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;
Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away, and gone ;

And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly ;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? [*Roman,*

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man
might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarm.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look,
Titinius;

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,
Whether you troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pind. [*above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pind. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
now,

Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they shout for joy.

[*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Re-enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do, [*Oath;*
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself.

But

But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
done ;

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child !
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mef. Seek him, Titinius ; whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Mef.*]
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?
Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part ;
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]
Alarum. Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato,
Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

Mef. Lo, yonder : and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius !—

Look, wher' he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well !
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body ;
His funeral shall not be in our camp,
Left it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—
And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—
'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your
heads ! [*me ?*]

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

Enter Soldiers, and fight.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius ;
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight ;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner !

2 Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general :—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Luc. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see wher' Brutus be alive, or dead ;
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,

How every thing is chang'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock. [*Lord.*]

Cl. Statilius shew'd the torch-light : but, my
He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius !

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus : Look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius : list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;

And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.

I know, my hour is come.

[*Vol.*]

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Br. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry 'till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cl. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Br. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Vol.*

Br. Hence; I will follow.

I pray thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,
my lord.

Br. Farewel, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala,
Lucilius, and the Army.*

Oct. What man is that? [*master?*

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,

With all respect, and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a foldier, order'd honourably.—

So, call the field to rest: and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ANTONY

AM

M. AN
OCTAVI
EMILIU
SEXTUS
DOMITI
VENTID
CANIDI
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCET
DEMETR
PHILO,
MECÆN
AGRIPP
DOLABE
PROCULE
THYREU
GALLUS,

PHIL N

That o'er
Have glo
The office
Upon a tr
Which in
The buck
And is be
To cool a
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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *Triumvirs.*
EMILIUS LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
CANIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } *Friends of Antony.*

MECENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
TYREUS,
GALLUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*

MENAS,
MENEKRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS,
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*
TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, } *Servants to Cleopatra.*
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer : A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*
OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*
CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS

Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE is dispersed in several parts of the Roman Empire.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Cleopatra's Palace at Alexandria.

Enter Demetrius, and Philo.

Phil. **N**AY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his good-
ly eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war [turn,
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges ¹ all temper ;
And is become the bellows and the fan,
To cool a ² gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come !

*Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their
trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple ³ pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn ⁴ how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new hea-
ven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum ⁵.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, “ Do this, or this ;
“ Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
“ Perform 't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—
Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers. [arch

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide
Of the rang'd empire fall ! Here is my space ;

¹ i. e. renounces. ² Gypsy is here used both in the original meaning for an Egyptian, and in its
accidental sense for a bad woman. ³ Triple is here used improperly for third, or one of three. One
of the triumvirs, one of the three masters of the world. ⁴ i. e. bound or limit. ⁵ i. e. be brief,
finish thy business in a few words.

Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,

[Embracing.]

And such a twain can do 't ; in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet ¹,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?——
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But ² stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger, but thine ;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,

That he approves the common liar ³, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Palace.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's
the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen ?
O ! that I knew this husband, which, you say,
must change ⁴ his horns with garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ? [know things ?]

Char. Is this the man ?——Is't you, sir, that

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more believing, than believ'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking ⁵.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let
me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and
widow them all ! let me have a child at fifty, to
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage ⁶ ! find
me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion
me with my mistress !

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than
figs ⁷.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former
Than that which is to approach. [fortune]

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names ⁸ : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million ⁹.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if no-
thing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth
famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-
say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—
Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

¹ To know. ² But here signifies *unless*. ³ Meaning, that he proves the common liar, false, in his case to be a true reporter. ⁴ Dr. Johnson doubts, whether *change* in this place may not signify merely to *dress*, or to *dress with changes of garlands* ; certain it is, that *change* of clothes in the time of Shakspeare signified *variety* of them. ⁵ A heated liver is supposed to make a pimpled face. ⁶ Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering tyrant, so that Herod of Jewry became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "out-herods Herod." The meaning then is, Charmian wishes for a son, who may arrive to such power and dominion, that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. ⁷ A proverbial expression. ⁸ A fairer fortune may mean, a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that belike all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. ⁹ The meaning is, If you had as many wombs as you will have wishes, and I should foretel all those wishes, I should foretel a million of children. It is an ellipsis very frequent in conversation ;—I should shame you, and tell all ; that is, and if I should tell all. And is for and if, which was anciently, and is still provincially used for if.

Sooth.

Soth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Soth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worse thoughts heavens mend!—
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden

[bus,—

A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus.*

Eno. Madam.

[Alexas?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Antony, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exeunt.

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,

Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On;

[thus;

Things that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)

Hath, with his Parthian force, extended¹ Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mes. O my lord!

[tongue;

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still²; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mes. At your noble pleasure.

[Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

[one?

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mes. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a letter.

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution³ lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone; [on.

The hand could⁴ pluck her back, that shov'd her

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they
suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women
die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though, between them and a great cause, they
should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching
but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-
ment⁵: I do think, there is mettle in death,
which commits some loving act upon her, she
hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of
nothing but the finest part of pure love: We can-
not call her winds and waters, sighs and tears;
they are greater storms and tempests than alma-
nacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her;

¹ i. e. seized. ² The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by
quick winds, produces more evil than good. ³ i. e. by change of circumstances. ⁴ Could for would.
Could, would, and should, are very often indiscriminately used in the old plays. ⁵ i. e. for less
reason; upon meaner motives.

if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, fir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, fir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new¹. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broach'd in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose: I shall break The cause of our expedience² to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches³, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition⁴ us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserfer, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier: whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: much is breeding, Which, like the courser's hair⁵, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since. [does:—]

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he I did not send you⁶;—If you find him sad,

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit Alex.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing. [him.]

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear; In time we hate that which we often fear.

[*Enter Antony.*]

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall; It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter? [news.]

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good What says the marry'd woman?—You may go; 'Would, she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here, I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first, I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,— [true,

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, To be entangled with those mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,— [going,

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your But bid farewell, and go: when you sh'd staying, Then was the time for words: No going then;— Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; Bliss in our brows' bent⁷; none our parts so poor, But was a race⁸ of heaven: They are so still, Or thou, the greatest foldier of the world, Are turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady! [know,

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands Our services a while; but my full heart Remains in use with you. Our Italy Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:

¹ The meaning is this: "As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones."

² Expedience for expedition.

³ i. e. things that touch me more sensibly.

⁴ i. e. wish us at home.

⁵ Alluding to an old idle notion, that the hair of a horse dropped into corrupted water, will turn to an an mal.

⁶ You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.

⁷ i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows.

⁸ i. e. had a smack or flavour of heaven. The race of wine is the taste of the soil.

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten; And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change: My more particular, And that which most with you should save my going, Is Fulvia's death. [freedom,

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen: Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read The garboils¹ she awak'd; at the last, best: See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love! Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill With sorrowful water²? Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give the advice: By the fire, That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence, Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war, As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;— But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well; So³ Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear; And give true evidence to his love, which stands An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me. I prythee, turn aside, and weep for her; Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears Belong to Egypt⁴. Good now, play one scene Of excellent dissembling; and let it look Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target.—Still he mends; But this is not the best: Look, prythee, Charmian, How this Herculean⁵ Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word. Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it: Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it: That you know well:—Something it is I would,—

O, my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all-forgotten⁶.

Ant. But that your royalty Holds idleness your subject, I should take you For idleness itself⁷.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour, To bear such idleness so near the heart As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me; Since my becoming⁸ kill me, when they do not Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence; Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly, And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come; Our separation so abides, and flies, That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me, And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Cæsar's Palace in Rome.

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know, It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate One great competitor: From Alexandria This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are Evils enough to darken all his goodness: His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven, More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary, Rather than purchas'd⁹; what he cannot change, Than what he chooses. [not

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit And keep the turn of tippling with a slave; To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed, [tony Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Ant. No way excuse his foils, when we do bear So great weight in his lightness¹⁰: If he fill'd

¹ i. e. the commotion the occasioned. The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great stir*.

² Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend. ³ So for as. ⁴ i. e. to me, the queen of Egypt. ⁵ Antony traced his descent from Anton, a son of Hercules.

⁶ The plain meaning is, *My forgetfulness makes me forget myself*. But she expresses it by calling *forgetfulness* Antony; because *forgetfulness* had forgot her, as Antony had done. ⁷ i. e. according to Warburton, "But that your charms hold me, who am the greatest fool on earth, in chains, I should have adjudged you to be the greatest."

⁸ Cleopatra may perhaps here allude to Antony having before called her, in the first scene, "wrangling queen, whom every thing becomes."

⁹ The meaning, according to Mr. Malone, is, "As the stars or spots of heaven are not obscured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackness of the night, so neither is the goodness of Antony eclipsed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults seem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues."

¹⁰ i. e. trifling levity.

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him¹ for't; but, to confound such time,—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge²,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

[hour,

Mef. Thy biddings have been done; and every
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæf. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mef. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menebrates and Menas, famous pirates, [wound
Make the sea serve them; which they ear³ and
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood⁴ to think on't, and flush youth⁵ re-
volt:

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæf. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels⁶. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Panfa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses⁷, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lack'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæf. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæf. 'Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord: What you shall know
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæf. Doubt it not, sir; I knew it for my bond.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha,—Give me to drink mandragora⁸.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unfeminar'd, thy freer thoughts [ons?
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affecti-

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

[thing

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do no-
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

[he?

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget⁹ of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison: Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my
brow;

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Ægypt, hail!

¹ Call on him, is visit him for it. ² i. e. boys old enough to know their duty. ³ To ear is to flow. ⁴ i. e. turn pale at the thought of it. ⁵ Flush youth is youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow. ⁶ Wassel is here put for intemperance in general. ⁷ All these circumstances of Antony's distress are taken literally from Plutarch. ⁸ A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep. ⁹ A burget is a kind of helmet.

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gild'd thee ¹.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses,
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, " the firm Roman to great Ægypt sends
" This treasure of an oyster : at whose foot,
" To mend the petty present, I will piece
" Her opulent throne with kingdoms : All the east,
" Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt ² steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd ³ by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extreams

Of hot and cold ; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man ; but note
him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

In Ægypt with his joy ; but between both :
O heavenly mingle ! Be'tt thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Met'tt thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be choak'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My fallad days !

When I was green in judgement : Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then ⁴ !—But, come, away ;
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Ægypt ⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Messina. Pompey's House.

Enter Pompey, Meneceates, and Menas.

Pomp. IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,

That what they do delay, they not deny. [*says*]

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
The thing we sue for ⁶.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : to find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pomp. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where

He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pomp. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan lip !

Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even 'till a Lethe'd dulness—How now, Varrius ?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome

¹ Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a *medicine*. ² *Arm-gaunt* perhaps means, a horse so slender that a man might clasp him, and therefore formed for expedition. In Chaucer's description of a King of Thrace in the *Knight's Tale*, *armgrete* is used to signify as big as the arm ; *arm-gaunt* therefore may mean as slender as the arm. We still say, in vulgar comparison, as long as my arm, as thick as my leg, &c. ³ i. e. put to silence by him. ⁴ The meaning is, Those were my fallad days, when I was green in judgement ; but your blood is as cold as my judgement, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then. ⁵ By sending out messengers. ⁶ The meaning is, While we are praying, the thing for which we pray is losing its value. Expected ;

Expected; since he went from Ægypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pomp. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—*Menas*, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd ¹ his helm
For such a petty war: his foldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Ægypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope ²,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespassies to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pomp. I know not, *Menas*,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square ³ between
themselves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, *Menas*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome.

Enter Enobarbus, and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day ⁴.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for private stomaching.

Eno. Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony, and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mecænas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,

That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the fourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curtness ⁵ grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are
not so;

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly 't the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to found your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise ⁶ on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question ⁷.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and
brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation.

Was theme for you ⁸, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act ⁹: I did enquire it;

And have my learning from some true reports ¹⁰,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause ¹¹? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:

I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,

¹ To don is do on, to put on. ² Hope for expect. ³ i. e. quarrel. ⁴ i. e. I would meet him undressed, without shew of respect. ⁵ i. e. Let not ill humour be added to the subject of our difference. ⁶ To practise means to employ unwarrantable arts or stratagems. ⁷ i. e. my theme or subject of conversation. ⁸ i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account; they took up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and subject of their insurrection. ⁹ i. e. never did make use of my name as a pretence for the war. ¹⁰ Reports for reporters. ¹¹ having the same cause as you to be offended with me.

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted¹ mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another :
The third o' the world is yours ; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the
men might go to wars with the women !

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet : for that, you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæf. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria ; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted ; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning : but, next day,
I told him of myself² ; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæf. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak :
The honour³ is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath,——

Cæf. To lend me arms, and aid, when I re-
quir'd them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcnas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for
the instant, you may, when you hear no more
words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have
time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else
to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot. [no more.]

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak

Eno. Go to then ; your confederate stone⁴.

Cæf. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge
to edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agg. Give me leave, Cæsar,——

Cæf. Speak, Agrippa.

Agg. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæf. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agg. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing ; truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæf. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so*,
To make this good ?

Cæf. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæf. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, Amen !

[Pompey ;

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Left my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him,

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be fought,
Or else he seeks out us.

¹ i. e. opposed. ² i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience. ³ Meaning, the religion of an oath. ⁴ i. e. "I will henceforth seem senseless as a stone, how ever I may observe and consider your words and actions."

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus.*]

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agg. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are
so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Ægypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of counte-
nance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-
fast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feast, which worth-
ily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her¹.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agg. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter
devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars
were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue)
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agg. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends² adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles

Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her: and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agg. Rare Ægyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agg. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she crop'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish³.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agg. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them; At-
tendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,

Before the gods my knee shall bow in prayer
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:

I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [Exit Cæsar, and Octavia.]

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wish yourself in
Ægypt?

¹ i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits. ² Mr. Tollet thinks *bends* or *hands* is the same word, and means in this place the several *companies* of Nereids that waited on Cleopatra while Mr. Malone apprehends, *their bends* refers to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. "Her attendants, in order to learn their mistress's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the bends or movements of which added new lustre to her beauty." ³ *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a frumpet.

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence,
Thither! [nor you]

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in

My motion¹, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Ægypt.

Ant. Say to me,

Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:

Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear², as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

[to thee.]

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when

If thou dost play with him at any game,

Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,

He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,

When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit

Is all afraid to govern thee near him;

But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:

[Exit Soothsayer.]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,

He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him:

And, in our sports, my better cunning faints

Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,

When it is all to nought; and his quails³ ever

Beat mine, inhoop'd⁴, at odds. I will to Ægypt:

And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter Ventidius.

If the east my pleasure lies.—O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:

Follow me, and receive it.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The same; a Street.

Enter Lepidus, Mæcenai, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you
Your generals after.

[hasten]

Ag. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. 'Till I shall see you in your soldiers' drefs,

Which will become you both, farewell.

Mæc. We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount⁵

Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your stay is shorter,

My purposes do draw me much about;

You'll win two days upon me.

Botb. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewel.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody⁶

Of us that trade in love.

[food]

Omnes. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is-fore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman:—come, you'll play with me,

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

[fir?]

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—

Give me mine apple,—We'll to the river: there,

My musick playing far off, I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes: my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when

You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time — O times! —

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night

I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,

Ere the ninth hour, I drank him to his bed;

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst

I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram⁷ thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,

That long time have been barren.

Mef. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:

But well and free,

If so thou yield him, there is gold, and here

My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mef. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, firrah,
mark; we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,

The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour

Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mef. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony

Be free, and healthful,—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,

Not like a formal⁸ man.

Mef. Will 't please you hear me? [speak't:]

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,

Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail

Rich pearls upon thee⁹.

Mef. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mef. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou art an honest man.

¹ i. e. the divinitory agitation. ² i. e. a fearful thing. A fear was a personage in some of the old moralities. ³ The antients used to match quails as we match cocks. ⁴ Inhoop'd is inclosed, enclosed, that they may fight. ⁵ i. e. Mount Misenum. ⁶ i. e. melancholy. ⁷ Shakspeare probably wrote (as Sir T. Hanmer observes) *Rain thou, &c.* which agrees better with the epithets fearful and barren. ⁸ i. e. like a man in form or shape. ⁹ i. e. I will give thee a kingdom; it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with gold-dust and pearls.

Mef. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mef. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
 The good precedence; *fy*e upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a jailer to bring forth
 Some monstrous malefactor. *Pr'ythee*, friend,
 Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
 The good and bad together: He's friends with
 Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mef. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
 He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mef. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mef. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mef. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence, [*Strikes him again.*]
 Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
 Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She baies him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipt with wire, and stew'd in brine,
 Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mef. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
 And make thy fortunes proud: the blow, thou hadst,
 Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
 And I will boot thee with what gift beside
 Thy modesty can beg.

Mef. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mef. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Gbar. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
 The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
 Melt Ægypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
 Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
 Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Gbar. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
 A meaner than myself; since I myself
 Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, fir.

[*Re-enter Messenger.*]

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
 If thou again say, Yes.

Mef. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
 there still?

Mef. Should I lye, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;

So half my Ægypt were submerg'd¹, and made
 A cistern for scald snakes! Go, get thee hence;
 Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
 Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mef. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

[*you:*]

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend
 To punish me for what you make me do,
 Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of
 thee,

[*hence:*]

That art not what thou'rt sure of²!—Get thee
 The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
 Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lye they upon thy hand,
 And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Gbar. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Gbar. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for it now. Lead me from hence,
 I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
 Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
 Report the feature³ of Octavia, her years,
 Her inclination, let him not leave out
 The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Let him⁴ for ever go:—Let him not,—Charmian;
 Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
 The other way he is a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To Marsian.*]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
 mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

*Enter Pompey, and Menas, at one door, with drum
 and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony,
 Enobarbus, Meccenas, with soldiers marching.*

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
 And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have we
 Our written purposes before us sent:
 Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
 If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
 And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
 That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,
 Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
 Wherefore my father should revengers want,
 Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
 Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
 There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
 That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And
 What made, all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
 With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
 To drench the Capitol; but that they would

¹ *Submerg'd* is whelm'd under water. ² i. e. Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thy-
 self assured, but thou art in my opinion a knave by thy master's fault alone. ³ i. e. the beauty.
⁴ i. e. Antony. ⁴ i. e. to Julius

Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despightful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time. [falls,

Ant. Thou canst not fear¹ us, Pompey, with thy
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pomp. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
But, since the cuckow builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be intreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pomp. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates: then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pomp. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pomp. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds¹ the east are soft; and thanks to you
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pomp. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face²;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pomp. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pomp. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pomp. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar³ in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

Pomp. Come. [Exit. Manent *Enob.* and *Menas.*

Men. [Aside.] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er
have made this treaty.—

You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me:
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give
me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority,
here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back
again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for
Mark Antony here: Pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Mar-
cellus.

Eno. But now she is the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men.

¹ i. e. affright us.

² A metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.

³ i. e. to Julius Cæsar.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the hand, that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Ægyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he marry'd but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, fir, will you aboard?

I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, fir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Near Mount Misenum.

On board Pompey's Galley.

Musick plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants¹ are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink².

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition³, he cries out *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan⁴ I could not heave.

1 Serv. To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disfigure the cheeks⁵.

A fennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, fir: They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know, By the height, the lowness or the mean⁶, if dearth, Or foizon⁷, follow: the higher Nilus swells, The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman

Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Ægypt is brad now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pomp. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not 'till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, 'till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly I have heard, the Ptolemies' Pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forfake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, And hear me speak a word.

Pomp. Forbear me 'till anon.—This wine for

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, fir, like itself: and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourishes it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pomp. [*To Menas aside.*] Go, hang, fir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's the cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,

Rise from thy stool.

Pomp. [*Rises, and walks aside.*] I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pomp. [*To Menas.*] Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pomp. What say'st thou? [*That's twice.*]

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

Pomp. How shall that be?

Men. But entertain it,

And, though you think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pomp. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:

¹ Plants, besides its common meaning, is here used for the foot, from the Latin. ² A phrase amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy. ³ A phrase equivalent to that now in use, of *touching one in a sore place*. ⁴ i. e. a pike. ⁵ i. e. Great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which if the eyes be wanting, pitifully disfigure the cheeks. ⁶ i. e. the middle. ⁷ i. e. plenty, abundance.

Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,¹
Is thine, if thou wilt have it.

Pomp. Shew me which way.

[*titors,*

Men. These three world-sharers, these compe-
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All then is thine.

Pomp. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spok^e of it! In me, 'tis villany;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd² fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pomp. This health to Lepidus.

[*Pompey.*

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pomp. Fill 'till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it
were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; encrease the reels.

Men. Come.

Pomp. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels³, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæf. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæf. Possess it,

I will make answer: but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To *Ant.*
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pomp. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing;
The holding⁴ every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can voley.

[*Musick plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

S O N G.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plumpy Bacchus, with pink cyne⁵:

In thy vats our cares be drown'd;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us 'till the world go round;

Cup us, 'till the world goes round!

Cæf. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;

You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong *Eno-*
barbe

Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
Good Antony, your hand. [night.—

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what? we are friends: Come down into the

Eno. Take heed you fall not.— [boat.
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
found out. [Sound a flourish with drums.

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come! [Exeunt.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Plain in Syria.

*Enter Ventidius, as after conquest; with Silius and
other Romans, and the dead body of Pacorus borne
before him.*

*N*OW, darting Parthia, art thou struck⁶;
and now

Thou fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus⁷, Orodes!

Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither

The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony

¹ i. e. embraces.

² *Pall'd* is *vapid*, past its time of excellence.

³ Dr. Johnson explains this

usage by, Try whether the casks sound as empty: while Mr. Steevens thinks, that *strike the vessels*

means no more than, *chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking, as we*

say, chink glasses. ⁴ i. e. the burden of the song. ⁵ i. e. eyes inflam'd with drinking. ⁶ *Struck*

as to darting. Thou whose darts have so often struck others, art struck now thyself. ⁷ *Pacorus*

is the son of *Orodes*, king of Parthia.

Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough : A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act : For learn this, Silius ;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person : Soffius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword, [tony ?
Grants ¹ scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to An-

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ? [what haste

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass
along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Rome.

Cæsar's House.

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ? [gone ;

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is
The other three are seeling. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green-sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark An-

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men. [tony !

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Speak you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird ² !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;—
go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises. [Antony :

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ;—Yet he loves
Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his
love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar, kneel,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle ³.
So,—This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

[Trumpets.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.
Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife [hand
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest
Shall pass on thy approval ⁴.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortrefs of it : for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious ⁵, the least cause
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewel, my dearest sister, fare thee well ;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !

Ant. The April's in her eyes ; it is love's spring,
And these the showers, to bring it on :—Be
cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What, Octavia ?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ?

Agr. He has a cloud in his face. [horse ⁶ ;

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he ⁷

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring ; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with
a rheum ;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd :
Believe it, 'till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you,

¹ Grant, for afford. ² The phoenix. ³ i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy, last
insect from the ground. ⁴ i. e. as I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trust
thy conduct. ⁵ i. e. scrupulous. ⁶ A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has
black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being
supposed to indicate an ill-temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.

Ant. Come, fir, come :
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !
Cæs. Farewel ! farewel ! [*Kisses Octavia.*]
Ant. Farewel ! [*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow ?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to :—Come hither, fir.

Enter Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry ¹ dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head

I'll have : But how ? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mef. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia ?

Mef. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where ?

Mef. Madam, in Rome

I look'd her in the face : and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me ?

Mef. She is not, madam. [*or low ?*]

Cleo. Didst hear her speak ? Is she shrill-tongu'd,

Mef. Madam, I heard her speak ; she is low-
voic'd. [*long.*]

Cleo. That's not so good :—he cannot like her

Char. Like her ? O Isis ! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian : Dull of tongue and
dwarfish !—

What majesty is in her gait ? Remember,

If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mef. She creeps ;

Her motion and her station ² are as one :

She shews a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain ?

Mef. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Ægypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't :—There's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mef. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mef. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is it long
or round ?

Mef. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,

They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what
colour ?

Mef. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—
I will employ thee back again ; I find thee
Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;
Our letters are prepared.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
That I so harry'd ⁴ him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty ? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long ! [*Charmian :—*]

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
But 'tis no matter ; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write : All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antony's House at Athens.

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd [*it*]
New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read
To publick ear :

Spoke scantily of me : when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts ; The good gods will mock
me presently

When I shall pray, O, *blest my lord and husband !*

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

O, *blest my brother !* Husband win, win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchlets. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war

¹ See note 6, p. 768.

² This scene (says Dr. Grey) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his mistrets, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

³ Station, in this instance, means the act of standing.

⁴ To harry, is to use

⁵ i. e. disgrace.

Shall stain¹ your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Ota. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should folder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man? [Pompey.

Eros. Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Caesar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him² rivalry;
would not let him partake in the glory of the
action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters
he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own
appeal³, seizes him: So the poor third is up, 'till
death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then 'would thou had'st a pair of chaps,
no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the other. Where is Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and
spurns

The rust that lies before him: cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threatens the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Rome. Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, and Mæcenus.

Caes. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—

'T' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,

Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold

Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat

Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;

And all the unlawful issue, that their lust

Since then hath made between them. Unto her

He gave the 'tablishment of Ægypt; made her

Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia⁴,

Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

[Exercise.

Caes. 'T' the common shew-place, where they
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Ag. Who, queasy with his insolence

Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Caes. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Ag. Whom does he accuse?

Caes. Caesar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Ag. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Caes. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd, [quer'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have con-
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Caes. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Ota. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Caes. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Ota. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause. [come not

Caes. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear: the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, lest unshew'd,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea, and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Ota. Good my lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My griev'd ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct⁵ 'tween his lust and him.

¹ i. e. disgrace. ² i. e. equal rank. ³ i. e. upon Cæsar's accusation. ⁴ Lydia for Lybia. ⁵ i. e. an
obstruction, a bar to the prosecution of his wanton pleasures with Cleopatra.

Oth. Do not say so, my lord.

Ces. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oth. My lord, in Athens.

Ces. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his em-
Up to a whore; who now are levying [pire
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of scepters.

Oth. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Ces. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Be of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Ant. Welcome, lady.

Ant. Welcome, dear madam,
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment¹ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oth. Is it so, sir?

Ces. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why? [wars;

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke² my being in these
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it? [not we

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:—

we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would
soldier, and his horse. [bear

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from
his time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot, [war,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind. [peror.

Eno. Nay, I have done: Here comes the em-

Enter Antony, and Canidius.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea;
And take in³ TORYNE?—You have heard on't,
sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these of-
fers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought;
Their ships are yare⁴; yours, heavy: No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute foldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The news is true, my lord; he is defcried;
Cæsar has taken TORYNE.

¹ Regiment is used for regimen or government, by most of our ancient writers. ² To forspoke is to
traduc'd, to speak against, as forbid is to order negatively. ³ i. e. conquer. ⁴ Yare generally
signifies dextrous, manageable.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—*Canidius*,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;
Away, my *Thetis*!—How now, worthy soldier?

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the
Egyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a-ducking: we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Junius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions², as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The emperor calls *Canidius*.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throws forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

The same. A Plain.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, &c.

Cæs. Taurus.—

Taur. My lord. [not battle,

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole: provoke
'Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scrowl: Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. [Exeunt.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Canidius, marching with his land army one way
over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of
Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is*

*heard the noise of a sea-fight. Alarum. Enter
Enobarbus.*

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:

The Antoniad³, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cattle⁴ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd⁵ pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribald nag⁶ of Egypt,
Whom leprosy⁷ o'ertake! i' the midst o' the
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize⁸ upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the fight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof⁹,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doating mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own. [night

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there will I attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Antony, with Eros, and other Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon

¹ That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reason. ² i. e. detachments; separate bodies. ³ Which, Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship. ⁴ Cattle is a corner. ⁵ i. e. spotted. The death of those visited by the plague was certain when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called God's tokens. ⁶ A ribald is a lewd fellow. Yon ribald nag means, Yon strumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow. ⁷ Leprosy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was distinguished. ⁸ The brize is the gale. ⁹ To loof (or luff) is to bring a ship close to the wind.

It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither; I am so lated¹ in the world, that I Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly, And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we. [cowards]

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone:

I have myself resolv'd upon a course, Which has no need of you; be gone: My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O, I follow'd that I blush to look upon: My very hairs do mutiny; for the white Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone; you shall Have letters from me to some friends, that will Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad, Nor make replies of lothness: take the hint Which my despair proclaims; let that be left Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway: I will possess you of that ship and treasure. Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command, Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort

Iras. Do, most dear queen. [him.]

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, fir,—

Ant. Yes; my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept His sword even like a dancer²; while I struck The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I, That the mad³ Brutus ended: he alone Dealt on lieutenantry⁴, and no practice had In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No mat-

Cleo. Ah, stand by. [ter.]

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him; He is unquality'd with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble fir, arise; the queen approaches; Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation; A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Ægypt? See, How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,

By looking back on what I have left behind 'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!

Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought, You would have follow'd.

Ant. Ægypt, thou knew'st too well, My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings⁷, And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble treaties, dodge And palter in the shifts of lowness; who With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd, Making, and marring fortunes. You did know, How much you were my conqueror; and that My sword, made weak by my affection, would Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss; Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master, Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—Some wine, there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, Dolabella, Thyreus, with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—

Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster⁸: An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither He sends so poor a pinion of his wing, Which had superfluous kings for messengers, Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony: I was of late as petty to his ends, As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf To his grand sea⁹.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and Requires to live in Ægypt: which not granted, He lessens his requests; and to thee sues To let him breathe between the heavens and earth, A private man in Athens: This for him. Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness; Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

¹ Alluding to a benighted traveller. ² Antony means, that Cæsar never offered to draw his sword, but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was formerly the custom in England. ³ Nothing, says Dr. Warburton, can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroic love of one's country and publick liberty, *madness*. ⁴ Meaning, perhaps, that Cæsar only fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants, or, on the strength of his lieutenants. ⁵ i. e. except or unless. ⁶ i. e. how, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight. ⁷ That is, by the heart-string. ⁸ The name of this person was Euphronius. ⁹ His grand sea may mean his full tide of prosperity.

The circle ¹ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Ægypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Dispatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

[*To Thyreus.*]

And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: Women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will per-
jure

Thence'er touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ²;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die ³.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question ⁴: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world
Should note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would pre-
vail

Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd ⁵, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Ambassador.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be itag'd to the shew
Against a sworder. I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What? no more ceremony?—See, my
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[*Aside.*]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar ⁶.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

¹ The diadem.

² That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune.

³ Think, and die; that is, *Reflect on your folly, and leave the world.* ⁴ The meered question is a term we do not understand. Dr. Johnson, says, *mere* is indeed a boundary, and the meered question, if it can mean any thing, may, with some violence of language, mean, the *disputed boundary.* ⁵ The meaning is, I require of Cæsar not to depend on the superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. ⁶ i. e. Cæsar intreats, that at the same time you consider your desperate fortunes, you would consider he is Cæsar: that is, generous and forgiving; able and willing to restore them.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that, [Aside.
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit Enobarbus.

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you would make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conquering hand¹ : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Ægypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace² to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony, and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there :—Ah, you kite !—Now,
gods and devils ! [ho !

Authority melts from me : Of late, when I cry'd,
Like boys unto a muf³, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will ?* Have you no ears ? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars !— [butaries
Whip him :—Were't twenty of the greatest tri-
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So faucy with the hand of the here, (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra ?)—Whip him, fellows,
'Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Att. with Thyreus.

You were half blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !

Have I my pillow left unprest in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't !) the wise gods feel our eyes ;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Bafan, to out-roar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

Re-enter Attendants, with Thyreus.

Attend. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he² and begg'd he pardon ?

Attend. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since [forth,
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : hence-
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him : for he seems
Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abiss of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit⁴ me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,

¹ i. e. I own he has the better in the controversy,—I confess my inability to dispute or contend with

him. ² i. e. Grant me the favour.

³ i. e. a scramble.

⁴ i. e. to requite me.

From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion¹ smite!
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfy'd:

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our fever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet², threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I should return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn my chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-finew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice³ and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,

And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy⁴ night: call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:

I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt Ant. and Cleo.*]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter Cæsar, reading a letter; Agrippa, Mæcnas,
&c.*

Cæs. HE calls me boy; and chides, as he
had power

To beat me out of Ægypt: my messenger [combat,
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot⁴ of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads

Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace at Alexandria.

*Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

[*fortune,*]

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant. Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

[*Enter Servants.*]

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou;—and thou;—and thou:—you have
serv'd me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which
forrow shoots

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapt up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Omnes. The gods forbid!

[*night:*]

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,

¹ Cæsarion was Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.
here means *trifling*.

² Fleet is the old word for float.

³ This epithet is still bestowed on feast-days in the colleges of Oxford and

⁴ i. e. take advantage of.

As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:

Haply, you shall not see me more; or if¹,

A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay 'till death:

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield² you for 't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

And I, an afs, am onion-ey'd³: for shame,

Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sence:

For I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you

To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour⁴. Let's to supper; come,

And drown consideration. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Before the Palace.

Enter a Company of Soldiers.

1 Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the
day.

2 Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the fireets?

1 Sold. Nothing: What news? [to you.

2 Sold. Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night

1 Sold. Well, fir, good night.

[They meet with other soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

1 Sold. And you: Good night, good night.

[They place themselves on every corner of the stage.

2 Sold. Here we: and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

1 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, and full of purpose.

[Musick of hautboys under the stage.

2 Sold. Peace, what noise?

1 Sold. Lift, lift!

2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Musick i' the air.

3 Sold. Under the earth.

4 Sold. It signs well⁵, does it not?

3 Sold. No.

1 Sold. Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do.

¹ Subintelligitur, you see me more,

tears as if they had been fretted by onions.

well.

⁶ i. e. quickly, fir.

² i. e. reward you.

⁴ That is, an honourable death.

⁷ To doff is to put off.

E 6 6 4

2 Sold. How now, masters? [Speak together,

Omnes. How now? how now? do you hear this?

1 Sold. Ay; Is 't not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.

Omnes. Content:—'Tis strange. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter Antony, and Cleopatra, with Charmian, and
others.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little. [Eros!

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,

Enter Eros, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too. [art

Ant. What's this for? Ah, let be, let be! thou

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly⁶, fir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, 'till we do please

To doff⁷ it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou: Dispatch.—O love,

That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, arm'd.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; wel-
come:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

Off. A thousand, fir,

Early though it be, have on their rivetted trim,

And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Cap. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general!

All. Good morrow, general!

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukeable, [Kisses her.

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exit Ant. Officers, &c.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine

Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony, and Eros; a Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
To make me fight at land! [prevail'd]

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Caesar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee; write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Dispatch.—Enobarbus!
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Caesar's Camp.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Aggr. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Agrippa.]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-noek'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the vant,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [Exeunt Cæsar, &c.]

Eno. Alexis did revolt; and went to Jewry, on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Caesar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

¹ i. e. swells.

² Oppression for opposition.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty over-plus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus,
I tell you true: Best you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude [heart;
Thou dost so crown with gold? This blows¹ my
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean [feel.
Shall out-strike thought; but thought will do't, I
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die: the foul't best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Before the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrippa, and others.

Aggr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression²
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scarus, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
For a fair victory. [Enter]

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony again in a march. Scarus with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run on
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-mor-
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip¹ your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kifs
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[To Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra.

To this great fairy² I'll commend thy acts, [world,
Make her thanks blefs thee.—O thou day o' the
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness³ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'ft thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale, [though grey
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
Do something mingle with our younger brown;
yet have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth⁴. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kifs it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe⁵ them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we would all sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines⁶;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,

Applauding our approach.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Cæsar's Camp.

Enter a Centinel, and his company. Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard⁷: The night
is thiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night!—

2 Sold. What man is this?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

Cent. Enobarbus!

3 Sold. Peace; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to
powder,

And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony!

[*Dies.*

1 Sold. Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep,

1 Sold. Go we to him.

2 Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 Sold. Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath caught⁸ him.

[*Drums afar off.*

Hark, how the drums demurely⁹ wake the sleepers:
Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is
Of note, our hour is fully out.

2 Sold. Come on then:

He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony, and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour¹⁰. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar and his army.

Cæs. But being charg'd¹¹, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony, and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder
pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—
look grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony

¹ i. e. embrace. ² Fairy comprises the idea of power and beauty. ³ i. e. armour of proof.
At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a goal; to win a goal, is to be a superior in a con-
test of activity. ⁴ i. e. own them. ⁵ A tabourin was a small drum. ⁶ i. e. the guard-room, the
place where the guard musters. ⁷ i. e. reached him. ⁸ Demurely for solemnly. ⁹ i. e. where
we may best discover their numbers, and see their motions. ¹⁰ But here signifies without, in
which sense it is often used in the North,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Ægypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't.
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.¹—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharg'd: What thou would'st
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake [do,
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips; she render'd life,
The name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off,—

[Exit Mardian.]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent²,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[Exit Eros.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Murs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then³, and all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze;
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Fros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra dy'd,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back

With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman, less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do't, the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleas'd arms⁴, bending down
His corrigible⁵ neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd feat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't. [*cur'd.*

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me. [*then*

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship⁶ of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.— [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewel, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—Thus do I escape the
fellow [*Eros kills himself.*

Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[Falling on his sword.]

¹ Shakspeare has here (Dr. Warburton says), as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has ennobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was taken, should belong to, and suit the dignity of, the subject to which the metaphor is transferred; thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought: and this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contrastedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*. i. e. the thing that contains thee. ³ Dr. Johnson thinks we should read, "Seal then, and all is done." i. e. Close thine eyes for ever, and be quiet. To *seel* hawks is to close their eyes. ⁴ Arms fold'd in each other. ⁵ Corrigible for corrected, and afterwards penetrative for penetrating. ⁶ Worship is the dignity, the authority.

I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard?—how!—O, dispatch me.

Enter Dercetas, and Guards.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise? [an end

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [Exit.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he? Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit Dercetas.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy
sword, and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

[phesying fear

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd¹ with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard,
I prythee. [guard, what, ho!

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
Come, your lord calls.

Enter a Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe, are we, sir, you may not
live to wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day! [fate

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exit, bearing Antony.

SCENE XIII.

A Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras, above.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter Diomedes.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out of the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter Antony, borne by the guard.

Cleo. O sun, [stand

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling²

The varying shore of the world³!—O Antony!

Antony, Antony!

Help, Charmian, help; Iras, help; help, friends
Below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying; only

I here importune death a while, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not,

Dear, dear, my lord, pardon; I dare not,

Left I be taken: not the imperious shew

Of the full-portion'd Cæsar ever shall [have

Be brooch'd with me⁴; if knife, drugs, serpents,

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion⁵, shall acquire no honour

Demurring upon me. But come, come, Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—

Alist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone. [my lord!

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed⁶!—How heavy weighs

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,

That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;—

[They draw Antony up to Cleopatra.

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast
liv'd:

Quicken with kissing⁷;—had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy fight!

Ant. I am dying, Ægypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

¹ To dispose may here signify to make terms, to settle matters. ² i. e. without light. ³ See
desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark. ⁴ i. e.
adorn'd. A brooch was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. Brooches in the North are buckles
set with stones, such as those with which shirt-bosoms and handkerchiefs are clasped. ⁵ i. e. a
lent coolness of resolution. ⁶ Dr. Johnson supposes the meaning of these strange words to be
"Here's trifling! You do not work in earnest." ⁷ That is, Revive by my kiss.

Cleo. No, let me speak ; and let me rail so high,
That the false hufwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen :

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O !—

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me :—

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust,
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest : and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly ; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more.— [Antony dies.]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die ?

Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide

In this dull world, which in thy absence is

No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,

The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,

The soldier's pole is fallen¹ ; young boys, and girls,

Are level now with men : the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

[She faints.]

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady !

Iras. Madam !—

Char. O madam, madam, madam,—

Iras. Royal Ægypt ! empreis !

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more—but e'en a woman ; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares².—It were for me

To throw my scepter at the injurious gods ;

To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,

'Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught ;

Patience is fottish ; and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad : Then is it sin,

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?

What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Char-
mian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out :—Good firs, take
heart :— [noble,

We'll bury him : and then, what's brave, what's

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,

And make death proud to take us. Come, away ;

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt, bearing off Antony's body.]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Cæsar's Camp.

*Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mæcnas, Gal-
lus, Proculeius, and train.*

Cæf. **G**O to him, Dolabella, bid him yield ;
Being so frustrated, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes³.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit Dolabella.]

Enter Dercetas, with the sword of Antony.

Cæf. Wherefore is that ? and what art thou,
Appear thus to us ? [that dar'ft

Der. I am call'd Dercetas ;

Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd : whilst he stood up, and spoke,

He was my master ; and I wore my life,

To spend upon his haters : If thou please

To take me to thee, as I was to him

I'll be to Cæsar ; if thou pleasest not,

I yield thee up my life.

Cæf. What is't thou say'st ?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæf. The breaking of so great a thing should make

A greater crack : The round world

Should have shook lions into civil streets,

And citizens to their dens⁴ :—The death of An-
tony

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay

A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;

Not by a publick minister of justice,

Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,

Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,

Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd

With his most noble blood.

Cæf. Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but⁵ it is a tidings

To wash the eyes of kings.

Ag. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament

Our most perfixt deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours

¹ He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.

² i. e. task-work. Hence the modern term *chare-woman*.

³ i. e. he trifles with us.

⁴ Dr. Johnson con-

figures, that a line is lost here. Mr. Malone, however, believes that only two words are wanting, and proposes to read, "The round world should have shook, Thrown raging lions into civil streets, And citizens to their dens."

⁵ But for if not.

Waged equal with him ¹.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
He needs must see himself. [him,

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our

stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this ².—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Egypt. A poor Egyptian yet: The queen my
mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourably and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Egypt. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what com-
forts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Left, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke,
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still

In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave³,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung⁴,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.—

Enter, below, Proculeius, Gallus, &c.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;

And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid⁵ for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got⁶. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

[Aside.] You see how easily she may be surpris'd:
[Here Gallus and guard ascend the monument, and enter behind.]

Guard her, 'till Cæsar come. [Exit.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[Drawing a dagger.]
Proculeius rushes in, and disarms the Queen.

¹ i. e. his taints and honours were an equal match; were oppos'd to each other in just proportion like the counterparts of a wager. ² That is, should have made us, in our equality of fortune, agree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die. ³ i. e. the servant of fortune. ⁴ i. e. Voluntary death produces a state which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level. ⁵ Praying in aid is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. ⁶ I allow him to be my conqueror.

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd. [languish ?]

Cleo. What, of death too, that rids our dogs of
Pro. Cleopatra,

Do not abuse our master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself : let the world see
His noblest well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death ? [queen
Come hither, come ! come, come, and take a
Worth many babes and beggars !

Pro. O, temperance, lady !

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, fir ;
If idle talk will once be necessary ¹,
I'll not sleep neither : This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, fir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court ;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varlettry
Of censuring Rome ? Rather a ditch in Ægypt
Be gentle grave unto me ! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring ! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains !

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To Cleopatra.]

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit Proculeius.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, fir, what I have heard or
known. [dreams ;

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their
Is't not your trick ?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony ;
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein
stuck [lighted
A sun, and moon ; which kept their course, and
The little O², the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean ; his rear'd arms
Crested the world : his voice was property'd
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends ;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in : In his livery [were
Walk'd crowns, and crownets ; realms and islands
As plates³ dropt from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,— [man

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a
As this I dream'd of ?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lye, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming : Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy ; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite⁴.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :

Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
Overtake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, fir.

Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you

Cleo. Nay, pray you, fir,— [knew.

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know it.

All. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Mecænas, Proculeius, and
Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Ægypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [Cleo. kneels.]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :

I pray you, rise ; rise, Ægypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole fir o' the world,
I cannot project⁵ mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,

¹ Once may mean sometimes. The meaning of Cleopatra seems to be this : If idle talking be some-
times necessary to the prolongation of life, why I will not sleep, for fear of talking idly in my sleep.
² i. e. the little orb or circle. ³ Plates probably mean, silver money. ⁴ The word piece is a
term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their piece, and the piece
done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality past the size of dreaming ; he was more
done by Nature than Fancy could present in sleep. ⁵ To project a cause is to represent a cause ; to project
it well, is to plan or contrive a scheme of defence.

(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change: but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis
yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and
jewels,

I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam. lord,

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather feel my lips¹, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back? [known.

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours will be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, foul-lefs villain,
O rarely base²! [dog!

Cæs. Good queen, let us intreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles had reserv'd,
Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded [me
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To Seleucus.
Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits [man,
Through the ashes of my chance³: Wert thou a
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are
mis-thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits⁴ in our names,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep;
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[Exit Cæsar, and his train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: But hark thee, Charmian,
[Whispers Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian.

Cleo. Dolabella? [mand.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your com-
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will be send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

[Exit.

Cleo. Farewel, and thanks. Now, Iras, what
think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy licks
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald⁵ the
mers

¹ i. e. close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are closed. ² i. e. base in an uncommon degree. ³ Or fortune. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. ⁴ Merits is in this place taken in an ill sense, for actions meriting censure. ⁵ Scald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy¹ my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Ira. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way

To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

Enter Charmian.

Shew me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
My best attires ;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed :
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play 'till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise ? *[A noise within.]*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' preference ;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What a poor instrument

[Exit Guard.]

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd ; and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting² moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. *[Exit Guard.]*

Hast thou the pretty worm³ of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be
the party that should desire you to touch him, for
his biting is immortal ; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have dy'd on't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday :
a very honest woman, but something given to lye :
as a woman should not do, but in the way of ho-
nesty : how she dy'd of the biting of it, what pain
she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o'
the worm : But he that will believe all that they
say, shall never be saved by half that they do :
but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewel.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind⁴.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,

but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed,
there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but
I know, the devil himself will not eat a woman :
I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women ;
for in every ten that they make, the devils mar
five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the
worm. *[Exit.]*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me : Now no more
The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare⁵, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself.

To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire, and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewel, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[Applying the asp.]

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Doit fall ? *[To Iras.]*
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Doit thou lye still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking. *[Iras dies.]*

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I
may say,

The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :

If the first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal
wretch,

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrincate

[To the asp.]

Of life at once untie : poer venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak !
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, as
Unpolicy'd⁶ !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

Doit thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[Applying another asp to her arm.]

What should I stay—

[Dies.]

¹ We have before observed, that the parts of women were acted on the stage by boys in our au-
tor's time. ² i. e. incontinent. ³ Worm is the Teuto-ick word for serpent ; and in the Northern
countries, the word worm is still given to the serpent species in general. ⁴ i. e. will act according
to his nature. ⁵ i. e. make haste, be nimble, be ready. ⁶ i. e. an ass without more policy than to
use the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.

Cbar. In this wild world¹ ?—So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death ! in thy possession lies
A last unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen ?

Cbar. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Cbar. Too slow a messenger.—

[Charmian applies the asp.]

O, come ; apace, dispatch :—I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's
beguill'd. *[call him.]*

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—

1 Guard. What work is here ?—Charmian, is
this well done ?

Cbar. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[Charmian dies.]

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here ?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cæsar, and Attendants.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last :
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
This was his basket. *[figs.]*

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now ; she stood, and spake ;
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness !—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling ; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast
There is a vent of blood, and something blown ;
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail ; and these
fig leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she dy'd ; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them : and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn shew, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

¹ Mr. Steevens conjectures, that our author may have written *wild* (i. e. *wile* according to ancient spelling) for *worthless*. ² i. e. *swoln*.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *A noble Athenian.*

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS, } *Lords.*
SEMPRONIUS,

APEMANTUS, *a Philosopher.*

ALCIBIADES.

FLAVIUS, *Steward to Timon.*

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,

VARRO,

PHILO,

TITUS,

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIVS,

VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's Friends.*

CUPID and MASKET.

Strangers.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

Servants.

Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant; with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.

A C T I,

SCENE I.

Athens.

A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several doors.

Poet. **G**OOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd. [it were,

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd¹, as To an untirable and continue goodness: He passeth².

Jew. I have a jewel here. [sir?

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,

Jew. If he will touch the estimate³: But, for that—

Poet. ⁴When we for recompence have prais'd the wile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the jewel.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some To the great lord. [dedication

Poet. A thing slip'd idly from me.

Our poetry is as a gum, which oozes From whence 'tis nourished; The fire i' the flint Shews not, 'till it be struck; our gentle flame Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir. Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off⁵ well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace Speaks his own standing⁶? what a mental power

¹ Breathed is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse is to exercise him for the course. ² i. e. he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. ³ i. e. come up to the price. ⁴ We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. ⁵ i. e. according to Dr. Johnson, The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* ⁶ That is, How the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixture.

This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination
Moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature : artificial strife ¹
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more ! [of visitors.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment : My free drift
Halts not particularly ², but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax ³ : no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ?

Poet. I'll unbolt ⁴ to you.

You see, how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery ⁵ creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer ⁶

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base of the mount
Is rank'd with all defects ⁷, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states ⁸ ; amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope ⁹.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition ¹⁰.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on :

All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear ¹¹,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air ¹².

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ? [mood,

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes ¹³ have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, addressing himself
courteously to every suitor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you ? [To a Messenger.

Mes. Ay, my good lord : five talents is his debt ;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up ; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius ! Well ;

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him. [Exit ;

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ran-
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour ¹⁴ ! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : What of him ? [Thee.

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before.

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius !

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this
thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thurst ;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,

¹ Strife is either the contest or act with nature. ² i. e. My design does not stop at any single character. ³ Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. ⁴ i. e. I'll open, I'll explain.

⁵ Slippery is smooth, unresisting. ⁶ Meaning, the flatterer who flows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron. ⁷ i. e. cover'd with ranks of all kinds of men.

⁸ i. e. to advance or improve their various conditions of life. ⁹ i. e. 'Tis properly imagined. ¹⁰ Condition for art.

¹¹ That is, calumniate those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls sacrificial whisperings, alluding to the victims offered up to idols. ¹² That is, catch his breath in affected fondness.

¹³ i. e. inferior spectators. ¹⁴ The common address to a lord in our author's time, was your honour, which was indifferently used with your lordship.

Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Atb. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Atb. Therefore he will be, Timon¹:
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Atb. She is young, and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To *Lucil.*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Atb. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispose her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd

If she be mated with an equal husband? [all.]

Old Atb. Three talents, on the present; in future,

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Atb. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my
promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never
may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd² to you!

[*Exe. Lucil. and Old Atb.*]

Pet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

[hand;

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite³.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those, which sell, would give: But you well
know,

Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the com-
mon tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter Apemantus.

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good
morrow; [honest.

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by
thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus. [Timon.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's
brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by
the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the pain-
ter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's
she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by
great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for
thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
not cost a man a doit⁴.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now,
poet?

¹ Dr. Warburton explains this passage thus: "If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent."
² or due.
³ To unclew, is to unwind a ball of thread. To unclew a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes.
⁴ This alludes to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

Poet. How now, philosopher?
 Apem. Thou liest.
 Poet. Art not one?
 Apem. Yes.
 Poet. Then I lie not.
 Apem. Art not a poet?
 Poet. Yes.
 Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.
 Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.
 Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
 Tim. What would'st thou do then, Apemantus?
 Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
 Tim. What, thyself?
 Apem. Ay.
 Tim. Wherefore?
 Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord!—
 Art thou not a merchant?
 Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
 Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!
 Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.
 Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
 Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.
 Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.
 You must needs dine with me:—Go not you 'Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
 Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

Enter Alcibiades, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir!
 Apem. So, so; there!—
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
 That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
 And all this courtesy! The strain² of man's bred
 Into baboon and monkey.
 Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
 Most hungrily on your sight.
 Tim. Right welcome, sir:
 Ere we depart³, we'll share a bounteous time
 In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.]

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time a day is't, Apemantus?
 Apem. Time to be honest.
 2 Lord. That time serves still.
 Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st
 2 Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?
 Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine
 heat fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.
 Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.
 2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?
 Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
 1 Lord. Hang thyself.
 Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.
 2 Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.
 Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.
 1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
 And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
 The very heart of kindness.
 2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold, Is but his steward: no meed⁴, but he repays
 Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding
 All use of quittance⁵.
 1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,
 That ever govern'd man.
 2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
 1 Lord. I'll keep you company. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet serv'd in; and then enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lulullus, Senpronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
 My father's age, and call him to long peace.
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
 Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
 To your free heart, I do return those talents,
 Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose
 help
 I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
 Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
 I gave it freely ever; and there's none
 Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
 To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
 Was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, forry ere 'tis shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs
 none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
 Than they to me. *[They sit.]*

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.
 Apem. Ho, ho, confest it? hang'd it, have you
 not?

¹ The meaning may be, I should hate myself for patiently enduring to be a lord. ² or lineage
 of man's worn down into monkey. ³ i. e. part. ⁴ Meed in this place seems to mean desire
⁵ i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No; you shall not make me welcome: I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon; I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, [power¹:

Therefore welcome: I myself would have no I prythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood: and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too².

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals; [notes:

Left they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart³; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well. Timon,

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no self;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond,

To trust man on his oath, or bond;

Or a harlot, for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't:

Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect⁴.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable⁵ title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart⁶? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you⁷. O, you gods, think I; what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up⁸.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard. [much.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trumpet?—How now?

¹ Timon's meaning seems to be: I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests.

² The allusion, says Dr. Johnson, is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is, that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chase.

³ That is, my lord's health with sincerity.

⁴ That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.

⁵ i. e. that dear, endearing title.

⁶ That is, Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me?

⁷ i. e. I fix your characters firmly in my own mind.

⁸ To look for babies in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all, That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom; [table rise; The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick. *Re-enter Cupid, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.¹
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again, [not
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's
Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women; a lefey strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.²

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold

Taking, I doubt me. [you.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends

Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet! There is no crolling him in his humour; [*Aside.* Else I should tell him,—Well,—'faith, I should, When all's spent, he'd be cross'd³ then, as he could. 'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind⁴; That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must Intreat you, honour me so much, as to [*Lord.* Advance⁵ this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the Newly alighted, and come to visit you. [*Senate* Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear I pr'ythee, let us be provided [*thee:* To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents Be worthily entertain'd.—How now? what news?

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; And let them be not without fair reward. [*Receiv'd,*

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gift, And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,

To shew him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good:

His promises fly so beyond his state,

That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes

For every word; he is so kind, that he now

¹ The meaning is, according to Dr. Johnson, "The glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessities of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity." ² i. e. you have seen the best we can do. ³ The poet does not mean here, that he would be cross'd in humour, but that he would have his hand cross'd with money, as he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a cross on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. ⁴ To see the miseries that are following her. ⁵ i. e. for his nobleness of soul. ⁶ i. e. to prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it.

Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate too much [our love.

Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of
2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 Lord. O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd,—

Tim. All¹ to you.—Lights! more lights.

1 Lord. The best of happiness, [mon!—
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Ti-

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks², and jutting out of bums!

I doubt, whether their legs³ be worth the fums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,

If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper⁴ shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,

If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So;—

Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I'll lock [be

Thy heaven⁵ from thee. O, that men's ears should
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A publick place in the City.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. **A**ND late, five thousand to Varro; and
to Isidore,

He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,

And able horses⁶: No porter at his gate⁷;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can found his state in safety⁸.—Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd⁹
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—

Commend me to your master—and the cap [rah,
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, fir-

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliance on his fracted dates

Has smit my credit; I love, and honour him;

But must not break my back, to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,

i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you.

2 To serve a beck, according to Johnson, is
offer a salutation: Mr. Steevens believes it in this place to mean, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod.

Our author plays upon the word leg, as it signifies a limb and a bow or act of obeisance. 4 i. e.

ruined by his securities entered into 5 i. e. the pleasure of being flattered. 6 i. e. If I give

horse to Timon, it immediately foals, and not only produces more, but able horses. 7 Our

author here alludes to that sternness which was in his days the general characteristic of a porter.

8 A Person cannot find his fortune to have any safe or solid foundation. 9 i. e. Rapp'd.

But

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull¹,
Which² flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind³.
What shall be done? He will not hear, 'till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
hunting.

Enter Caphis, with the servants of Isidore and Varro.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. Good even⁴, Varro: What,
You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is;—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[*They present their bills.*]

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, &c.*]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.

[*To Flavius.*]

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well enter-
tain'd. [Exit Timon.]

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit Flavius.]

Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with
Apemantus;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[*To the Fool.*]

Isid. [*To Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do
not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your
mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you
at Corinth⁶.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page

¹ A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. ² Which is here used for *who*, and refers to Timon. ³ Where

burton supplies the sense of this passage thus: *Never mind was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.* i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. ⁴ Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, Good den, was the usual salutation from noon, the moment that Good morrow became improper.

for a certain disease was the *brenning*, and a sense of scalding is one of its first symptoms. ⁵ The old name for a bawdy-house, probably from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city. ⁶ A city

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wife company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the supercription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can't not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [Exit.]

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.

Fool. I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one¹: He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [Exeunt Apemantus, and Fool.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me, At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made your minister, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts, Laid them before you; you would throw them off, And say, you found them in mine honesty. When, for some trifling present, you have bid me Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord, Though, you hear now, yet now's too late a time; The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues: the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim? and at length How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word²; Were it all yours, to give it in a breath, How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood, Call me before the exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders³; when our vaults have wept With drunken spilt of wine; when every room Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy; I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock⁴, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more. [Lord!]

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, This night englutted! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,

¹ Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. ² The meaning is, As the world itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. ³ Feeders are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the offices of a house. It appears, that what we now call offices, were anciently called houses of office. ⁴ A wasteful cock is what we now call a waste pipe; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
Feast-won, fast-lost ; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further :
No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart ;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given. [lack,
Why dost thou weep ? Can'st thou the conscience
To think I shall lack friends ? Secure thy heart ;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument ¹ of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance blefs your thoughts !

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine
are crown'd,

That I account them blessings ; for by these
Shall I try friends : You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminus ! Servilius !

Enter Flaminus, Servilius, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I wil dispatch you severally,—You, to
lord Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his
Honour to-day,—You, to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money : let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? hum !—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators, [To Flavius.
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general ² way)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;

But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are ho-
nourable,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—
'tis pity—

And so, intending ³ other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions ⁴,
With certain half-caps ⁵, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them !—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :

Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;

And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—

Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest ; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd

With those five talents :—that had, give it these
fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it ; That
thought is bounty's foe ;

Being free ⁶ itself, it thinks all others so. [Exit,

A C T III.

SCENE I.

Lucullus's House in Athens.

Flaminus waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I HAVE told my lord of you, he is
coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men ? a
gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right ; I dreamt
of a silver bafon and ewer to-night. Flaminus,

honest Flaminus ; you are very respectfully ⁷ wel-
come, sir.—Fill me some wine.—And how does
that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentle-
man of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
master ?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well,
sir : And what hast thou there under thy cloak,
pretty Flaminus ?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir,
which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
honour to supply ; who, having great and instant

¹ Argument may here be put for contents, as the arguments of a book ; or for evidences and proofs
² i. e. compendious way. ³ To intend and to attend had anciently the same meaning. ⁴ Fractions
here mean broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks. ⁵ A half-cap is a cap slightly mottled
not put off, ⁶ i. e. liberal. ⁷ i. e. respectfully.

occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminus, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardsly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares¹ for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ;

And we alive, that liv'd²? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the money away.*]

Lucul. Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,

Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

It turns³ in less than two nights? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion! This slave,

Who to his honour, has my lord's meat in him:

Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,

When he is turn'd to poison?

May diseases only work upon 't! [*nature*]

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A publick Street.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

Stran. We know him for no less, though we are strangers to him. But I can tell you one

thing, my lord, and which I hear from common

rumours, now lord Timon's happy hours are done

and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want

for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that,

not long ago, one of his men was with the lord

Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd

extremely for 't, and shew'd what necessity be-

long'd to 't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, be-

fore the gods, I am ashamed on't. Deny'd that

honourable man? there was very little honour

shew'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs

confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from

him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles,

nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him,

and sent to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his oc-

casione for many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Serv. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To Lucius.*]

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endeard⁴ to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous⁵, I should not urge it half so faithfully⁶.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Serv. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good

Mr. Steevens believes this coin to be from the mint of the poet. ² i. e. and we who were alive

alive now. As much as to say, in so short a time. ³ Alluding to the turning or ascension of

⁴ i. e. If he did not want it for a good use. ⁵ Faithfully, for fervently. ⁶ The

ing it. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable op-

portunity of supplying the wants of my friend.

Servilius,

Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit Servilius.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[Exit.]

1 Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 Stran. Ay, too well.

1 Stran. Why, this is the world's sport;
And just of the same piece is every flatterer's foul.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.¹

3 Stran. Religion groans at it,

1 Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him²,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Sempronius's House.

Enter Sempronius, with a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum!
'Bove all others?

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,

They have all been touch'd³, and found base me-
They have all deny'd him!

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?

Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!—

It shews but little love or judgement in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like phy-
sicians,

Thrive, give him over⁴; Must I take the cure upon
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:

So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had such a courage⁵ to do him good. But now
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly vil-
lain. The devil knew not what he did, when he
made man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and
I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of
man will set him clear⁶. How fairly this lord
strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies⁷ to be
wicked; like those, that, under hot ardent zeal,
would set whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods; Now his friends are dead,
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.⁸

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Timon's Hall.

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortensius, Lucius, and other
Servants of Timon's Creditors, who wait for
coming out.

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and
Hortensius.

¹ i. e. In respect of his fortune, what Lucius denies to Timon is, in proportion to what Lucius pos-
sesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. ² That is, I would have treat-
my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the bal-
of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty. ³ i. e. tried, alluded
to the touchstone. ⁴ That is, "His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and
either relinquish, and forsake him, or give his case up as desperate." To give over has no reference
the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit. ⁵ i. e.
had such an ardour, such an eager desire. ⁶ Set him clear does not mean, acquit him before
heaven; but it signifies, puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. And the meaning of the
sage is, "If the devil made men politic, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior
ning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations." ⁷ This is a
reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon a project of new mod-
the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes
say, that under zeal for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire. So Sempronius pre-
to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be-
to before it. ⁸ i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luc. And sir Philotus too!

Pbi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you
think the hour?

Pbi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Pbi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

[seven.

Pbi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with
him:

You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's¹; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Pbi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And 'e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

[witness:

Hor. I am weary of this charge², the gods can
I know, my lord has spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's
your's?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

[the sum,

Var. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equal'd³.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

[much.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you
are too diligent.

[Exit Flaminius.

Enter Flavius in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your
waiting,

'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your fums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would smile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous
maws;

You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;

Let me pass quietly:

Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;

I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves.

[Exit,

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship
mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor, [broader
And that's revenge enough. Who can speak
Than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it: for take it on my soul,
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord!
my lord!

Enter Timon, in a rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my
passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my jail?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Capb. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em⁴, cleave to
the girdle.

Luc. Alas, my lord,—

¹ i. e. like him in blaze and splendour.

² i. e. of this commission.

³ His may refer to mine;

if he had said: Your master's confidence was above my master's; else surely his, i. e. the sum demanded from my master (for that is the last antecedent) had been equal to the sum demanded from yours.

⁴ Timon quibbles. They present their written bills; he catches at the word, and alludes to the bills, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the warch in Shakespeare's time.

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. My lord,—

2 Var. My lord,

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may be well called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exit.]

Re-enter Timon, and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all; I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord, You only speak from your distracted soul; There is not so much left, to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go, I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide Of khaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exit.]

S C E N E V.

The Senate-house.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to 't; the fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the

1 Sen. Now, captain? [Senate!]

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Hath stepped into the law, which is past depth To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate¹ aside, Of comely virtues.

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice; (An honour in him, which buys out his fault) But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe:

¹ i. e. putting this action of his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the question. ² i. e. noted passion means, perhaps, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. ³ i. e. manage his anger. ⁴ You undertake a paradox too hard. ⁵ i. e. What have we to do in the field? ⁶ Gust, for aggravation, according to Warburton. Mr. Steevens thinks that *gust* here means *rashness*, and that the allusion may be to a sudden gust of wind. meaning is, I call mercy herself to witness, that defensive violence is just.

And with such sober and unnoted² passion He did behave³ his anger ere 'twas spent, As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox⁴, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born: He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his

wrongs

His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, care-
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger. If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threats? sleep upon it, And let the foes quietly cut their throats, Without repugnancy? If there be Such valour in the bearing, what make we Abroad⁵? why then, women are more valiant, That stay at home, if bearing carry it; The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow, Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge, If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords, As you are great, be pitifully good:

Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust⁶;

But, in defence, by mercy⁷, 'tis most just.

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium, Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done far And slain in fight many of your enemies: How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em; he Is a sworn rioter: he has a sin That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner. If there were no foes, that were enough To overcome him: in that beastly fury He has been known to commit outrages, And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base¹,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
Attend our weightier judgment.

And, not to swell our spirit²,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senate.*]

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough; that
you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts³.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Timon's House.

Enter divers Senators, at several doors.

1 Sen. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Sen. I also wish it to you. I think, this ho-
nourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring⁴,
when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low
with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his
several friends.

1 Base, for dishonoured. *2 Not to swell our spirit*, may mean, *not to put ourselves into any tumour*
rage, take our definitive resolution. *3 i. e. the affections of the people.* *4 A hawk is*
to tire, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in
and of prey. To tire upon a thing, is therefore to be idly employed upon it.

G g g

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions
did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me
beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my im-
portunate business, but he would not hear my ex-
cuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me,
that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I under-
stand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he
have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen. A thousand pieces.

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter Timon, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—
And how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your
lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more
willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner
will not recompense this long stay: feast your
ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so
harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to 't
presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 Sen. My most honourable lord, I am e'en
sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other
day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
—Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it.

1 Sen. How do you? What's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still.

3 Sen. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 Sen. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Sen.

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despis'd. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees¹, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water

Is your perfection². This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.]

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies³, Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks⁴! Of man, and beast, the infinite malady⁵ Cruel you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:

[Throws the dishes at them.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn house; sink Athens; henceforth hated be Of Timon, man, and all humanity! *[Exit.]*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords? *[Fury.]*

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's

3 *Sen.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I have lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. *[Exit.]*

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,

And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent; Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filth Convert o' the instant, green virginity!

Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast: Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,

With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear, Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth, Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood, Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades, Degrees, observances, customs, and laws, Decline to your confounding contraries, And yet confusion live! Plagues, incident to men, Your potent and infectious fevers heap On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold scintilla, Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth; That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive, And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains, Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; That their society, as their friendship, may Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee, But nakedness, thou detestable town! Take thou that too, with multiplying banus!

¹ Dr. Warburton thinks we should read *foes*. ² i. e. the highest of your excellence. ³ i. e. flies of a season. ⁴ A minute-jack is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See note ¹, p. 638. ⁵ i. e. every kind of disease incident to man and beast.

Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians both within and out that wall !
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low !
Amen.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*Timon's House.**Enter Flavius, with two or three servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is
our master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say
to you ?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !

So noble a master fallen ! All gone ! and not
One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him !

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs

From our companion, thrown into his grave ;
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our
fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces ; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow : Leak'd is our bark ;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the furies threat : we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows ; let's shake our heads, and
say,

As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
'We have seen better days.' Let each take some ;

[Giving them money.

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more :
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exit Servants.

O, the fierce¹ wretchedness that glory brings us !
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt ?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory ? or to live
But in a dream of friendship ?

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends ?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart ;
Undone by goodness ! Strange, unusual blood²,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accur'd,
Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful feat
Of monstrous friends : nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and enquire him out :
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

*The Woods.**Enter Timon.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the
earth

Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb³
Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
tunes :

The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature, [tune,
To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great for-
But by contempt of nature⁴.

Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,

The beggar native honour.

It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him leave⁵. Who dares,
who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, 'This man's a flatterer ?' if one be,

So are they all ; for every grize⁶ of fortune

Is smooth'd by that below : the learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool : All is oblique ;

There's nothing level in our cur'd natures,

But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd

All feasts, societies, and throngs of men !

His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains :

Destruction fang⁷ mankind !—Earth, yield me
roots ! [Digging the earth.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison ! What is here ?

Gold ? yellow, glittering, precious gold ? No,
gods,

I am no idle votarist⁸ : Roots, you clear heavens⁹ !

Thus much of this, will make black, white ; foul,
fair ; [valiant.

Wrong, right ; base, noble ; old, young ; coward,

¹ Fierce is here used for *hasty, precipitate*. ² *Strange, unusual blood* may mean, strange unusual disposition. ³ That is, the moon's, this sublunary world. ⁴ Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus : " Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother ; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, beset as it is by misery, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own." ⁵ That is, *It is the pasture that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave*. ⁶ Grize for step or degree. ⁷ i. e. seize, gripe. ⁸ i. e. no insincere or inconstant suppliant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots. ⁹ This may mean either *ye cloudless skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt*. Ha,

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods?

Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads¹:

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;

Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,

With senators on the bench; this is it,

That makes the wappen'd² widow wed again;

She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

To the April day again³. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee

Do thy right nature⁴.—[*March afar off.*—Ha!

a drum?—Thou'rt quick⁵,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,

When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, with drum and fife, in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Tymandra.

Alc. What art thou there? speak. [*heart,*

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do with thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore
of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to
give;

But then renew I could not, like the moon;

There were no funs to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: [*if*

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for

Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of
harlots. [*world*

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not,
that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checked
youth

To the tub-fast⁶, and the diet.

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wife

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and grieve'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I pry thee, beat thy drum, and get thee
gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy con-
quest; and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born

To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on!

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

¹ i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. ² *Waped* or *wappen'd*, according to Warburton, signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. ³ That is, *to the wedding day*, called by the poets satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. The *April day*, however, does not relate to the widow, but to the other diseased female, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold embalms and spices to the *April day* again: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. ⁴ Laid in the earth where nature laid thee. ⁵ Thou hast life and motion in thee. ⁶ This alludes to the method of cure for venereal complaints (explained in note 4, p. 90), the unction for which was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days, and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary abstinence required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. The diet was likewise a customary one for the regimen prescribed in these cases.

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an usurer : Strike me the counterfeit matron,
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-

paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust¹ their
mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut² ;
And mince it fans remorse : Swear against objects³ ;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's
curse upon thee !

Pbr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon :
Hast thou more ? [trade,

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her
And to make whores, a bawd⁴. Hold up, you fluts,
Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions⁵ : Be whores still ;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats : Yet may your pains⁶, fix
months, [roofs
Be quite contrary : And thatch your poor thin
With burdens of the dead :—some that were
hang'd, [still ;
Nomatter :—wear them, betray with them : whore
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles !

Pbr. and Tym. Well, more gold ;—What then ?
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's
voice,

That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets⁷ shrilly : hoar the flamen⁸,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee⁹,
Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald ;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave¹⁰ you all !

Pbr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have
given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens.
Farewel, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it.

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

[Drum beats. *Exit Alcibiades,
Phrynia, and Tymandra.*

Tim. [Digging.] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast¹¹,
Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm¹²,
With all the abhorred births below crisp¹³ heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
Enscar thy fertile and conception womb,

¹ i. e. draw forth.
for objects.

² An allusion to the tale of Oedipus.

³ Perhaps objects is here used pro-

⁴ That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making
whores.

⁵ i. e. I will trust to your inclinations.

⁶ Dr. Warburton comments

on this passage thus : " This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word pains, and
partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this : He had said before, Follow con-
stantly your trade of debauchery ; that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be
employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the re-
pair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade ; and
thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and
says, Make false hair, &c. Mr. Steevens however conceives the meaning to be only this : " Yet for
half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction."

⁷ Quillets are subtilties. ⁸ i. e. give the flamen the hoary leprosy. ⁹ To foresee his particular, is

to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. In hunting, when

hounds have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to smell from the general weal,

and foresee their own particular. Shakespeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has

alluded often to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting. ¹⁰ To grave is to entomb. ¹¹ Whose

white breast means whose boundless surface. ¹² The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his

call the blind worm. ¹³ i. e. curled, bent, hollow.

Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorice draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper¹.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likenesses.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy e'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoued trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer meer nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caltiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this four cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content².
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath³, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog⁴.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath⁵ pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect⁶, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment,
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows) I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why should'st thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spight, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a nut.*]

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*]

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt

¹ The *cunning* of a carper means the insidious art of a critic. ² That is, Best states contentless
have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content
breath is probably meant *his sentence*. ⁴ Alluding to the word *Cynic*, of which *sest* Apemantus
was. ⁵ From infancy. *Swath* is the dres of a new-born child. ⁶ *Respect*, according to
Mr. Steevens, means the *qu'en dira't on*? the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentious-
ness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood.

Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me:

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To fauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity¹; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion²; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, and feest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking

to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap³ of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive; I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought But even the meer necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That folder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kifs! that speak'st with every tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch⁴ of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[*Exit Apemantus.*

¹ i. e. for too much finical delicacy.
² the principal.

² i. e. removal from place to place.

³ i. e. the

⁴ Touch for touchstone.

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The meer want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

[*meat.*]

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots; Within this mile break forth an hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous hufwife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con¹,

That you are thieves profess; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited² professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold: Go suck the subtle blood of the grape, 'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you profess to do 't, Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery. The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun; The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears³; the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement: each thing's a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away; Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal, But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[*Exit.*]

3 *Thief.* He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exit.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

The Woods, and Timon's Cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O YOU gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely⁴ does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd⁵ to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do:

He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

¹ To con thanks is a very common expression among our old dramatic writers. legal.

² Limited, for Mr. Tollett comments on this passage thus: "The moon is the governess of the floods, but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea." This seems incontestable, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read:—*whose liquid surge resolves the main into salt tears*;—i. e. resolves the main land or the continent into sea. In Bacon, and also in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, act III. sc. 1, *main* occurs in this signification. Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. "Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air." I might add, that in Chaucer's *mon*, which is very near to the traces of the old reading, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from the French, *monde*, the world; but I think *main* is the true reading here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty transcriber, or a careless printer, who might have in the thoughts the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line.

³ We should read *will'd*. ⁴ Rarely, for fitly; not for seldom. ⁵ The sense is, "Let me rather woo or care for those that would mischief, than those that really do me mischief under false professions of kindness."

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all
Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
Forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:

I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Plenty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
lasts,

To entertain me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.²

—Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual-fobber gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I sell with curses.

Metinks, thou art more honest now, than wife;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous, [gifts,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
Expecting in return twenty for one? [breast

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

That which I shew, heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Whether in hope, or present, I'd exchange it

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from³ men;
Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted
woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot
be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the
rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia
and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise en-
rich'd poor straggling foldiers with great quan-
tity: 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a
try for his friends?

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm
in Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to
him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will shew
honestly in us; and is very likely to load our
purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just
and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an
intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation:
performance is ever the duiler for his act; and,
but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the
deed of saying is quite out of use⁴. To promise
is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a
kind of will, or testament, which argues a great
sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint
a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have
provided for him: It must be a personating⁵ of
himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity;

¹ Knaves is here used in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal.

² To turn wild is to

go away from human habitations.

³ The sense is, "The doing of that which we have said

would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower

classes of mankind, quite out of use."

⁴ Personating for representing simply; for the subject of

the projected satire was Timon's case, not his person.

with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,¹
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee let worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I
requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Doub. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
[I have gold;

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that
I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a coun-
terfeit in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain³.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
[gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,⁴
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in
company⁵—

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not refuse

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves:

You have work for me, there is payment: Hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[Exit, beating and driving them out.

SCENE III.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with
Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and grace
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,

¹ i. e. night which is as obscure as a dark corner.

³ i. e. a hypocrite.

⁴ That is, in the jakes.

⁵ This passage is obscure. Dr. Johnson thinks the meaning is this: But two in company, that is, Stand apart, let only two be together; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. But, in the next line, signifies, without.

² A portrait was called a counterfeit in the author's time.

The former man may make him : Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here ! Lord Timon ! Timon !
Look out, and speak to friends : The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee :
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn ! Speak,
and be hang'd !

For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking !

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

[*mon.*

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Ti-

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Ti-
mon.

[*the plague,*

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Intreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, grows :

And now the publick body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall¹, restraining aid to Timon ;

And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed ren-
der²,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;

Ay, even such heaps and fums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it ;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears :

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll bewep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with

And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take [us,

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd³ with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority :—so soon shall we drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, fir, I will ; therefore I will, fir ;

Thus,—

Let Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon, [Athens,

That—Timon cares not.—But if he lack fair

And take our goodly aged men by the beards,

Giving our holy virgins to the stain

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war ;

Then let him know, and tell him, Timon speaks it,

In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I cannot chuse but tell him, that—I care not,

And let him take't at worst ; for their knives care

not,

While you have throats to answer : for myself,

There's not a whittle⁴ in the unruly camp,

But I do prize it at my love, before

The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you

To the protection of the prosperous gods,

As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,

It will be seen to-morrow ; My long sickness

Of health, and living, now begins to mend,

And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still ;

Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,

And last so long enough !

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country ; and am not

One that rejoices in the common wreck,

As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they

pass through them.

[*ers*

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumph-

In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them ;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,

Their pangs of love, with other incident throes

That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain

In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness

do them :—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my

close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down,

And shortly must I fell it : Tell my friends,

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree⁵,

From high to low throughout, that who-so please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,

Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,

And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still

shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion

Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,

Which once a day with his embossed froth⁶

The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—

Lips, let four words go by, and language end :

What is amiss, plague and infection mend !

¹ The Athenians had sense, that is, felt the danger of their own fall, by the arms of Alcibiades.

² Render is confession.

³ Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled.

⁴ A whittle is still in the mid-

and counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. ⁵ i. e. from highest

lowest. ⁶ We have before observed, that when a deer was run hard, and foamed at the mouth,

it was said to be embossed.

Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear¹ peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discovered; are his
As full as thy report?

[files]

Mef. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

[Timon.]

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Mef. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choak the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What
is this?

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave. What's on this
tomb?

I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, with his power.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.]

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms², and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush³,
When crouching marrow⁴, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, 'No more:' now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purify insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their⁵ quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts⁶. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square⁷, to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall

¹ Dr. Warburton observes, that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is found by Shakspeare in numberless places. Mr. Steevens says, that *dear* may in this instance signify *dear*; and that it is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. ² Arms across. ³ A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* means *mature*. ⁴ The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to rest up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. ⁵ *Timon* refers to *rages*. ⁶ The meaning is, "Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts." ⁷ Not regular, not equitable.

With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

² Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

¹ Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

² Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove ;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports ¹ :
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more : and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your publick laws
At heaviest answer.

Ent. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead ;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea :
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture ; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades reads the epitaph.]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft :
Seek not my name : A plague consume you wicked en-
tiffs left !

Here lie I Timon ; who, alive, all living men did
hate :

Pass by, and curse thy fill ; but pass, and stay not
here thy gait.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow ², and those our drop-
lets which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On :—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ;
make each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach ³.—

Let our drums strike.

[Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. unguarded gates.

² Our brain's flow is our tears.

³ i. e. physician.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.	SEMPRONIUS.
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.	ALARBUS, } Sons to Tamora.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.	CHIRON, }
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.	DEMETRIUS, }
MARCUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.	AARON, a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.
QUINTUS, }	Captain, from Titus's Camp.
LUCIUS, }	ÆMILIUS, a Messenger.
MUTIUS, }	Goths, and Romans.
Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.	Clown.
PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune, and Nephew to Titus Andronicus.	TAMORA, Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.
	LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
	Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Before the Capitol in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Then enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers at the other; with drum and colours.

NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms;

and, countrymen, my loving followers, lead my successive title with your swords:

from his first-born son, that was the last that wore the imperial diadem of Rome;

then let my father's honours live in me,

or wrong mine age with this indignity.

Alas! Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:

But let desert in pure election shine;

And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by

friends,

Ambition fly for rule and empery!

Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we

stand,

A special party, have, by common voice,

In election for the Roman empery,

Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius

For many good and great deserts to Rome;

Mr. Theobald says, This is one of those plays which he always thought, with the better judges, not to be acknowledged in the list of Shakspeare's genuine pieces. Dr. Johnson observes, that all the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious, and that he has no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the stile is wholly different from that of other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always in-vent, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, they were not only borne, but praised." Mr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens are also of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson.

A nobler

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls :
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths ;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;——
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us intreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,——
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee, and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause ;
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes ! and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans, make way ; The good Andro-
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, [nicus,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus ; after them, two men bearing a coffin covered with black ; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus ; and then Tamora, the queen of the Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners ; Soldiers, and other attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears ;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors : [*sword.*]
Here Goths have given me leave to smother my
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unbury'd yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx :—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead were wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more ?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth².

Tit. I give him you ; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen. [*queer,*]

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren,—Gracious and
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.

Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ?

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
O ! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these ;

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood ;
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?
Draw near them then in being merciful :
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient³ yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :

To this your son is mark'd : and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire straight ;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius, with Andronicus.*]

¹ Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.
of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral.

² It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghost
verb is used by other dramatic writers.

Gem. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,

And with loud larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damned grudges; here no storm,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter Lavinia.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;

My noble lord and father, live in fame!

Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render, for my brethren's obsequies;

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy

Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:

O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,

Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd

The cordial of mine age, to glad my heart!

Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days,

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother

Marcus.

[wars,

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

That in your country's service drew your swords:

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,

That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,

Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,

Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,

This pallament of white and spotless hue;

And name thee in election for the empire,

With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:

Be candidates then, and put it on,

And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness:

What! should I don¹ this robe, and trouble you?

Be chose with proclamations to-day;

To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,

And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

And led my country's strength successfully;

And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,

In right and service of their noble country:

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

But not a sceptre to controul the world:

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery. *[tell?—]*

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.—

Sat. Romans, do me right;

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not

'Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—

Andronicus, 'would thou were ship'd to hell,

Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturninus! interrupter of the good

That noble-minded Titus means to thee!—

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee

The people's hearts, and wean them from them.

Baj. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee, *[selves.]*

But honour thee, and will do 'till I die;

My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

I will most thankful be: and thanks, to men

Of noble minds, is honourable need.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,

I ask your voices, and your suffrages;

Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,

And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

The people will accept whom he admits. *[make,*

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I

That you create your emperor's eldest son,

Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,

And ripen justice in this common-weal:

Then if you will elect by my advice,

Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,

Patricians, and plebeians, we create

Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;

And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

[A long flourish till they come down.]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done

To us in our election this day,

I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,

And will with deeds requite thy gentleness;

And, for an onset, Titus, to advance

Thy name, and honourable family,

Lavinia will I make my emperess,

Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:

¹ i. e. do on this robe, put it on.

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choofe, were I to choofe anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let
us go:

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*

Mat. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
back.

Mat. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy,

Bar'st me my way in Rome? [*Titus kills Matius.*

Mat. Help, Lucius, help!

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonour me:

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his
wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing
piece¹

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle² in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded
heart. [*Goths,—*

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
That like the stately Phoebe 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my
choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven to Rome
I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords,
accompany

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and
Marcus.*

Mar. O, Titus, see, O see, what thou hast
done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—

¹ Spoken of Lavinia. *Piece* was then, as it is now, used personally as a word of contempt.
² A *ruffler* was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of
vagabonds in the 27th year of K. Henry VIII. Hence, probably, this sense of the verb, to *ruffle*.
Not

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified;
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

[*Titus' sons speak.*]

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that
word? [*Titus' son speaks.*]

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but
here.

Tit. What would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast
wounded.

My foes I do repute you every one;

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will
speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul, —

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all, —

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to interr

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wife Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals:

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,

'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

[*They all kneel, and say;*]

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that dy'd in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord, — to step out of these dreary
dumps, —

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know, it is;

If by device or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beheld to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron
and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one
door: At the other door, Bassianus, and Lavinia,
with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor with no lads; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;

Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know, —

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controul'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak, indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; The gods of Rome
forefend,

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissimbled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Loose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart. —

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,

Dissimble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your

throne;

Left then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part;

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome repates to be a heinous sin)

Yield at intreats, and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family;

The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know, what 'tis to let a

queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace

in vain. —

Come, come, sweet emperor, come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevailed.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have past
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Lut. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his
highness,

That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tending our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be
friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
here,

And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:—
This day shall be a love day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace
jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiack in his glittering coach,
And over-looks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora,—
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,
This fyren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs!—These lovers will not
keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother unadvised,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[They draw.]

Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Chi. Not I; 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now, by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd

Without controulment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the mischief would not

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope. [*Rome*

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in
How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her I do love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive¹, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows
to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch
Would serve your turns. [*or so*

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,

To square² for this? Would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one. [*you jar.*

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that

A policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve;

That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious;

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind³ for rape and villainy:

Single you thither than this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

We will acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice⁴,

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.

The emperor's court is like the house of fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:

The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take

your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

Per Styga, per Manes ubi. — [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Forest.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with
hounds and horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,

And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,

And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,

That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,

To tend the emperor's person carefully:

I have been troubled in my sleep this night,

But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then

enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia,

Chiron, Demetrius, and their attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;—

Madam, to you as many and as good!—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,

Somewhat too early for new married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us
have,

And to our sport:—Madam, now ye shall see

Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,

¹ A shive is a slice.

² To square is to quarrel.

³ i. e. by nature.

⁴ i. e. remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file.

And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Desert Part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He, that had wit, would think, that I had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,¹
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied,

Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*]

Enter Bassianus, and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal emperess,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her;

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Acteon's; and the hounds
Should drive² upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your³ swarth Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well. [*This.*]

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:

Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why, have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron, and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

¹ *Unrest*, for *disquiet*. ² *i. e.* flie with impetuosity at him.

³ *Swarth* is *black*. The Moor

is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew ;
And leave me to this miserable death.
And then they call'd me, foul adulterers,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed :
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*]

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
Tamora !

For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

Tam. Give me thy poinard ; you shall know,
my boys, [*wrong.*]

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;
First, thresh the corn, then after burn the straw :
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope¹ she braves your
mightiness :

And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam ; we will make
that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lords, intreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : Let it be your glory,
To see her tears ; but be your heart to them,
A unrelenting flint to drops of rain. [*dam ?*]

Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the
O, do not teach her wrath ; she taught it thee :

The milk, thou suck'st from her, did turn to marble ;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike ;
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*]

Chi. What ! would'st thou have me prove my-
self a bastard ?

Lav. 'Tis true the raven doth not hatch a lark :
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now !)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds furnish in their nests :

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee : for my father's sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I now pitiless :—

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent :

Therefore away with her, use her as you will ;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place :

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman,
let me go. [*more,*]

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;

Where never man's eye may behold my body :

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ; for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace ? no womanhood ? Ah beastly
creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth,—Bring thou
her husband ; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Tam. Farewel, my sons : see, that you make
her sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

'Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflow'r.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords ; the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you ; we're not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*]

Quin. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me ;—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mar. O brother, with the dismaldest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to
find them here ;

¹ Painted hope means specious hope, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his brother.

[Exit Aaron.]

Mar. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
Mine heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise;
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens¹ all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged-entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

[out;]

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

[again,

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not lose
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[Falls in.

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it—
Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

[jeft:

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chafe;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

[alive,

Mar. We know not where you left him all
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?

[grief.

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

[wound;

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timelets tragedy:
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She giveth Saturninus a letter,

Saturninus reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—

"Sweet huntsman—Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

"Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;

"Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy
"reward

"Among the nettles at the elder tree,

"Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,

"Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

"Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Shewing it,

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

[To Titus

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of mine accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou fol-
low me.

[ers:

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murder-
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
with them.

[Exeunt severally.

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Giron, with Lavinia, ravish'd;
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

¹ There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;

And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scowl. [hands.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks. [self.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [Exit *Demetrius* and *Chiron*.

Enter Marcus to Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast ?

Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ; those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep

And might not gain so great a happiness, [in ;

As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alo, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee ;

And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ab, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame !

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee ; shall I say, 'tis so ?

O, that I knew thy heart ; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind !

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind :

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;

A craftier Tereus hath thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That better could have sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,

And make the filken strings delight to kiss them ;

He would not then have touch'd them for his life.

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made ;

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye :

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;

O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

[Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. HEAR me, grave fathers ! noble tribunes, stay !

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent

In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept ;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed ;

For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd ;

And for these bitter tears, which you now see

Fill the aged wrinkles in my cheeks ;

Be pitiful to my condemned sons,

Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought !

For two and twenty sons I never wept,

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges pass by him.

For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.

My tears stanch the earth's dry appetite ;

And sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

O earth ! I will befriend thee more with rain,

[Exit.

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers ;

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still ;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,

So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes ! gentle aged men !

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death ;

And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father, you lament in vain ;

The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead ;

Grave tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man : if they did hear,

They would not mark me ; or, if they did mark,

All bootless unto them, they would not pity me.

Therefore

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
 Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
 Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale:
 When I do weep, they humbly at my feet,
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
 A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than
 stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
 For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
 My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
 Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine: How happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished?

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;
 Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;
 I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—
 Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handleless in thy father's sight?
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
 Now, all the service I require of them
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
 Sweet vary'd notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he, that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
 And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have maddened me; What shall I do,
 Now I behold thy lovely body so?
 Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
 Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
 Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
 Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
 Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
 her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath taken revenge on them.—
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
 Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease.
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
 And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
 Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
 How they are stain'd; like meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
 Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
 What shall we do? Let us, that have our tongues,
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, as
 your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry
 thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I weep,
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
 signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now she would say
 That to her brother which I said to thee;
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
 Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy life,
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
 And send it to the king: he for the same,
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise ?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand ;
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn :
My youth can better spare my blood than you ;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax, [Rome,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castle ?
O, none of both but are of high desert :

My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death ;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end. [along,

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is
dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;
More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*]
Doth sit me with the very thought of it !

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O hear !—I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To Lavinia.*]

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our
prayers ;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,

And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?

I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !

She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;

Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :

For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,

But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand, thou sent'st the emperor.

Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;

And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,

More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,

And be my heart an ever-burning hell !

These miseries are more than may be borne !

To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death. [*wound,*]

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make me so deep a
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !

That ever death should let life bear his name,

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*Lavinia kisses him.*]

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake. [*end ?*]

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery : Die, Andronicus ;

Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;

Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;

Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight

Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,

Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah ! now no more will I contemn thy griefs :

Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of your most wretched eyes !

Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha ! [*hour.*]

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,

And would usurp upon my watry eyes,

And make them blind with tributary tears ;

Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;

And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,

'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,

† Castle in this place signifies a close helmet.

Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about ;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;
And in this hand the other will I bear :
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there ;
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*]*Manet Lucius.*

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father ;
The woful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !
Farewel, proud Rome ! 'till Lucius comes again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble sister ;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tore hast been !
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;
And make proud Saturninus and his emperors
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Titus's house.

A banquet. Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[*To Lavinia.*]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fye, brother, fye ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee doat
already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
Left we remember still, that we have none.—
Fye, fye, how frantically I square my talk !
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice¹, learn to know the meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments ;

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st my heart ;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :

A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother ; Get thee gone ;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air ?

Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody, [him:
Came here to make us merry ; and thou hast kill'd

Mar. Pardon me, sir ; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,

Like to the emperors' Moor ; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him ;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, firrah !—yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man ! grief has so wrought
on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me :

I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me ; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]¹ By constant or continual practice.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Titus's House.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. **H**ELP, grandfire, help! my aunt Lavinia

Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs? [mean:—

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she see, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit of phrenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow; That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly;

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will. [this?

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means

Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heavens

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! soft, how busily she turns the leaves!

[Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she quotes¹ the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never, hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—

Write thou, good niece; and here display at last,

What God will have discover'd for revenge:

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamo a Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. —*Magne Dominator Poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,

There is enough written upon this earth,

To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,

And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me,—as with the woeful *feere*²,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,

¹ To quote is to observe.

² *Feere* signifies a companion; and here metaphorically a husband.

Mortal

Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brags,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then ?—Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy ! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury ;
Lucius, I'll fit thee ; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the emperors' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both :
Come, come ; thou'lt do my message, wilt thou
not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grand-
Tit. No, no, boy, not so ; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come :—Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court ;
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassionate him ?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield :
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :—
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

*Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door :
and at another door, young Lucius and another,
with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon
them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad
grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Gramercy¹, lovely Lucius ; What's the
news ?

[*news,*]

Boy. That you are both decypher'd, that's the
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it
please you,
My grandfire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well :
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody vil-
lains.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. What's here ? A scroll ; and written
round about ?

Let's see ;

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu :

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

[*have it,*]

Aar. Ay, just ;—a verse in Horace ;—right, you
Now, what a thing it is to be an afs !

Here's no fond jest : the old man hath
found their guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about
with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick.

[*Aside.*]

But were our witty emperors well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest a while.—

And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius ?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly ?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
more.

Dem. Come, let us go ; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils ; the gods have given us
o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus ?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft ; who comes here ?

Enter Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nurse. Good-morrow, lords :

O tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor ?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all
Here Aaron is ; and what with Aaron now ?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone !

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore !

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep ?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms ?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,

Our emperors' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace ;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom ?

¹ i. e. grand merci ; great thanks.

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The emperess' sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou

Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done¹ thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I,

Do execution on my flesh and blood. [point:]

Dem. I'll broach² the tadpole on my rapier's

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

Stay, murd'rous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.—

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her

death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Ere, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here is a young lad fram'd of another leer³:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchis'd and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal is stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the emperess?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save you the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult:

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[They sit on the ground.]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords; When we all join

in league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd emperess.

Aar. The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:—

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the emperess; tell her this I said:—

[He kills her.]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore

didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip! no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,

His wife but yesternight was brought to-bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack⁴ with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, my lords; ye see, I have given her physick,

[Pointing to the nurse.]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,

Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in my arms,

And secretly to greet the emperess' friends.—

¹ To do is here used obscenely.

² A broach is a spit.

I'll spit the tadpole.

³ Leer is com-

pulsion or hue.

⁴ To pack is to contrive insidiously.

Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence ;
For it is you that put us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.

SCENE III.

A Street near the Palace.

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows ; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the ends of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—Kinmen, this is the way :—

*Sir boy, now let me see your archery ;
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight :
Terras Africa reliquit :—be you remember'd,
Marcus.—*

*She's gone, she's fled.—Sirs, take you to your tools.
You, cousins, shall go found the ocean,
And cast your nets ; haply, you may find her in
the sea ;*

Yet there's as little justice as at land :—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;

'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition :

Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid ;

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miserable,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd ;

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,

And, kinmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully ;

And feed his humour kindly as we may,

'Till time beget some careful remedy,

Mar. Kinmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,

And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine. [ters,

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my mas-

What, have you met with her ? [word,

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you

If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you needs must stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' fize ;

*But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs
can bear :—*

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,

We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,

To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs :

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Mar-

cus.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—Here, ad Apollinem :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself ;—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here to Mercury :—

To Saturn, and to Cælus ; not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :

O' my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited. [court :

Mar. Kinmen, shoot all your shafts into the

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. *[They shoot.]* O, well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it to Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon ;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done ?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord ; when Publius shot,

The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

That down fell both the ram's horns in the court ;

And who should find them but the emperors' villain ? [choofe

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes : God give your lordship joy !

Enter a Clown, with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heaven ! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ? have you any letters ?

Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clown. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter ; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven ?

Clown. From heaven ? alas, sir, I never came

there : God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days ! Why, I am going with

my pigeons to the tribunal plebs¹, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your oration ; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace ?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

¹ The Clown means to say, to the tribune of the people.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor : By me thou shalt have justice at his hands. [*charges.* Hold, hold ;—mean while, here's money for thy Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?
Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir : let me alone. [*it.*

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ; For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant :— And when thou hast given it the emperor, Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go :—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Palace.

Enter Emperor, and Emperess, and her two sons ; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus over-borne, Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt ? My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods, However the disturbers of our peace Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath past But even with law, against the wilful sons Of old Andronicus. And what an if His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits, Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks ? His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterness ? And now he writes to heaven for his redress : See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ; This to Apollo ; this to the god of war : Sweet scrolls, to fly about the streets of Rome ! What's this, but libelling against the senate, And blazoning our injustice every where ? A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ? As who would say, in Rome no justice were. But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies Shall be no shelter to these outrages : But he and his shall know, that justice lives In Saturninus' health ; whom, if she sleep, He'll so awake, as she in fury shall Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, most lovely Saturnine, Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts, Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age, The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons, Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart ; And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best, For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become. [*Aside.*

High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :

But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick, Thy life-blood out : if Aaron now be wife, Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ? wouldst thou speak with us ? [*perial.*

Clown. Yes, forsooth, an your mistresship be em-

Tam. Emperess I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he.—God and faint Stephen, give you good den :

I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. [*The Emperor reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs !

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?

I know from whence this same device proceeds : May this be borne ?—as if his traiterous sons, That dy'd by law for murder of our brother, Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully ?— Go, drag the villain hither by the hair ; Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege :— For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man ; Sly frantick wretch, that help't to make me great, In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords ; Rome never had more cause !

The Goths have gather'd head ; and with a power Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil, They hither march amain, under conduct Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus ; Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths ? These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head As flowers with frost, or grafs beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach : 'Tis he, the common people love so much ; Myself have often over-heard them say, (When I have walk'd like a private man)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully, [*ror.* And they have wish'd that Lucius were their empe-

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not our city strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius ; And will revolt from me, to succour him. [*name.*

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ? The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby ;

* That is, his revenges.

Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may't thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks¹ to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—

Go thou before, be our ambassador: [*To Æmilius.*]
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Ex.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and soldiers.

Luc. **A**PPROVED warriors, and my faithful
friends,

I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-
dronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Omn. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading Aaron, with his child in his
arms.*

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery; [*stray'd*]
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
“Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
“Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
“Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
“Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:
“But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

“They never do beget a coal-black calf.

“Peace, villain, peace!”—even thus he rates the
babe,—

“For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

“Who, when he knows thou art the emperors' babe,

“Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.”

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man. [*vil.*]

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate de-
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:

This is the pearl that pleas'd your emperors' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No! not a
word?

A halter, soldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.—

First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder².

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the emperors.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things;

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou
speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres;

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

¹ *Honey-stalks* are clover-flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to over-
charge themselves with clover, and die. ² *Get me a ladder*, may mean, *hang me*.

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried by my death,

Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath;—For that, I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—

To save my boy, nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the emperess.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands off; and trimm'd her as thou
saw'st. [ming?]

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trim-

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
trimm'd; and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was the tutor to instruct them:

That coddling¹ spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corps of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons:

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the emperess of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never

blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse)

Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when the sorrow almost was forgot;

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,

As willingly as one would kill a fly;

And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,

But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil²; for he must not die

So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire;

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house;

Willing you to demand your hostages,

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come. March away. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

Titus's Palace in Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,

I will encounter with Andronicus;

And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,

To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.

Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,

To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;

Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,

And work confusion on his enemies.

[They knock, and Titus opens his study door.]

¹ i. e. that love of bed-sports. *Cod* is a word still used in Yourkshire for a pillow. ² Mr. Steevens here observes, that it appears, from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou would'st
talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad: I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud emperess, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder, and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and wel-
come me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder: therefore called so,
Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the emperess' sons
they are!

And you, the emperess! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.

O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:

And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[Exit Titus from above.]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him fend for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the emperess and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil:—
For, well I wot, the emperess never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:

But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him. [wrong]

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
And I will be revenged on them all. [Rome]

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him, and, when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine. [do.]

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To fend for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the emperess and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him, the emperor and the emperess too
Feast at my house; and he shall feast with them.

This

This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me. [me ;]

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*to her sons.*] What say you, boys ? will
you abide with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?

Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again. [mad ;]

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cur'd hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*]

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus : Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*]

Tit. I know, thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge,
farewel. [play'd ;]

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be em-

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

Enter Publius, and Servants.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know you these two ?

Pub. The emperors' sons,

I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius. [ceiv'd ;]

Tit. Fye, Publius, fye ! thou art too much de-

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it : therefore bind them sure ;

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit Titus.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear ; we are the emperors' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word :

Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia ; look, thy foes are
bound :—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius ! [mud ;]

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband ; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest : [dear

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say, if I should let you speak ?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats ;

Whilst that Lavinia 'twixt her stumps doth hold

The basin, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad,—

Hark, villains ; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste ;

And of the paste a coffin¹ will I rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads ;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall forfeit on ;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

Receive the blood : and, when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it ;

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet ; which I wish might prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron
prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content. [will.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil ; [Moor,

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

'Till he be brought unto the emperor's face,

For testimony of these foul proceedings :

And see the ambush of our friends be strong ;

I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Mar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart !

Luc. Away, inhuman dog ! unhallow'd slave !—

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—[*Flourish.*]

The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.

*Sound trumpets. Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one ?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun ?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle² ;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys.*]

¹ A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye.
he breaks his mind.

² i. e. begin the parley. We yet say,

A table brought in. Enter Titus, like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia, with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius; And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor, 'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well, To entertain your highness, and your emperors.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. Ap if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this;

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord? [*Shame,*

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,

For me most wretched to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

[*me blind,*

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made I am as woeful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

[*highness feed?*

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He slabs Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*He slabs Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius slabs Saturninus.*

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herself be bane unto herself;

And she, whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,

Do shameful execution on herself.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,

[*To Lucius,*

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance; even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration;

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it was, that ravish'd our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;

Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave,

Lastly, myself unkindly banish'd,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,

That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft, methinks, I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,

Of this was Tamora delivered;

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes;

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

And as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge

These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,

Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein.

And, from the place where you behold us now,

The poor remainder of Andronici

Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,

And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak: and if you say we shall

Lo hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Mar. Lucius, all hail: Rome's royal emperor!
Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us

To melt in showers: Thy grandfire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him. [*Heart*]

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! even with all my

'Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans, with Aaron.

Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes;
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith

Be clos'd in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tyger, Tamora,

No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial;

But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:

Then, afterwards, to order well the state;

That like events may ne'er it ruin.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM,
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
ÆNEAS,
PANDARUS,
CALCHAS,
ANTENOR,
MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.
AGAMEMNON,
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
MENELAUS,

Trojans.

Greeks.

ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
THERSITES,

Greeks.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.
CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.
CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

ALEXANDER, Cressida's Servant.
Boy, Page to Troilus.
Servant to Diomed.
Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgillous², their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crowns regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike freightage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city
(Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilios, Chetas, Troyan,

And Antenoridas) with massy staples,
And responsive and fulfilling³ bolts,
Sperr⁴ up the sons of Troy.—
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt⁵ and firflings of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Troy. Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. CALL here my varlet⁶, I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls
of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
strength,

¹ Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of Troilus and Cressida was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakespeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troy Boke* of Lydgate, printed in 1513. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columnna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his History of Troy in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. ² i. e. proud, disdainful. ³ To fulfill in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. ⁴ To sperre, or spar, from the old Teutonic word *speren*, signifies to shut up, defend by bars, &c. ⁵ i. e. the avant, what went before. ⁶ This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior.

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder¹ than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this!
for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further.
He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, must
tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the
boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you must tarry the
leavening.

Troi. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in
the word—hereafter the kneading, the making of
the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking;
nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may
chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench² at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Creïda comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yester-night fairer than
ever I saw her look; or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Left Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more
comparison between the women,—But, for my
part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they
term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had
heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dis-
praise your sister Cassandra's wit: but—

Troi. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus!—
When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Creïda's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense³
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st
me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say,—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

¹ Fonder for more childish.

² To blench is to shrink, start, or fly off.

³ The meaning is

In comparison with Creïda's hand, the spirit of sense, the utmost degree, the most exquisite power of
sensibility, which implies a soft hand, since the sense of touching resides chiefly in the fingers, is hard
as the callous and insensible palm of the ploughman.

She may make the best of a bad bargain.

⁴ Mr. Steevens thinks this phrase means

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be
as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an
she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-
thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you:
gone between and between, but small thanks for
my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's
not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on
Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she
were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
a fool, to stay behind her father; let her to the
Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see
her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more
in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will
leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit Pandarus.]

[Sound alarm.]

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace,
rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Creïda, but by Pandar;

And he's as techy to be woo'd to woo,

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Creïda is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium, and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[Alarm.] Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore
not afield?

Troi. Because not there; This woman's answer
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Troi. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn.

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town
to-day!

To
together.
the palace

Troi. Better at home, if ~~would~~ I might, were may.--
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Ans. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Cressida, and Alexander her servant.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Serv. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whither go they?

Serv. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger? [Greeks

Serv. The noise goes this: There is among the
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cre. Good; And what of him?

Serv. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cre. So do all men; unless they are drunk,
sick, or have no legs.

Serv. This man, lady, hath robb'd many hearts
of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the
lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a
man into whom nature hath so crowded humours,
that his valour is crush'd into folly¹, his folly
sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a
virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man
an attain, but he carries some stain of it: he is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the
hair²: he hath the joints of every thing; but
every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty
Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind
Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Serv. They say, he yesterday cop'd Hector in
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Serv. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hector's a gallant man.

Serv. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How
do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?

Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium?

Helen was not up, was she?

Cre. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;
he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that:
and there's Troilus will not come far behind him;
let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them
that too.

Cre. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man
of the two.

Cre. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cre. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cre. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he
is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would,
he were,—

Cre. So he is.

Pan.—'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cre. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—'Would
'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time
must friend or end; Well, Troilus, well,—I
would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector
is not a better man than Troilus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell
me another tale, when the other's come to't.
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen her-
self swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown
favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess)—Not brown
neither.

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cre. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then Troilus should have too much: if she
prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than
his; he having colour enough, and the other
higher, is too flaming a praise for a good com-

¹ To be crush'd into folly, is to be confused and mingled with folly, so as that they make one mass together. ² This is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. ³ Ilium was the palace of Troy.

plexion. I had as lieve, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cre. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window¹,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young : and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter² ?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him ;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cre. Juno have mercy !—How came it cloven ?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled : I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cre. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not ?

Cre. O, yes ; an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then :—But, to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus ? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin ;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin ! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing ;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cre. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes ;—Did her eyes run o'er too ?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cre. At what was all this laughing ?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer ?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true ; make no question of that.

One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white : That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter ! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris, my husband ? The forked one, quoth he ; pluck it out, and give it him. But, there was such laughing ! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chaf'd, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cre. So let it now ; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday ; think on 't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true ; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April. [*Sound a retreat.*]

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field : Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium ? good niece, do ; sweet niece Cressida.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place ; here we may see most bravely : I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by ; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Aeneas passes over stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Aeneas ; Is not that a brave man ? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you ; But mark Troilus ; you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that ?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor ; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you ; and he's a man good enough : he's one o' the foundest judgement in Troy, whosoever ; and a proper man of person :—When comes Troilus ?—I'll shew you Troilus anon ; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod ?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rich shall have more³.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that ! There's a fellow !—Go thy way, Hector ;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector !—Look, how he looks ! there's a countenance : Is't not a brave man ?

Cre. O, a brave man !

Pan. Is 'a not ? It does a man's heart good—Look you, what hacks are on his helmet ? look you yonder, do you see ? look you there ! There's no jesting : laying on ; take't off who will, as they say : there be hacks !

Cre. Be those with swords ?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords ? any thing, he cares not : an the devil come to him, it's all one : By god's lid, it does one's heart good :—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris : look ye yonder, niece ; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not ?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came home hurt to—

¹ The compass'd window is the same as the bow-window. I still call a person who plunders shops, a shop-lifter.

² The word *lifter* means a thief. We which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify a silly fellow, and may, by etymology, signify likewise full of nods. Cressid means, that a noddie shall have more nods.

³ The allusion here is to the word *noddie*, which, as now, did in our author's time, and long before, signify a silly fellow, and may, by etymology, signify likewise full of nods. Cressid means, that a noddie shall have more nods.

day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day;—That's Helenus.

Cre. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus? Helenus is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Enter Soldiers, &c.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cre. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man: and then to be bak'd with no date¹ in the pye,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not what ward you lie.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward

what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past biding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come [*Exit Boy*]: I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cre. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see

Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she² belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she² was never yet, that ever knew

Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Attainment is, command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then though my heart's content³ firm love doth bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below,

Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't fummish'd shape. Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;

And think them shames, which are, indeed,

nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,

To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found

¹ To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. ² i. e. that woman. ³ Content for capacity.

In fortune's love : for then, the bold and coward,
The wife and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin :
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away ;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike feat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men : The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk ?
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse : Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness ? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
In forms of fortune : For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize¹,
Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies flee under shade, Why, then, the thing
of courage²,
As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To Agamemnon.*]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch-out life,—

[*To Nestor.*]

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass ; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver³,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca ; and be't of less
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank Therpsites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon her basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule⁴ hath been neglected ;
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
center⁵,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other ; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents ? what mutiny ?
What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ? [*roars*,
Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes, noise,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states

Quite from their fixure ? O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick ! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities⁶,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place ?

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows ! each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy : The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe :
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead :
Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward⁷, with a purpose
It hath to climb : The general's disdain'd

¹ The brize is the gad or horse-fly. ² It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. ³ Hatch'd in silver, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver. ⁴ i. e. the particular rights of supreme authority. ⁵ i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system. ⁶ i. e. corporations, companies, confraternities. ⁷ That goes backward step.

By him one step below : he, by the next ;
That next, by him beneath : so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation ¹ :

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy ?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs : With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests ;

And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy toplefs ² deputation he puts on ;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-rested seeming
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause ;
Cries—'Excellent !—'tis Agamemnon just.—
'Now play me Nestor ;—hem, and stroke thy
'beard,

'As he, being 'drest to some oration.'
That's done ;—as near as the extreme ends
Of parallels ; as like as Vulcan and his wife :
Yet good Achilles still cries, 'Excellent !'
'Tis Nestor right ! Now play him me, Patroclus,
'Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth ; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet :—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, 'O !—enough, Patroclus ;
'Or give me ribs of steel ! I shall split all
'In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact ³,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd ; and bears his head

In such a rein ⁴, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles ; keeps his tent like him ;
Makes factious feasts ; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle : and sets Therites

(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint)

To match us in comparisons with dirt ;

To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank ⁵ soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice ;
Count wisdom as no member of the war ;
Foretell pre-science, and esteem no act
But that of hand : the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on ; and know, by mea-
sure

Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—

Why, this hath not a finger's dignity ;

They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war ;

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,

For the great siving and rudeness of his poize,

They place before his hand that made the engine ;

Or those, that with the fineness of their souls

By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Agam. What trumpet ? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Aeneas.

Agam. What would you fore our tent ? [you ?]

Aene. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray

Agam. Even this.

Aene. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears ?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Aene. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals ?

Agam. How ?

Aene. I ask, that I might waken reverence,

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush

Modest as morning when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus :

Which is that god in office, guiding men ?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon ?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us ; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Aene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels ; that's their fame in peace :
But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,

[accord,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords ; and, Jove's
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Aeneas,
Peace, Trojan ; lay thy finger on thy lips !

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,

If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth :

But what the repining enemy commends,

That breath fame blows ; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

¹ An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish. ² Toplefs means supreme ;
sovereign. ³ All our good of grace exact, means our excellence irreprehensible. ⁴ That is, holds
his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, she bristles. ⁵ A rank weed is a high weed.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy. [him:]

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brags voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpets sound.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession¹,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves)
And dare avow her beauty, and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are fun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Aga. This shall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace² put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [Exeunt.]

Manent *Ulysses* and *Nestor*.

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to its maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be crott,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles. [stance,

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as sub-
Whose grossness little characters sum up³:
And, in the publication, make no strain⁴,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judg-
ment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; Whom may you
else oppose,

That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks⁵
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice;
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering part
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are in his instrument,

¹ Confession for profession. ² An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. ³ Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e. numerals. ⁴ i. e. make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaimed, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discuss the drift of it. ⁵ Small points compared with the volumes.

In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; What
are they? [tor,

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hec-
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Africk sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort¹ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
Give him allowance as the better man,
For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
Must tarre² the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax, and Therites.

Ajax. THERSITES,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils?
full all over, generally?

Ajax. Therites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run then? were not that a
botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,—

Ther. Then there would come some matter from
him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven³, speak:
I will beat thee into handfomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-
ness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an
oration, than thou learn a prayer without book.
Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'
thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou
strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to
foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would
make thee the loathsome scab in Greece. When
thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as
slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on
Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his great-
ness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay that
thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Therites!

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf⁴!

Ther. He would pun⁵ thee into shivers with his
fist, as a sailor breaks a basket.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [Beating him.

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch⁶!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows;
an assinego⁷ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant
afs! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and
thou art bought and sold among those of any wit,
like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I
will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by
inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

¹ i. e. the lot. ² Tarre is an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. ³ Un-
salted leaven, means sour without salt; metaphorically, malignity without wit. ⁴ A crusty un-
even loaf is in some counties called by this name. ⁵ Pun is in the midland counties the vulgar and
colloquial word for pound. ⁶ In one way of trying a witch they used to place her on a chair or
stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by
that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting
would be as painful as the wooden horse. ⁷ Assinego seems to have been a cant term for a foolish
 fellow. Assinego is Portuguese for a little afs.

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus?

How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfathers had nails on

their toes,—yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth; To, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me¹, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, fir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewel.

Ajax. Farewel. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

T R O Y.

Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helen.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd. In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?* Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wife, the tent that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go: Since the first sword was drawn about this question, Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes², Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours: If we have lost so many tenths of ours, To guard a thing not ours; not worth to us, Had it our name, the value of one ten; What merit's in that reason, which denies The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

¹ He calls Patroclus, in contempt, Achilles' dog.

² *Dispart*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth.

So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The part-proportion¹ of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waft most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame! [sons,
Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at rea-
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother
priest, [reasons:]

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason;
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject. [cost

Hec. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infection itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement; How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? There can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have foil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve²,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent belly'd his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive, [freshness
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? The Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Caf. [within] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Caf. [within] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Caf. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace. [elders,

Caf. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit

Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

Troi. Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste³ the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:

And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us

Such things as would offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well my undertakings, as your counsels:

But I attest the gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,

To stand the push and enmity of those

This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,

Were I alone to pass the difficulties,

And had as ample power as I have will,

Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,

¹ The meaning is, that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion.

² That is, into a common

³ i. e. corrupt; change to a worse state.

Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it ;
But I would have the foil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion ? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms ?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended ; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject : then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well ;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd, but superficially ; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy :
The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
Twixt right and wrong ; For pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners ; Now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband ? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection ;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed¹ wills, resist the same ;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd : Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth : yet, nevertheless,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still ;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design :
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spieens²,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown ;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds ;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

And fame, in time to come, canonize us :
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits :
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst³ emulation in the army crept ;
This, I presume, will wake him. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Therites.

How now, Therites ? what, lost in the labyrinth
of thy fury ? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus ?
He beats me, and I rail at him : O worthy satisfaction !
'would, it were otherwise, that I could
beat him, whilst he rail'd at me : 'Sfoot, I'll learn
to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue
of my spiteful excretions. Then there's Achilles,
—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken 'till these
two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they
fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of
Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of
gods ; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft
of thy *Caduceus* ; if ye take not that little little
less-than-little wit from them that they have !
which short-arm'd ignorance itself knows is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deli-
ver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy
iron⁴, and cutting the web. After this, the venige-
ance on the whole camp ! or, rather, the bone-
ache ! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant
on those that war for a placket. I have said my
prayers ; and devil envy, say Amen. What, ho !
my lord Achilles !

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there ? Therites ? Good Therites,
come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt coun-
terfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my
contemplation : but it is no matter, Thyself upon
thyself ! The common curse of mankind, folly and
ignorance, be thine in great revenue ! heaven bless
thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near
thee ! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy
death ! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou
art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon⁵,
she never throw'd any but lazars. Amen.
Where's Achilles ?

Patr. What, art thou devout ? wast thou in
prayer ?

Ther. Ay ; The heavens hear me !

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there ?

Patr. Therites, my lord.

¹ i. e. inflexible, immoveable.
envy, factious contention.

² i. e. the execution of spite and resentment.
⁴ That is, without drawing their swords to cut the web.

³ That is,

⁴ i. e.
⁵ i. e. the
spear, is

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question¹. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with no body:—Come in with me, Therfites. *[Exit.]*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is—a cuckold, and a whore; A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! *[Exit.]*

Ag. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Ag. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He sent² our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. *[Exit.]*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[To Agamemnon.]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therfites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their faction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untye. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy;

His legs are for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state³, To call on him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Ag. Hear you, Patroclus;—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot cut-*fly* our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak to him: And you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud,

And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself,

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And under-write⁴ in an observing kind

His humourous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,

That, if he over-hold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lie under this report—

Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance⁵ give

Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. *[Exit.]*

Ag. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you. *[Exit Ulysses.]*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Ag. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself

A better man than I?

Ag. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say, he is? *[Liant.]*

Ag. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as va-

As wife, and no less noble, much more gentle,

¹ i.e. I will deduce the question from the first case to the last.

³ i.e. the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you.

⁴ i.e. rebuked, rated.

⁵ To subscribe, in Shakspeare, is to obey.

⁶ Allowance is approbation.

And altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud ?

How doth pride grow ? I know not what pride is.

Aga. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues

The fairer. He that's proud, eats up himself :

Pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his

Own chronicle ; and whate'er praises itself

But in the deed, devours the deed i' the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside.*] And yet he loves himself ; Is it not strange ?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse ?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none ;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,

Without observance or respect of any,

In will peculiar and in self admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,

Untent his person, and share the air with us ?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,

He makes important : Possess he is with greatness ;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride

That quarrels at self breath : imagin'd worth

Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,

That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,

Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,

And batters down himself : What should I say ?

He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it ¹ Cry—*No recovery.*

Aga. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent :

'Tis said, he holds you well ; and will be led,

At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so !

We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes,

When they go from Achilles : Shall the proud lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam ² ;

And never suffers matter of the world

Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve

And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he ?

No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd ;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles :

That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;

And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well : he rubs the vein of him.

[*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause !

[*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist

I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze ³ his pride:—

Let me go to him.

[*quarrel.*

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our

Ajax. A paltry insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes himself ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,

He should eat swords first : Shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force him ⁴ with praises : [*Aside.*

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To Agamemnon.*

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face ;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorson dog, that shall palter thus with us !

'Would, he were a Trojan !

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud ?

Dio. Or covetous of praise ?

Ulyss. Ay, or furly borne ?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected ?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure ;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor : and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond beyond all erudition :

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half : and, for thy vigor,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To finewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn ⁵, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts : Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise ;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

¹ Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague.

³ To pheeze is to comb or curry.

⁴ i. e. stuff him with praises (from *farcir*, Fr.).

boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another.

² Seam is great.

⁵ A bourn is a

Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Aga. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep.
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

T R O Y.

The Palace.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word:
 Do not you follow the young lord
 Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman;
 I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the lord
 Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lord-
 ship are my titles:—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is musick
 in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend?

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another;
 I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At
 whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at
 the request of Paris my lord, who is there in per-
 son; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood
 of beauty, love's invisible soul¹,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; Could you not find out
 that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not
 seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with
 Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a

complimental assault upon him, for my business
 seeks.

Serv. Soddren business! there's a stew'd phrase,
 indeed!

Enter Paris, and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this
 fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure,
 fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen!
 fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
 Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my
 life, you shall make it whole again; you shall
 piece it out with a piece of your performance:—
 Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits².

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—
 My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out; we'll
 hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with
 me.—But (marry) thus, my lord.—My dear
 lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother
 Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends
 himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody;
 If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
 queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four
 offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that
 shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such
 words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,
 that, if the king call for him at supper, you will
 make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very
 very sweet queen?

¹ i. e. the soul of love invisible every where else.

² i. e. now and then, by fits.

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.

Helen. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida,

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy¹.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three².

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love, ay, that it shall i' faith. [love.]

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

" Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

" For, oh, love's bow

" Shoots buck and doe:

" The shaft confounds

" Not that it wounds,

" But tickles still the fore.

" These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

" Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

" Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

" So dying love lives still:

" Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

" Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

" Hey ho!"

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so:

How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit. Sound a retreat.]

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish finews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have; Yea, over-shines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Pandarus' Garden.

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus' man.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. Oh, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields, Where I may wallow in the lily beds Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I will bring her straight. [Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round. The imaginary relish is so sweet That it enchants my sense; What will it be, When that the watry palate tastes indeed Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me; swooning destruction; or some joy too fine, Too subtle potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness, For the capacity of my ruder powers: I fear it much; and I do fear besides, That I shall lose distinction in my joys; As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so

¹ This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie*. ² i. e. says Mr. Toller, the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two.

blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-taken sparrow. [Exit Pandarus.]

Troi. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame¹, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the files².—Why do you not speak to her!—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river³: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cre. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg spies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, that feeling reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrousness in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and being born, his addition shall be humble⁴. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me:—

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, 'till now, so much

But I might master it:—in faith, I lye;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;

Or, that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;

For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:

¹ Alluding to the manner of taming hawks.

² Alluding to the custom of putting men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

³ Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The tercel is the male hawk; by the falcon we generally understand the female.

⁴ We will give him no high or pompous titles.

I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave 'till to-morrow morning,——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun yourself.

Cre. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:——
Where's my wit? I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that
speak so wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft
than love;

And sell to roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted¹ with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight, [right!
When right with right wars who shall be most
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,——
As true as steel², as plantage³ to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,——
Yet after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false maids in love, [false
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness.——Here I hold your hand;
here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false to one
another, since I have taken such pains to bring
you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call-
ed to the world's end after my name, call them
all—Pandars; let all inconstant men be Troilus's,
all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between
Pandars! say amen.

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a
bed-chamber; which bed, because it shall not
speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death:
away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!
[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomed, Nestor, Ajax,
Menelaus, and Calchas.*

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done
you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompence. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Ag. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make
demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,

¹ I wish, "my integrity might be met and matched with such equality and force of pure un-
mingled love." ² This is an ancient proverbial simile. ³ Formerly neither sowing, planting,
nor grafting, were ever undertaken without a scrupulous attention to the increase or waning of the
moon, as may be proved by the following quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "The
poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitfull: to as in the
full moone they are in the best strength; decreasing in the wane; and in the conjunction to utterlie
wither and vade."

Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him; let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain ¹.

Aga. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Diom. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exit Diomed, and Calchas.]

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Pleas'd it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot;—and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd
on him:

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with
me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Aga. What says Achilles? would he aught with
us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the gene-
Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord?

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they
not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd to
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but 's honour'd for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess, [out
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
Something in me not worth that rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;

I'll interrupt his reading.—How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted ²,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,

'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there

Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,

It is familiar; but at the author's drift:

Who, in his circumstance ³, expressly proves—

That no man is the lord of any thing,

(Though in and of him there is much consisting)

'Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himself know them for aught

'Till he behold them form'd in the applause

Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or like a gate of steel

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back

His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown ⁴ Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!

What things again most dear in the esteem,

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow

An act that very chance doth throw upon him,

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

¹ i. e. Her presence shall strike off, or recompense the service I have done, even in these labours which were most accepted. ² i. e. however excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned. ³ i. e. in the detail or circumduction of his argument. ⁴ Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

While some men leave to do!
How some men creep¹ in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-fiz'd monster of ingratitude: [your'd
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de-
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entred tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost:—
Or like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'er-top yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And fling to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions² 'mongst the godsthemelves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

¹ To creep is to keep out of sight, from whatever motive. The meaning is, Some men keep out of notice in the hall of fortune, while others, though they but play the ideot, are always in her eye, in the way of distinction. ² The meaning of mission, Dr. Johnson says, seems to be dispatches of the gods from heaven about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy. ³ Polyxena in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. ⁴ i. e. There is a secret accommodation of affairs, which no history was ever able to discover. ⁵ i. e. By neglecting our duty or commission or enable that danger of dishonour, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters³.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Pluto's gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the
gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle⁴) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine,
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When Fame shall in our islands found her trumpet;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
“Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
“But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? [by him.

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware; [felves:

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger⁵;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Therites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

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Enter Therites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What? [for himself.

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck in the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good-morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks, Agamemnon*. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-ho-

nour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon?

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock, it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What musick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fidler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings² on. [straight.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature. [stir'd;

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles, and Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Aeneas, and Servant, with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomed, &c. with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person?

Par. Had I so good occasion to lie long, As you, prince Paris, nought but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dei. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas; take his hand: Witness the process of your speech, wherein You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days, Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir,

During all question³ of the gentle truce: But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dei. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health: But when contention and occasion meet, By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward. In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life, Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear, No man alive can love, in such a fort, The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dei. We sympathize:—Jove, let Aeneas live, If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

¹ With a fly look.

² A catling signifies a small lute-string made of catgut.

³ Question here

A thou-

A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not. [Greek]

Par. His purpose meets you ; 'Twas to bring this
To Calchas' house ; and there to render him
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you :

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soylure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece¹ ;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country : Hear me,
Paris,——

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :
But we in silence hold this virtue well,——
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way. [Exeunt.]

¹ i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown. ² To do is here used in an obscene sense.
³ Meaning to say, "Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?" The Italian word *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club ; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.

S C E N E II.

Pandarus' House.

Enter Troilus, and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself ; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down ;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not ;

To bed, to bed : Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought !

Cre. Good morrow then.

Troi. I prythee now, to bed.

Cre. Are you aweary of me ?

Troi. O Cressida ! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch ! with venomous wights
she stays,

As tediously as hell ; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Prythee, tarry ;—you men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressida !—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark ! there's
one up.

Pan. [within] What's all the doors open here ?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him ! now will he be mocking ;
I shall have such a life,——

Pan. How now, how now ? how go maiden-heads ?—Here, you maid ! where's my cousin Cressid ?

Cre. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle !

You bring me to do², and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what ? to do what ?—let her say what :
What have I brought you to do ?

Cre. Come, come ; beshrew your heart ! you'll
ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha ! Alas, poor wretch ! a poor capocchia³ !—hast not slept to-night ? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep ? a bugbear take him !

[One knock.]

Cre. Did not, I tell you ?—'would he were
knock'd o' the head !—

Who's that at door ? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber :

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha ! [thing.]

Cre. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such

How earnestly they knock !—pray you, come in ;

[Knock.]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt.]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: What news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:—What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet fetch him hither; Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: There is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me!— I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of neighbour Pandar Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exit Troilus, and Æneas.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter Cressida.

Cre. How now? What's the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must

to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father; I know no touch of confanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me, As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine! Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood, If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death, Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very center of the earth, Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

[cheeks;]

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With founding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Diomedes, &c.

Par. It is great morning²; and the hour prefix'd Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk in to her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[Exit Troilus.]

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!— Please you, walk in, my lords.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus, and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cre. Why tell you me of moderation? The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying drops; No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cre. O Troilus! Troilus!

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking? where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart

By friendship, nor by speaking.

¹ i. e. so hasty, so abrupt.

² Grand jour, a Gallicism.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity, That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.

Cre. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cre. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Troi. A hateful truth.

Cre. What, and from Troilus too?

Troi. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cre. Is it possible?

Troi. And suddenly; where injury of chance Puts back leave-taking, juttles roughly by All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows Even in the birth of our own labouring breath: We two, that with so many thousand sighs Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves With the rude brevity and discharge of one. Injurious time now, with a robber's haste, Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how: As many farewells as be stars in heaven, With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them, He fumbles up into a loose adieu; And scants us with a single famish'd kiss, Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æneas [within]. My lord! is the lady ready?

Troi. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.— Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Cre. I must then to the Grecians?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!— When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love:—Be thou but true of heart,—

Cre. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, For it is parting from us:—

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove¹ to death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart:

But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Troi. I will corrupt the Grecian centinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cre. O heavens!—be true, again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: The Grecian youths

Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing, And swelling o'er with arts and exercise; How novelties may move, and parts with person, Alas, a kind of godly jealousy (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin) Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heavens! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt², nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these There lurks a still and dumb-discourfing devil, That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think, I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æneas [within]. Nay, good my lord—

Troi. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Paris [within]. Brother Troilus!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring *Æneas*, and the Grecian, with you.

Cre. My lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

While others fish with craft for great opinion,

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit³

Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

[Enter *Æneas*, *Paris*, and *Diomed*.]

Welcome, sir *Diomed*! here is the lady,

Whom for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port⁴, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;

And, by the way, possess thee what she is⁵.

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,

If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,

Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe

As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,

Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomed*

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,

In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,

She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,

As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

¹ That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

³ That is, the governing principle of my understanding.
make thee fully understand.

⁴ i. e. the gate.

² The *lavolta* was a dance.

⁵ i. e. I will

I charge

I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust : And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge : to her own worth
She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be 't so,
I speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Troi. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida. Sound trumpet.*]

Par. Hark ! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning !
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault : Come, come, to field
with him.

Dio. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels :
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The Grecian Camp.

*Enter Ajax arm'd, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, &c.*

Ag. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
Blow, villain, 'till thy spher'd bias cheek¹
Out-swells the cholic of puff'd Aquilon :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

Ulys. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Ag. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
He rises on his toe ; that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Ag. Is this the lady Cressida ?

Dio. Even she. [*lady.*]

Ag. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulys. Yet is the kindness but particular ;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
Achilles bids you welcome. [*lady.*]

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulys. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss ; this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim !

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir :—Lady, by your
leave.

Gre. In kissing, do you render, or receive ?

Patr. Both take and give.

Gre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give ;
Therefore no kiss. [*one.*]

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for

Gre. You're an odd man ; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady ? every man is odd.

Gre. No, Paris is not ; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Gre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his
horn—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you ?

Gre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Gre. Why, beg then. [*kiss,*]

Ulys. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Gre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your fa-
ther. [*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulys. Fie, fie, upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive² of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting³ welcome ere it comes,

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader ! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity⁴,

And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

Al. The Trojans' trumpet !

Ag. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Aeneas, Troilus, &c. with attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece ! What shall
be done to him

That victory commands ? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known ? Will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other ; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field ?
Hector bade ask.

Ag. Which way would Hector have it ?

¹ Swelling out like the bias of a bowl.

² Motive for part that contributes to motion.

³ i. e. an

amorous address ; a courtship.

⁴ i. e. Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity

may make a prey.

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like Hector ; but securely ¹ done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, fir,
What is your name ?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. [this ;—

Æne. Therefore Achilles : But, whate'er, know
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector ;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood ;
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home ;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then ?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomed.

Aga. Here is Sir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax : as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it ; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath : the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already. [heavy ?

Aga. What Trojan is that same that looks so

Ulys. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight ;
Not yet mature, yet matchless ; firm of word ;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue ;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd :
His heart and hand both open, and both free ;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews ;
Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair ² thought with breath :
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous ;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes ³
To tender objects ; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love :
They call him Troilus ; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas ; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me ⁴.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own !

Troi. Hector, thou sleep'st, awake thee !

Aga. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

[Trumpets cease.

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—"This hand is Grecian all,

"And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

"All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

"Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

"Bounds-in my father's ;" by Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not imprefure made

Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainfay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :—

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it ⁵ ;

The issue is embracement :—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

(As feld I have the chance) I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish ; and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me :

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part ;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin ;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knight.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by
name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

But that's no welcome : Understand more clear,

What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with

And formless ruin of oblivion ; [hunks

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Aga. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Troilus.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting ;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord ? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks !

¹ Securely is here used in the sense of the Latin, *securus* ; a negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. ² i. e. A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character.

³ That is, yields, gives way.

⁴ That is, explain his character.

⁵ That is, answer the

Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hec. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way [thee,
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him: he was a foldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Ens. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hec. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hec. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with
thee to-morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hec. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hec. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted² joint by joint.

Hec. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

[thee.

Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hec. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hec. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me
o'er;

But there's more in me, than thou understand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of
his body [there?

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or

That I may give the local wound a name;

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hec. It would discredit the blest gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question: Stand again:

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,

As to prenominate in nice conjecture,

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hec. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;

But, by the forge that fitteth Mars his helm,

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,

His insolence draws folly from my lips;

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,

Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,

'Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:

You may have every day enough of Hector,

If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field;

We have had pelting wars, since you refus'd

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;

To-night, all friends.

Hec. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;

There in the full convive³ we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.—

Beat loud the tabourines⁴, let the trumpets blow,

That this great foldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus, and Ulysses.

Troi. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulys. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;

Who neither looks on heaven, nor on the earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid. [much,

Troi. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so

¹ The repetition of *thou!* was anciently used by one who meant to insult another.

² i. e. ob-

served. ³ To convive is to feast. ⁴ Tabourines are small drums.

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyf. You shall command me, fir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Troi. O, fir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Achilles' Tent.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. I'LL heat his blood with Greekish wine
to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Therfites.

Enter Therfites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch¹ of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of ideot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by
thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male
varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, rup-
tures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethar-
gies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers,
wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sci-
aticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ach,
and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and
take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whore-
son indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sieve silk, thou green
farcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassel of a pro-
digal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is
pester'd with such water flies; diminutives of
nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go or stay;
My major vows lie here, this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Therfites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banquetting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if, with too much
brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer
of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest
fellow enough, and one that loves quails²; but
he hath not so much brain as ear-wax: And the
goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,
the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique³ me-
morial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a
chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form,
but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and
malice forced⁴ with wit, turn him? To an ass,
were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox
were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a
dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an
owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I
would not care: but to be a Menelaus,—I would
conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I
would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not
to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Mene-
laus.—Hey-day! spirits, and fires!

*Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses,
Nestor, and Diomed, with lights.*

Ag. We go wifong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the light.

Hec. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyf. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome,
princes all.

¹ Batch signifies all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. A batch of bread is a phrase still used in Staffordshire. Therfites had already been called *colloaf*. ² By loving quails the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A quail is remarkably falacious. ³ The author of *The Revival* observes, that "the memorial is called *oblique*, because it was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition that both bulls and cuckolds were furnished with horns." ⁴ i. e. i used with wit.

Ag. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hecl. Thanks, and Good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hecl. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Acbil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those

That go, or tarry.

Ag. Good night. [*Exeunt Agam. and Menel.*]

Acbil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed, keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business, the tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hecl. Give me your hand.

Ulyf. Follow his torch, he goes to Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company. [*To Troilus.*]

Troi. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hecl. And so, good night.

Acbil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabier¹ the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas his tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Calchas' Tent.

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—

Calchas, I think. Where is your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Enter Troilus, and Ulysses, at a distance; after them Therites.

Ulyf. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark,

A word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyf. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man

May sing her, if he can take her cliff²; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulyf. List!

[*folly.*]

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cre. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulyf. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness! [*pray you,*]

Ulyf. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I Left your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyf. Now, good my lord, go off:

You slow to great distraction³: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyf. You have not patience; come. [*torments,*]

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyf. Why, how now, lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyf. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Troi. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyf. Come, come.

[*word:*]

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together⁴! Fry, lechery, fry!

¹ If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *brabier* or *brabler*. ² *Cliff*, is a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as *bale*, *tenour*, *treble*, it is proper for. ³ The meaning is, The tide of your imagination will hurry you either to *noble death* from the hand of Diomed, or to the *height of madness* from the predominance of your own passions. ⁴ Mr. Collins explains this passage thus: "*Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. But why

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

Ulyf. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, my lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cre. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve¹.

Troi. O beauty!

Where is thy faith?

Ulyf. My lord,—

Troi. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it
well.—

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Whose was 't?

Cre. It is no matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you
shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cre. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was. [will.

Cre. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder²,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wer't thou the devil, and wor'st it on
thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it
I will not keep my word. [is not;

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cre. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do, come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel, 'till then.

[Exit.

Cre. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.—

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. [Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish
more³,

Unless she say, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyf. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyf. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lye in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyf. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyf. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyf. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here
but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,

For depravation—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyf. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
our mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Troi. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a foul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself⁴,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt⁵; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as Heaven itself;

why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe* finger?—This root, which was in our Author's
time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong
provocative.

¹ It was anciently the custom to wear a lady's *sleeve* for a favour. ² i. e. the stars which she
points to. ³ i. e. she could not publish a stronger proof. ⁴ That is, If there be *certainly* in
unity, if it be a *rule* that one is one. ⁵ The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common
sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. The

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied ¹,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten ² faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulys. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth exprefs ?

Troi. Ay, Greek ; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus : never did young man fancy
With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek ;—As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed :
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm ;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it : not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mafs by the almighty fun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false, false, false !
Let all untruths stand by thy-stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulys. O, contain yourself ;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord :
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy ;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, prince :—My courteous
lord, adieu :—

Farewel, revolted fair !—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle ³ on thy head !

Ulys. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed !
I would croak like a raven ; I would bode, I
would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing
for the intelligence of this whore : the parrot will
not do more for an almond, than he for a com-
modious drab. Lechery, lechery ; still, wars and
lechery ; nothing else holds fashion : A burning
devil take them ! *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

The Palace of Troy.

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,

To stop his ears against admonishment ?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you ; get you in :
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go. *[day.]*

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Caf. Where is my brother Hector ?

And. Here, sister ; arm'd, and bloody in intent :
Confort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees ; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night *[ter.*
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaugh-

Caf. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho ! bid my trumpet sound !

Caf. No notes of fally, for the heavens, sweet
brother. *[I swear.]*

Hect. Begone, I say : the gods have heard me

Caf. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows ;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O ! be persuaded : Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just : it is as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caf. It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow ;
But vows to every purpose must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :
Life every man holds dear ; but the dear ⁴ man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-
day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.]

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff ⁵ thy har-
ness, youth ;

I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry :
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide
me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now ? how now ?

Troi. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother ;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords ;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie !

Troi. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should withhold me ?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire ;

¹ A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed.

² Vows which she has already swallowed

ence over. We still say of a faithless man, that he has eaten his words.

³ It has been before ob-

served in note ¹, p. 843, that by a castle was meant a close helmet.

⁴ i. e. put off.

⁵ i. e. the valuable man.

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse¹ of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hec. Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!

Look, how thou dy'st! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Troi. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewel. Yet, soft:—Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. *[Exit.]*

Hec. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: The gods with safety stand
about thee! *[Exit Priam. Alarums.]*

Troi. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yon' poor girl.

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally
ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of
this girl; and what one thing, what another, that
I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a
rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ach in my

bones, that, unless a man were curst, I cannot
tell what to think on't.—What says she there?

Troi. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart; *[Tearing the letter.]*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still the feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you— *[Shame]*

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey!—ignomy and
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Camp.

[Alarums.] Enter Therites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one an-
other; I'll go look on. That dissembling abomi-
nable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy, there,
in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that
that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore
there, might send that Greekish whore-masterly
villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling
luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O the
other side, the policy of those crafty swearing
rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheete,
Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not
prov'd worth a black-berry:—They set me up,
in policy, that mungril cur, Ajax, against that dog
of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not
arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to
proclaim barbarism²; and policy grows into an
ill opinion. Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter Diomed, and Troilus.

Troi. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river
I would swim after. *[Sings.]*

Dio. Thou dost mis-call retire:

I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee! *[They go off jingling.]*

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hec. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hec-
tor's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy rail-
ing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hec. I do believe thee;—live. *[Exit.]*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
but a plague break thy neck, for frightening me!
What's become of the wenching rogues? I think,
they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh
at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself.
I'll seek them. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter Diomed, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus
horse;

¹ i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face.

² i. e. to set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty ;
Tell her, I have chaffis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew ! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner ;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pass'd corpses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cediüs : Polixenes is slain ;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised : the dreadful Sagittary¹
Appals our numbers ; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hector's in the field :
Now here he fights on Galathea² his horse,
And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls³
Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Uly. O, courage, courage, princes ! great
Achilles

Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance :
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chip'd, come
to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastick execution ;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus ! thou coward Troilus ! [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face ;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector ! where's Hector ? I will none but Hector.
[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy
head !

Enter Diomed.

Dio. Troilus, I say ! where's Troilus ?

Ajax. What wouldst thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

[my office,

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have
Ere that correction :—Troilus, I say ! what, Troi-
lus !

Enter Troilus.

Troi. O traitor Diomed !—turn thy false face,
thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse !

Dio. Ha ! art thou there ?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone ; stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Troi. Come both, you cogging Greeks ; have at
you both. [Exeunt fighting.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus ? O, well fought, my young-
est brother !

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now, do I see thee : Ha !—Have at thee,
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

[Fight.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use ;
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again ;
Till when go seek thy fortune.

Hect. Fare thee well :—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother ?

Re-enter Troilus.

Troi. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas ; Shall it be ?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him ; I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off :—Fate, hear me what I say !
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek ; thou art a
goodly mark :—

No ? wilt thou not ?—I like thy armour well ;
I'll crush⁴ it, and unlock the rivets all,

¹ " Beyond the royaume of Amasonne came an auncient kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named
" Epytrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a marvayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE,
" that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an horse,
" and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : this beste made the Greeces sore use, and
" and slewe many of them with his bowe." *The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton.* ² From
The Three Destructions of Troy is taken this name given to Hector's horse. ³ Sculls are great num-
bers of fishes swimming together. ⁴ Dr. Johnson says, he never found the word *frush* elsewhere,
nor does he understand it ; but that Hammer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. Mr. Steevens adds, that
to *frush* a chicken, is a term in carving which he cannot explain ; but that the word is as ancient as
Wynkyn de Worde's *Book of Kervynge*, 1508, and that it seems to be sometimes used for any action
of violence by which things are separated, disordered, or destroyed.

But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast,
abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.

The Same.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say,—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms¹.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[Exit.

SCENE VIII.

The Same.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are
at it: Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo!
now my double-hen'd sparrow! 'loo Paris, 'loo!
The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I
am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegiti-
mate. One bear will not bite another, and where-
fore should one bastard? Take heed, the quar-
rel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore
fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewel,
bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward. [Exit.

SCENE IX.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

Enter Achilles, and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;
Even with the vail² and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this 'vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man
I seek.

[Hector falls.

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part. [Lord.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'er spreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like³, the armies separates.

My half-sunt sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exit.

Sound retreat. Shout.

SCENE X.

The Same.

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Di-
medes, and the rest, marching.*

Aga. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet brags let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along:—Let one be sent,
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exit.

SCENE XI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Aeneas, and Trojans.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—the gods forbid! [ail,

Troi. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field,
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile⁴ at Troy!
I say, at once! let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Aene. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all imminence, that gods, and men,

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead;

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

¹ Mr. Steevens proposes to read—*aims*. ² i. e. the *sinking* of the sun. ³ A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*, *side-men*. ⁴ Mr. Steevens proposes to read—*"smite at Troy."*

Cold statues of the youth ; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away :
Hector is dead ; there is no more to say.
Stay yet ;—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you !—And thou, great-
fiz'd coward !

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates ;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy !—with comfort go ;
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas, &c.*]

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ; do you hear ?

Troi. Hence, broker lacquey ! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name !

[*Exit Troilus.*]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones !
Oh world ! world ! world ! thus is the poor agent
despis'd !

O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a'

work, and how ill requited ! Why should our en-
deavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd ?
what verbe for it ? what instance for it ?—Let me
see :—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
'Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting :
But being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
cloths.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall :
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made :
It should be now, but that my fear is this—
Some galled goose¹ of Winchester would hiss :
'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases ;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Mr. Pope on this passage remarks, that the public stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester. A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester goose* ; and this explanation may be supported by the vulgar phrase at present applied to a person infected with a certain disease, that " he has got the goose."

CYMBELINE.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
C. Y. M. B. L. I. N. E.

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CY
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LEO
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C Y M B E L I N E.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman married to the Princess.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the names of Polydore*

ARVIRAGUS, } *and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *an Italian, friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman.

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, a Tribune, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. YOU do not meet a man, but frowns:
our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's¹.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king? [queen,

1 Gent. He, that hath lost her, too: so is the
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath mis'd the princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that marry'd her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself²;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom

¹ Dr. Johnson observes, that this passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame;—that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey the laws of heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*; that is, than the *bloods of our courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's*. Mr Steevens is of opinion, that *blood* appears to be used for *inclination*; and Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to make the passage clear by a very slight alteration, only leaving out the last letter; “You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods no more obey the heavens than our courtiers still seem, as does the king. —That is, *Still as the king does.*” ² The meaning is, My praise, however extensive, is within his merit.

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o' the time,
Dy'd with their swords in hand : for which, their
father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection ; calls him Posthumus ;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber ;
Puts to him all the learning that his time
Could make him the receiver of ; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd ; and
In his spring became a harvest : Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd :
A sample to the youngest ; to the more mature,
A glass that feated them¹ ; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards : to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue ;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king ?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen ; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago ?

1 Gent. Some twenty years. [vey'd !]

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so con-
so slackly guarded ! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them !

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear : Here comes the
gentleman,
The queen, and princefs. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and attendant.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate : marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril :—

¹ i. e. a glass that formed them : meaning, a model, by the contemplation and inspection
which they formed their manners.

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.]

Imo. O difsembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen ! my mistress !
O, lady, weep no more ; left I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man ! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure :—Yet, I'll move him

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathsomeness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it 'till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain, remain thou here

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest, farewell,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this ;
'Tis a manacle of love ; I'll place it

Upon this fairest prisoner.
Imo. O, the gods !—

When shall we see again ?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence, from my
fight !

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st : Away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare¹
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen!

Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock².

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have
made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What?—art thou mad? [I were

Imo. Almost, sir:—Heaven restore me!--'Would
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!
They were again together: you have done
[To the queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!

No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;

Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: lest these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray you
speak with me:

You shall, at least, go see my lord aboard:
For this time, leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a fa-
cristice: Where air comes out, air comes in:
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.
[Aside.

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thorough-fare for steel, if
it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went o' the
back-side of the town.

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face. [Aside.

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of
your own: but he added to your having; gave
you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies! [Aside.

Clot. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measur'd how
long a fool you were upon the ground. [Aside.

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election,
she is damn'd. [Aside.

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty
and her brain go not together: She's a good sign³,
but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the re-
flection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there
had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the
fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

¹ A touch more rare, may mean a nobler passion, or a more exquisite feeling, a superior sensation.
² A kite.
³ Sign here means fair outward shew. Mr. Steevens adds, that to understand the
whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remember'd, that anciently almost every sign had a
motto, or some attempt at a witticism, underneath it.

SCENE IV.

*Imogen's Apartments.**Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,

And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is¹. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, 'His queen, his queen!'

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. 'Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye, or ear,
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and starts of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space² had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then [nio,
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage³.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear,
The she's of Italy should not betray [him,
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company. [patch'd.—

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them done.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[Exeunt.

¹ The meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal. ² Dr. Johnson remarks, that *the diminution of space*, is *the diminution of which space is the cause*. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *lightning*. ³ i. e. next opportunity. ⁴ *Make* is here used in the sense in which we say, *Thou wilt make or mar you*. ⁵ i. e. makes the description of him very distant from the truth. ⁶ *Tha* is, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself.

SCENE V.

*Rome.**An Apartment in Philario's House.**Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a Frenchman.*

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he has been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter⁵.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours⁶, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you?—How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine:—How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone⁷ my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences⁸: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

That
is d.
fer, as
delity."

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report¹. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wife, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual: a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince² the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make

her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd³ in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation⁴ of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser⁵. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain uneduc'd, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the

¹ That is, Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told. ² Convince for overcome. ³ i. e. deceived. ⁴ i. e. proof. ⁵ The meaning is, "You are a friend to the lady, and therein the wiser, as you will not expose her to hazard; and that you fear, is a proof of your religious delicacy."

assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.—

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs? [*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confessions? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) is't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.* Will I first work: he's for his master, And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?— Doctor, your service for this time is ended; Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam; But you shall do no harm.—

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think, she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has, Will stupify and dull the sense a while: [*dogs;* Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and Then afterward up higher: but there is No danger in what shew of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter Where folly now possesses? Do thou work: When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son, I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then As great as is thy master: greater; for His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being², Is to exchange one misery with another; And every day, that comes, comes to decay A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect, To be depender on a thing that leans³? Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a phial: Pisanio takes it up.* So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour: It is a thing I make, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it; It is an earnest of a further good That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself. Think what a chance thou change'st on⁴; but think Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment, such As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Think on my words.—A fly, and constant knave; Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master; And the remembrancer of her, to hold The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of leigers⁵ for her sweet; and which she, after, Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done: The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue, I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*]

¹ That is, other experiments.

² fall.

³ The meaning is, "Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service."

⁴ promote his master's interest.

⁵ i. e. to change his abode.

⁶ i. e. that inclines towards

⁷ A leiger ambassador is one that resides at a foreign court

S C E N E VII

*Imogen's Apartment.**Enter Imogen.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean foe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which feast on comfort!—Who may this be?
Fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Gives a letter.*]

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, [*Aside.*]
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

—“He is one of the noblest note, to whose
“kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
“upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.”

“LEONATUS.”

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

[*Aside.*]
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land¹, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach²? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
‘Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and
monkeys,

'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judg-
ment!

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed⁴.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you,
sir, [*To Pisanio.*]

Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
He's strange⁵, and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Sees you?*]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'be-

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; while the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries! “O!” [*Knows*]

“Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who
“By history, report, or his own proof,
“What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
“But must be,—will his free hours languish
“For assur'd bondage?”

Imo. Will my lord say so? [*Laughter.*]

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
It is a recreation to be by, [*Know,*]
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope. [*Thim might*]

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—

¹ That is, according to Warburton, “who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for or desire.” ² The

rop of sea and land means the productions of either element. ³ Dr. Johnson says, “he knows not well how to regulate this passage. Number'd is perhaps numerous. Twinn'd stones he does not understand. Twinn'd shells, or pairs of shells, are very common.” Mr. Steevens adds, that the pebbles in the sea-shore are so much of the same size and shape, that twinn'd may mean as like as twins. Dr. Farmer thinks we may read the unnumbered, the shaded beach. ⁴ Dr. Johnson explains this pas-

sage thus: “Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the eyes and the judgment would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. Desire, says he, when it approached sluttish, and considered it in comparison with such neat excellence, would not only be not so allured to feed, but, with a fit of loathing, would vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unsated, it had nothing to eject.” ⁵ Strange here seems to signify shy or backward.

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing¹,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop².

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,

Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my muteest conscience, to my tongue,
Charns this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more. [heart

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
With pity that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery³, [ner'd
Would make the greatest king double! to be part-
With romboys⁴, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield⁵! with diseas'd ven-
tures,

That play with all infirmities for gold [stuff,
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,

(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despight, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike:—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;

The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust: and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chasteless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power 't the
court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To intreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

¹ Rather, timely known. ² What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from
it. ³ Empery is a word signifying sovereign command; now obsolete. ⁴ A masculine, for-
ward girl is still called a romboy. ⁵ Cross strumpets, hired with the very pension which you allow
your husband.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord, (The best feather of our wing) have mingled fums, To buy a present for the emperor; Which I, the factor for the rest, have done In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels, Of rich and exquisite form; their values great; And I am something curious, being strange¹, To have them in safe stowage; May it please you To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety; since My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold To send them to you, only for this night;

I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word, By length'ning my return. From Gallia I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night: I have out-stood my time; which is material To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack² upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd my oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor crop the ears of them. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother; every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on³. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion⁴ that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clot. A stranger! and I not know on't!
2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clot. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten, and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess, Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st! Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm

¹ i. e. being a stranger. ² The jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. To kiss the jack is a state of great advantage. ³ The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's. ⁴ i. e. every fellow.

The walls of thy dear honour ; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind ; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber ; in one part of it a Trunk.

Imogen reading in her bed ; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there ? my woman Helen ?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it ?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam. [weak :—

Imo. I have read three hours then : mine eyes are
Fold down the leaf where I have left : To bed :
Take not away the taper, leave it burning ;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pry'thee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[Exit Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods !
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye !

[Sleeps.]

[*Iachimo, from the trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest : Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ¹, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! fresh lilly !
And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch !
But kiss one kiss !—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't !—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus : The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her ; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows : White and azure ! lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design
To note the chamber :—I will write all down :—
Such, and such pictures ;—There the window :—
Such

The adornment of her bed ;—The arras, figures ?
Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
(Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify) to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her !
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—

[Taking off a bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
'Tis mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip : Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

[end.]

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory ? She hath been reading,
late,

The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. [ing
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night ! that dawn-
May bear the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.]

One, two, three :—Time, time !

[Goes into the trunk : the scene closes.]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man
in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship ; You are most hot,
and furious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage :
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough : It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clot. I would this music would come : I am
advis'd to give her music o' mornings ; they say, it
will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so ; we'll try with tongue too ;
if none will do, let her remain ; but I'll never
give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited
thing ; after a wonderful sweet air, with admir-
able rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

S O N G.

*Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His floods to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ² ;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone : If this penetrate, I will consider
your music the better ³ : if it do not, it is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor
the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never
amend.

[Exit Musicians.]

Enter Cymbeline, and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clot. I am glad, I was up so late ; for that's the
reason I was up so early : He cannot choose but
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good
morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious
mother.

¹ We have in a former play observed, that it was the custom in the time of our author to strew
chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets. ² i. e. The morning sun dries up the
dew which lies in the cups of flowers. It may be noted, that the cup of a flower is called *calice*,
whence *chalice*. ³ i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself To orderly solicits¹; and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials Encrease your services: so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender'd to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome; The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: We must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forspent on us², We must extend our notice.—Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress, Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!

[*Knocks.*]

I know her women are about her; What If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes

Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;

[*What*]

Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.

[*Knocks.*]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clot. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose taylor's are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay, to keep her chamber.

[*report.*]

Clot. There's gold for you; sell me your good

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

[*pains*]

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me: If you swear still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

[*silent,*]

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith, I shall unfold equal discourtesy To your best kindness: one of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin: I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir, You put me to forget a lady's manners, By being so verbal³: and learn now, for all, That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce, By the very truth of it, I care not for you; And am so near the lack of charity, (To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clot. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For The contract you pretend with that base wretch, (One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none; And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls (On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot⁴; Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown; and must not foil The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth, A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more, But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough, Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made Comparative for your virtues, to be stil'd The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

[*come*]

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment, That ever hath but clip'd his body, is dearer, In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

¹ i. e. regular courtship.

² i. e. the good offices done by him to us heretofore.

³ Verbal

⁴ A self-figur'd knot is a knot formed by yourself.

Were they all made such men.--How now, Pisanio?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently :—
Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool¹;
Frighted, and anger'd worse :—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm²; it was thy master's : shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I saw 't this morning : confident I am,
Last night 'twas on mine arm ; I kiss'd it :
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so : go and search. [*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me :—
His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay ; I said so, sir :

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too :

She's my good lady ; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd :—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

ROME.

An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir : I would, I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any ; but abide the change of time ;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd
hopes,

I barely gratify your love ; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpay all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly : And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or³ look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist⁴ though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make
known

¹ i. e. I am haunted by a fool, as by a *spright*.
from my carelessness. ³ Or for *ere*.

To their approvers⁵, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See ! Iachimo !

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land ;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best ; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont ? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain ; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport : I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant : Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further ; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring ; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make it apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours : If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine ; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe : whose strength
I will confirm with oath ; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not ; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver ; the story

⁴ i. e. statesman,

⁵ i. e. too many chances of losing it have arisen
to those who try them.

Proud

Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman;
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The prefs of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was——

Post. This is true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report ¹ themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; out-went her,
Motion and breath left out ².

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*]
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too; [*Gives the ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,

Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phil. Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

She could not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to
steal it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance ³ of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on't:
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast,
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more? [*turns;*]
Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing:—
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lye;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing. [*meal!*]

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb—
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*]

Phil. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Another Room in Philario's House.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;

¹ i. e. so near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*. ² The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. ³ i. e. the token; the visible proof.

And

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The non-pareil of this.—Oh vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't [her
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
As chaste as unfunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, 'oh!' and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter, in state, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords;
at one door; and at another, Caius Lucius, and
Attendants.*

Cym. NOW say, what would Augustus Cæsar
with us? [yet

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
It left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came, and saw, and overcame*; with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(Poor ignorant¹ baubles) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their furies, crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglet fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons thrut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crook'd noses; but to own such
frail arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but
I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we
pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us
with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we
will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more
tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
'Till the injurious Roman did extort [bition,
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world) against all colour², here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be; we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose pfe the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,

Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than

¹ i. e. unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas.

² i. e. without any pretence of right.
Thyself

Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy :
Receive it from me then :—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defy'd,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent
Much under him : of him I gather'd honour ;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance ¹. I am perfect ²,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms : a precedent
Which not to read, would shew the Britons cold ;
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day, or two, or longer : If you
seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find
us in our salt-water girdle : if you beat us out of
it, it is yours ; if you fall in the adventure, our
crows shall fare the better for you ; and there's an
end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
All the remain is, welcome.

[mine :

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room.

Enter Pisanio.

Pif. How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you
not

What monsters her accuse ?—Leonatus !
O master ! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :
She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in ³ some virtue.—O my master !
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How ! that I should murder her ?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command ?—I, her ?—her
blood ?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to ? 'Do't : The letter

[Reading.

'That I have sent her, by her own command,
'Shall give thee opportunity :—O damn'd paper !
Black as the ink that's on thee ! Senseless bauble !
Art thou a feodary ⁴ for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without ? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded ⁵.

Imo. How now, Pisanio ?

Pif. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who ? thy lord ? that is my lord ? Leo-
natus ?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters ;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him !
(Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love ⁶)—of his content,
All but in that !—Good wax, thy leave :—Blest be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lo-
vers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike ;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables ⁷.—Good news,
gods !

[Reading.

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he
'take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel
'to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would
'even renew me with your eyes. Take notice,
'that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : What
'your own love will, out of this, advise you, fol-
'low. So, he wishes you all happiness, that re-
'mains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in
'love,

'LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pi-
sanio ?

He is at Milford-Haven : Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me : yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind :—O, not like me ;
For mine's beyond, beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford : And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven : But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence ; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
'Till our return, to excuse :—but first, how get
hence :

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot ?

We'll talk of that hereafter. Prythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Tixt hour and hour ?

Pif. One score, 'twixt fun and fun,

Madam's, enough for you ; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow ; I have heard of riding
wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands

¹ At utterance means to keep at the extremity of defiance. ² i. e. I am well informed. ³ To take
a town is to conquer it. ⁴ A feodary is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and ser-
vice to a superior lord. ⁵ i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. ⁶ That is, grief for ab-
sence keeps love in health and vigour. ⁷ The meaning is, that the bees are not blest by the man
who forfeiting a bond is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more
pleasing office of sealing letters.

That

That run i' the clock's behalf¹ :—But this is fool-
ery :—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness ; say
She'll home to her father : and provide me, presently,
A riding suit ; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife².

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues ; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through³. Away, I prythee ;
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Changes to a Forest in Wales, with a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows
you

To morning's holy office ; The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands⁴ on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heaven !

Arv. Hail, heaven !

Bel. Now for our mountain sport : Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see :
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded⁵ beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check⁶ ;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe⁷ ;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak : we, poor
unfledg'd, [know not
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest ; nor
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known ; well corresponding
With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is

A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit⁸.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are as old as you ? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :
We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey ;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
Our valour is, to chace what flies ; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !

Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly : the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling : the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour ; which dies i' the
search ;

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act ; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well ; what's worse,
Must curt'ly at the censure :—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me : My body's mark'd
With Roman swords ; and my report was once
First with the best of note : Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off ; Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit : but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour ! [off]

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans : so,
Follow'd my banishment ; and, these twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world :

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom ; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all [tains ;
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
This is not hunters' language : He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast ;
To him the other two shall minister ;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valley.

[Exit Guid. and Arv.]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature !

¹ This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time.
² A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*. ³ That is, "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." ⁴ The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*. ⁵ i. e. the beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry *husks* or *shards*. ⁶ *Check* may mean in this place a *reproof* ; but it rather seems to signify *command*, *controul*. ⁷ Dr. Johnson suspects, that the right reading of this passage is as follows : "Richer than doing nothing for a *brabe*." *Brabium* is a badge of honour, or the ensign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word is found (he adds) in *Holyoak's Dictionary*, who terms it a *reward* ; and that Cooper, in his *Theatrum*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. ⁸ To overpass his bound.

These boys know little, they are sons to the king ;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine : and, though train'd
up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow¹, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell ;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck ; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arviragus) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rouz'd !—
O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou rest'ft me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their
mother,
And every day do honour to her grave :
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from
horse, the place
Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthumus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand !

That drug-damn'd Italy² hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read ;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in
my bed ; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me.
I speak not out of weak surmises ; but from proof
as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my
revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me,
if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers.
Let thine own hands take away her life : I shall
give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven : she hath
my letter for the purpose : Where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword ?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ; whose
tongue

Out-venoms all the worms³ of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states⁴,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam ?

Imo. False to his bed ! What is it to be false ?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him ?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock ? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake ? that's false to his bed ?
Is it ?

Pis. Alas, good lady !

Imo. I false ? Thy conscience witness :—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'd'st like a villain ; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting⁵, hath betray'd
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ; [him :
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript :—to pieces with me !—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors ! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy ; not born, where 't grows ;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Æneas, [weeping
Were in his time, thought false : and Sinon's
Did scandal many a holy tear ; took pity [himus,
From most true wretchedness : So, thou, Post-
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st
him,

A little witness my obedience : Look !

I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :

Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things, but grief :

¹ i. e. Thus meanly brought up. Yet in this very cave, which is so low that they must bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, &c. ² This is another allusion to Italian poisons. ³ Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms. ⁴ Persons of highest rank. ⁵ That is, *Some jay of Italy*, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her mother.

Thy

Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding, strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pif. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;—

Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are
betray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that diddest set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And mad'st me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on¹, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pif. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pif. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pif. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pif. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me

Pif. Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pif. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pif. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pif. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pif. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,¹
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger²; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view³: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pif. Well, then here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self) into a waggish courage;
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it, (but, O the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your labourfome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

¹ A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French. ² The meaning is
"You must disguise that greatness, which, to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without
great danger to itself." ³ i. e. with opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
(Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him

know,
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I am soldier to², and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee. [wel;

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen;
What's in't is precious: if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Palace of Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote: I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well. [Lords,

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius, &c.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
That we have given him cause. [us,

Clot. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty;
We have noted it—Call her before us; for
We have been too light in sufferance.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been! the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Servant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Ser. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd? [fear,
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I
Prove false. [Exit.

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clot. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [Exit.

Queen. Go, look after.—

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her, [her;
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages, none
Dare come about him.

¹ i. e. we'll make our work even with our time; we'll do what time will allow. ² i. e. I have
limited and bound myself to it.

Queen.

Queen. All the better : May
This night fore-stall him of the coming day !

[*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love and hate her : for she's fair and
royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

[*Enter Pisanio.*]

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing,
sirrah ?

Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ? In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pif. O, good my lord !

Clot. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus ?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pif. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him ? when was she mis'd ?
He is in Rome.

Clot. Where is she, sir ? Come nearer ;
No further halting : satisfy me home,
What is become of her ?

Pif. O, my all-worthy lord !

Clot. All-worthy villain !
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't :—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pif. Or this, or perish !
She's far enough ; and what he learns by this } [*Aside.*]
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clot. Humh !

Pif. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O,
Imogen, } [*Aside.*]
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again !

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true ?

Pif. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is Posthumus' hand ; I know't.—Sirrah,
if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true
service ; undergo those employments, wherein I
should have cause to use thee, with a serious in-
dustry,—that is, what villainy foe'er I bid thee
do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would
think thee an honest man : thou should'st neither
want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for
thy preferment.

Pif. Well, my good lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou can'st not in the
course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession ?

Pif. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that
suit hither : let it be thy first service ; go.

Pif. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven :—I for-
got to ask him one thing ; I'll remember't anon :
—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I
kill thee.—I would, these garments were come.
She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now
belch from my heart) that she held the very gar-
ment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble
and natural person, together with the adornment
of my qualities. With that suit upon my back,
will I ravish her : First kill him, and in her
eyes ; there shall she see my valour, which will
then be a torment to her contempt. He on the
ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead body,—and when my lust hath dined,
(which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in
the clothes that she so prais'd) to the court I'll
knock her back, foot her home again. She hath
despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.

[*Re-enter Pisanio, with the clothes.*]

Be those the garments ?

Pif. Ay, my noble lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven ?

Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber ; that
is the second thing that I have commanded thee :
the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to
my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment
shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now
at Milford ; would I had wings to follow it !—
Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*]

Pif. Thou bid'st me to my loss : for, true to
thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her ! This fool's speed
Be crost with slowness ; labour be his meed ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

The Forest and Cave.

[*Enter Imogen, in boy's clothes.*]

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio shew'd thee
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,

¹ That is, I must either give him the paper freely, or perish in my attempt to keep it.

Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,

I could not miss my way: Will poor folk lye,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fullness
Is forer¹, than to lye for need; and falshood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on
thee,

My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil², speak; if savage,
Take, or lend³.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll
enter.

Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best wood-
man, and

Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, favoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep't thyself!

Guid. I am thoroughly weary. [*tite.*]

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-

Guid. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll
brouze on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:— [*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:

Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took:

Good troth, [*had found*]

I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
meat:

would have left it on the board, so soon

As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Guid. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that
they [*prize*]
Had been my father's sons! then had my
Been less; and so more equal ballasting } [*Aside.*]
To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing⁴ multitudes),
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false—

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll godress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray, draw near. [*lark, less welcome.*]

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the

¹ i. e. is a greater or heavier crime. ² Civil, for human creature. ³ Dr. Johnson suspects
that, after the words, *if savage*, a line is lost, and proposes to read the passage thus:

—Ho! who's here?

If any thing that's civil, take or lend,

If savage, speak.

you are civilised and peaceable, take a price for what I want, or lend it for a future recompence;
you are rough inhospitable inhabitants of the mountain, speak, that I may know my state. ⁴ Dis-

ting may here be applied in a sense equivalent to the many-headed rabble.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.
R O M E.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians ;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons ; that we do incite

The gentry to this business : He creates
Lucius pro-consul : and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission¹. Long live Cæsar !
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia ?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant : The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Forest near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

I AM near to the place where they should meet,
if Pisauio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his
garments serve me ! Why should his mistress, who
was made by him that made the taylor, not be fit
too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word)
for, 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak
it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and
his glass to confer ; in his own chamber, I mean)
the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no
less young, more strong, not beneath him in for-
tunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time,
above him in birth, alike conversant in general
services, and more remarkable in single opposi-
tions : yet this imperseverant² thing loves him
in my despite. What mortality is ! Posthumus,
thy head, which is now growing upon thy shoul-
ders, shall within this hour be off ; thy mistress
enforced ; thy garments cut to pieces before thy
face : and all this done, spurn her home to her
father ; who may, haply, be a little angry for my
so rough usage : but my mother, having power
of his testiness, shall turn all into my commenda-
tions. My horse is ty'd up safe : Out, sword, and
to a fore purpose ! Fortune, put them into my
hand ! This is the very description of their meet-
ing-place ; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

Imo. So man and man should be ;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not ; yet I am not well :
But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick : So please you, leave me ;
Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom
Is breach of all³. I am ill ; but your being by me
Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort
To one not sociable : I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :
I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee ; I have spoke it :
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What ? how ? how ?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault : I know not why,
I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason : the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain !

O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father ; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

[*Exit.*]

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health. — So please you, sir,

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. God,
what lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !

The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

S C E N E II.

The Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave ;
We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :
Are we not brothers ?

[*To Imogen.*]

¹ i. e. he commands the commission to be given to you. * ² Imperseverant means no more than
perseverant. ³ That is, Keep your daily course uninterrupted : if the stated plan of life is once
broken, nothing follows but confusion.

I am sick still; heart-sick :—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Guid. I could not stir ¹ him:

He said, he was gentle ², but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

Bel. And shalt be ever.—

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs ³ together.

Arv. Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning ⁴. Come; away.—

Who's there?

[*Enter Cloten.*]

Clot. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!

Means he not us?—I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—
Hence.

Guid. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius, and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Guid. To who? to thee? What art thou?

Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou villain base,

Know'st me not by my clothes?

Guid. No, nor thy taylor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet,

My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank

The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,

Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. Cloten, thou villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it toad, adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further fear,

Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I am son to the queen.

Guid. I am sorry for 't; not seeming

So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear;
the wife:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Fight, and exeunt.*]

[*Enter Belarius, and Arviragus.*]

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake
him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,
'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:

I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,

I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear,—But see, thy brother.

[*Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.*]

Guid. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I am perfect, what ⁵: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in ⁶,

¹ Stir for move.

² Gentle implies well born, of birth above the vulgar.

³ Spurs, an old

word for the fibres of a tree.

⁴ A Gallicism. Grand jour.

⁵ i. e. well informed, what.

⁶ To take in means, here, to conquer, to subdue.

Displace our heads, where thank the gods they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us; Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
For¹ we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his honour
Was nothing² but mutation²; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he

hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance

Come as the gods forefay it: howsoever,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth³.

Guid. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw it into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reckon. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:

'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done 't! though
valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done 't,

So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, re-
venges, [through,
That possible strength might meet⁴, would seek us
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry'thee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,

I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchas'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clot-pole down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn music.]

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? since death of my
dearest mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter Arrviragus, with Imogen as dead, bearing
her in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare⁵
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I⁶,

Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

¹ For is here used in the sense of *because*.
the fashion, which was perpetually changing.

² That is, The only notion he had of honour was
the fashion, which was perpetually changing.

³ i. e. Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the
cave tedious. ⁴ i. e. such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition. ⁵ A
crare is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The word often occurs
in Holinshed. ⁶ The meaning is, "Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I
know thou didest."

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in Holinshed. ⁶ The meaning is, "Jove knows, what man thou might'st have made, but I
know thou didest."

Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
Reposing on a cushion. [cheek

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and
put [rudeness
My clouted brogues¹ from off my feet, whose
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's likethy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock² would,
With charitable bill (O bill, fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this; [none,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Guid. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so;

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Guid. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then. [Cloten

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid³ for that: Though mean and mighty,
ty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel⁴ of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Guid. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Therfites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.

Guid. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to
the east;

My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Both golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Guid. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign⁵ to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter Belarius, with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our obsequies: Come, lay
him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight,
more: [night,

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the
Are strewings fitt'ft for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exe.
Imogen, awaking.

Imo. Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is
the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how
far thither?

'Ods pittikins⁶!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[Seeing the body.

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

¹ Clouted brogues are shoes strengthened with clout or hob-nails. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called clouts are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen. ² The ruddock is the red-breast, to which bird the office of covering the dead is ascribed. ³ Paid is here used for punished. ⁴ Meaning, that reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power which keeps peace and order in the world. ⁵ To consign to thee, is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death. ⁶ This diminutive adjuration is derived from God's my pity.

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial¹ face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular² devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart, [nio?
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pifa-
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have lay'd this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant,
pregnant! [cious
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was pre-
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord! my lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, &c. and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships;
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness [numbers
Makes our hopes fair. Command our present
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's pur-
pose? [vision:

Sooth. Last night the very gods³ shew'd me a
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sun-beams: which portends
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord. [one,

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lye, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[Aside.

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pick-axes⁵ can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daizy'd plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partizans

¹ Jovial face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove. ² i. e. lawless, licentious.
³ i. e. the gods themselves. ⁴ i. e. made, or did it. ⁵ Meaning her fingers.

A grave: Come, arm him¹.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be chearful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis
with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your
Hold me your loyal servant. [*highness*]

Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
[*To Pis.*]

Does yet depend².

Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and
queen!—

I am amaz'd with matter³.

Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront⁴ no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain

Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to
be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note⁵ o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
[*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, nor
muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render⁶
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer⁷ would be
Drawn on with torture. [*death*]

Guid. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires⁸, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years, [*him*]
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had

¹ i. e. take him up in your arms.

² That is, My suspicion is yet undetermined.

³ i. e. con-

founded with variety of business.

⁴ i. e. can face no less, &c.

⁵ i. e. observation.

⁶ Render

means an account.

⁷ i. e. The retaliation of the death of Cloten would be death, &c.

⁸ i. e. their

fires regularly disposed.

A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve [boys;
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn, [Aside.
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A Field, between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. YEA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on¹ this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,

[love,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse²;
And make them dread it³, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me blest to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pity'd nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one
Door; and the British Army at another; Leonatus
Posthumus following it like a poor Soldier. They
march over, and go out. Then enter again in
skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquishes
and disarms Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness, and guilt, within my bosom

Takes off my manhood: I have bely'd a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengeingly enfeebles me; Or could this carle⁴,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.
*The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is
taken: then enter to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius,
and Arviragus.* [the ground;
Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. *Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!
*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They
rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then, enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save
thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the

Post. I did: [stand?

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane? [turf;

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with

¹ i. e. to incite, to instigate. ² i. e. Where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldest
sinner is the greatest. You, Gods, permit some to proceed in iniquity, and the older such are, the
more their crime. ³ i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, to make them persevere in the commission of
dreadful actions. ⁴ Carle is used by our old writers in opposition to a gentleman. Carlot is a word
of the same signification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it*. Which

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base¹, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame²)

Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
*Our Britain's barts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,

(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, *stand, stand*,
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks, [coward
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: And now our cow-
(Like fragments in hard voyages, became [ards,
The life o' the need) having found the back-door
open [wound!

Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs³ o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewel; you are angry.

[Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd⁴,
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will
find him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer⁵ be
Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly⁶ habit,
That gave the affront⁷ with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported; [there?
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who's
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell [his service
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Roman captives. The Captains pre-
sent Posthumus to Cymbeline, who delivers him over
to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

S C E N E IV.

A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and two Gaolers.

1 Gaol. You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you⁸;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 Gaol. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Gaolers.

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
fetter'd [give me

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

¹ This alludes to a rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*. ² Shame for modesty.

³ i. e. terrors. ⁴ Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate & magiae cognitione sibi placent.*" ⁵ Answer, as once in this play before, means consolation. ⁶ Silly is *simple* or *rustic*. ⁷ That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. ⁸ This

of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture.

No stricter render of me, than my all¹.
 I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. *[He sleeps.]*

Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.

Whose father then (as men report
 Thou orphan's father art)
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
 To be exil'd, and thrown
 From Leonati's seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy?

¹ Meaning, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future punishment.
² A bird is said to *prune* himself when he cleans his feathers from superfluities. ³ i. e. *claws*.
 To *claw* their beaks, is an accustomed action with hawks and eagles.

2 Bro. From this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due;
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
 Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
 Or we poor ghosts will cry
 To the shining synod of the rest,
 Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
 And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.

Jupit. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
 Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you
 ghosts

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
 Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
 Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross: to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no farther with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace chrystalline. *[Ascend.]*
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us; his ascension is
 More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
 Prunes² the immortal wing, and cloy³s his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest
 Let us with care perform his great behest. *[Vanish.]*
Post. *[waking.]* Sleep, thou hast been a grand
 fire, and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created

A mother

A mother, and two brothers : But (O scorn !)
Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve :
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours ; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O,
rare one !

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

" When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
known, without seeking find, and be embrac'd
" by a piece of tender air ; and when from a
" stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which, be-
" ing dead many years, shall after revive, be joint-
" ed to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then
" shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
" fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie¹. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, fir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, fir ; if you be
ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
tators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, fir : But the
comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills ; which are often the
sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth : you
come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling
with too much drink ; sorry that you have paid
too much, and sorry that you are paid too much² ;
purse and brain both empty : the brain the heav-
ier, for being too light ; the purse too light, be-
ing drawn³ of heaviness : O ! of this contradic-
tion you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a
penny cord ! it fums up thousands in a trice : you
have no true debtor and creditor⁴ but it ; of
what's past, is, and to come, the discharge :—
Your neck, fir, is pen, book, and counters ; for
the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, fir, he that sleeps feels not the
tooth-ach : But a man that were to sleep your
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think,
he would change places with his officer : for, look
you, fir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then ; I
have not seen him so pictur'd : you must either
be directed by some that take upon them to know ;
or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you
do not know ; or jump the after-enquiry⁵ on
your own peril : and how you shall speed in your
journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell
one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want
eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such
as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way
of blindness ! I am sure, hanging's the way of
winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles ; bring your pri-
soner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news ; I am call'd to
be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler ; no
bolts for the dead. [Exeunt Posthumus, and Messenger.]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows,
and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so
prone⁶. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier
knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman : and
there be some of them too, that die against their
wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we
were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O,
there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses !
I speak against my present profit ; but my wish
hath a preferment in't. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods
have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor foldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked
breast

Stept before targe of proof, cannot be found :

He shall be happy that can find him, if

Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing ;

Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought

But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

[living,]

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward ; which I will add

To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

[To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

By whom, I grant, she lives : 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are :—report it.

¹ The meaning, according to Dr. Johnson, is this : " This is a dream or madness, or both—or
nothing—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible,
as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life." ² i. e. sorry that you have paid too much
out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor. ³ Drawn
as embowell'd, exenterated. ⁴ Debitor and creditor for an accounting book. ⁵ That is, venture at it
without thought. ⁶ i. e. forward.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees :

Arise my knights o' the battle ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius, and Ladies.

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she ?

*Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life ;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you : These her women
Can trip me, if I err ; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.*

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

*Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you ; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you :
Married your royalty, was wife to your place ;
Abhor'd your person.*

Cym. She alone knew this :

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed. [*love*]

*Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight ; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.*

Cym. O most delicate fiend !

Who is't can read a woman ?—Is there more ?

*Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess,
she had*

For you a mortal mineral ; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew : yes, and in time,
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despight
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented
The ill she hatch'd were not effected ; so,
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women ?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming ; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners ;
Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made
suit,

That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :
So, think of your estate.

*Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day
Was yours by accident : had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cold, have
threaten'd*

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come : sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer :

Augustus lives to think on't : And so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat ; My boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransom'd : never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feat¹, so nurse-like : let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your

highness

Cannot deny ; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman : save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;

His favour² is familiar to me :—Boy,

Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art

Mine own. I know not why, wherefore, I say,

Live, boy : ne'er thank thy master ; live :

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,

Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it ;

Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,

The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad ;

And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no ; alack,

There's other work in hand ; I see a thing,

Bitter to me as death : your life, good master,

Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,

He leaves me, scorns me : Briefly die their joys,

That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—

Why stands he so perplex'd ?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy ?

I love thee more and more ; think more and more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on ?

Speak,

Wilt have him live ? Is he thy kin ? thy friend ?

*Imo. He is a Roman ; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness ; who, being born your*

Am something nearer. [*vassal,*]

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please

To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,

And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

¹ i. e. so ready ; so dextrous in waiting.

² i. e. his countenance.

Imo. Fidele, fir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy matter: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen walk aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who dy'd, and was Fidele—What think you?

Guid. The same dead thing alive. [forbear;

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pij. It is my mistress: [Aside.

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good or bad. [*Cym. and Imogen come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, step you forth;

[*To Iachimo.*]

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him. [der

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may ren-
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [Aside.

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me? [which

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel,
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler fir ne'er liv'd [lord?
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,— [spirits
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
Quail¹ to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more; strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O, 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'it of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature²; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym. I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall, [mus,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthu-
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking fots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery; he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, fir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this, her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord or knife or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For tortures ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple

¹ To quail is to sink into dejection. ² i. e. the ancient statues of Venus and Minerva, which
exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of brief nature, i. e. of hasty,
unelaborate nature.

Of virtue was she ; yea, and she herself ¹.
 Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus ; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas !—O Imogen !
 My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ; hear, hear——

Pos. Shall's have a play of this ? thou scorn-
 ful page,

There lie thy part. [*Striking her, she falls.*]

Pis. O, gentlemen, help

Mine, and your mistrefs—O, my lord Posthumus !
 Youne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now :—Help, help !—
 Mine honour'd lady !

Cym. Does the world go round ?

Pos. How come these staggers ² on me ?

Pis. Wake, my mistrefs !

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistrefs ?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight ;

Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !
 Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen ! [*me, if*]

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
 That box I gave you was not thought by me
 A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still ?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods !——

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
 Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio
 Have, said she, given his mistrefs that confection
 Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
 As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius ?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
 To temper poisons for her ; still pretending
 The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
 In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
 Of no esteem ; I, dreading that her purpose
 Was of more danger, did compound for her
 A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
 The present power of life ; but, in short time,
 All offices of nature should again
 Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.——

Guid. This is sure Fidele. [*you?*]

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
 Think, that you are upon a rock ; and now
 Throw me again.

Pos. Hang there like fruit, my foul,
 'Till the tree die !

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child ?
 What, mak'st thou me a dullard ³ in this act ?
 Wilt thou not speak to me ?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame
 you not ;

You had a motive for 't.

[*To Guiderius, and Arviragus.*]

Cym. My tears, that fall,
 Prove holy water on thee ! Imogen,
 Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught ; and long of her it was,
 That we meet here so strangely : But her son
 Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
 Upon my lady's missing, came to me
 With his sword drawn ; foam'd at the mouth, and
 swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
 It was my instant death : By accident,
 I had a feigned letter of my master's
 Then in my pocket ; which directed him
 To seek her on the mountains near to Milford ;
 Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
 Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
 With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
 My lady's honour : what became of him,
 I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story :

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend !

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
 Pluck a hard sentence : pr'ythee, valiant youth,
 Deny 't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince. [*me*]

Guid. A most incivil one : The wrongs he did
 Were nothing prince-like ; for he did provoke me
 With language that would make me spurn the sea,
 If it could so roar to me : I cut off 's head ;
 And am right glad, he is not standing here
 To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee :
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
 Endure our law : Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
 And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king :

This man is better than the man he slew,
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ;

[*To the guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
 By tasting of our wrath ? How of descent
 As good as we ?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three :

But I will prove, that two of us are as good
 As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
 For my own part, unfold a dangerous speech,

¹ i. e. Virtue herself.

² This wild and delirious perturbation. Staggers is the horse's apoplexy.

³ A dullard in this place means a person stupidly unconcerned.

Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—

By leave ;—Thou had'st, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him ? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age : indeed, a banish'd man ;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence ;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons ;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons ?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee :
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How ! my issue ?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :
Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to 't ;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose
Two of the sweetest companions in the world :—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.

The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lap'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;

It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;

Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
It was wife nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I

A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Blest may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord ; [thers,
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle bro—
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd ;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce
abridgment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where ? how
liv'd you ?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met
them ?

Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;
And all the other by-dependancies,
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen ;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting
Each object with a joy : the counter-change
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To Belarius.

Imo. You are my father too ; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
Save these in bonds : let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you !

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching ; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd :—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo ; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

¹ Fierce is vehement, rapid.

Iach.

Iach. I am down again :
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
[*Kneels.*]

As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe : but your ring first ;
And here the bracelet of the truest prince's,
That ever swore her faith.

Pos. Kneel not to me :
The power that I have on you, is to spare you ;
The malice towards you, to forgive you : Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd :
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law ;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother ;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Pos. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
of Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer : As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews¹
Of mine own kindred : when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom ; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection² of it : let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer reads.

" When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself
" unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
" brac'd by a piece of tender air ; and when from
" a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which,
" being dead many years, shall after revive, be
" joined to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then
" shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be
" fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp ;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much ;
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[*To Cymbeline.*]

Which we call *mollis aer* ; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* : which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife ; [*To Pos.*] who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unfought, were clip'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee : and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth : who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd ; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well.

My peace we will begin :—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire ; promising

To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen ;
On whom heaven's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath lay'd most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd : For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd : which fore-shew'd, our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars ! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward : Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together : so through Lud's town march ;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A SONG, sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over
Fidele, supposed to be dead.

By Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

1.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids, and village birds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

2.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove :
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

3.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew :
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

4.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

5.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell ;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

6.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore ;
For thee the tear be duly shed :
Below'd, 'till life could charm no more ;
And mourn'd 'till pity's self be dead.

¹ *Shews* are ghostly appearances.

² A *collection* is a corollary, a consequence deduced from

K I N G L E A R.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, King of Britain.

King of FRANCE.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

Duke of CORNWALL.

Duke of ALBANY.

Earl of GLOSTER.

Earl of KENT.

EDGAR, Son to Gloster.

EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.

CURAN, a Courtier.

Physician.

Fool.

OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

A Captain, employed by Edmund.

Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.

A Herald.

Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.

Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,

REGAN,

CORDELIA,

} Daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

King Lear's Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity¹ in neither can make choice of either's moiety².

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat faucily into the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowled-

ged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship. [ter.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[Trumpets sound within.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [Exeunt Gloster, and Edmund.

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker³ purpose.

The map there.—Know, that we have divided, In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age; Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant⁴ will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

¹ Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness.

² The strict sense of the word moiety is half, one of two equal parts; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for any part or division.

³ Darker, for more secret; not for indirect, oblique.

⁴ Constant is firm, determined.

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughter,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, [ters,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare; [nour:
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, ho-
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much¹ I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be
silent. [Aside.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line
to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers, and white-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, the names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that² I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square³ of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue. [Aside.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity⁴, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech
a little,

Left it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him; half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true. [dower:

Lear. Let it be so,—Thy truth then be thy
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this⁵, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[To Cordelia.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—
Who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects [course,
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode [tain
Make with you by due turns. Only we shall re-
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest⁶,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the crown.

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from
the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'st thou do, old
man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness ho-
nour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;

¹ That is, beyond all assignable quantity. ² That seems to stand without relation, but is referred
to find, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed. I find that the names my deed, I find
that I profess, &c. ³ Square here means compass, comprehension. ⁴ Validity, for worth, value.
⁵ i. e. from this time. ⁶ i. e. the execution of all the other business.

And, in thy best consideration, check [ment,
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs¹ no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn.
To wage against thine enemies: nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank² of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,——

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant;

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou hast fought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride³,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power⁴,

(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)

Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee for provision

To shield thee from disasters of the world;

And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back

Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,

This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king: since thus
thou wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—

The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

[*To Cordelia.*]

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—

And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[*To Regan and Goneril.*]

That good effects may spring from words of love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;

He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter Gloster, with France, Burgundy, and at-
tendant.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,

We first address towards you, who with this king

Have rival'd for our daughter; What, in the least,

Will you require in present dower with her,

Or cease your quest of love⁵?

Bur. Most royal majesty,

I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,

When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;

But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;

If aught within that little seeming⁶ substance,

Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,

And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,

She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

[*owes 7,*]

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities the

Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate, [*oath,*

Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our

Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;

Election makes not up⁸ on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power
that made me,

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

[*To France.*]

I would not from your love make such a fray,

To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,

Than on a wretch whom nature is aham'd

Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!

That she, who even but now was your best object,

The argument of your praise, balm of your age,

The best, the dearest; should in this trice of time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle

So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence

Must be of such unnatural degree,

That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection

Fall into taint⁹: which to believe of her,

Must be a faith, that reason without miracle

Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,

(If for I want that glib and oily art,

To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,

I'll do't before I speak) that you make known

It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,

No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,

That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:

But even for want of that, for which I am richer;

A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue

That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,

Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou

[*better.*]

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me

France. Is it no more but this? a tardiness in
nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke,

That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,

What say you to the lady? Love is not love,

When it is mingled with regards, that stand

Aloof from the entire¹⁰ point. Will you have her?

She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,

¹ Means the same as *reverberates*. ² The blank is the white or exact mark at which the
arrow is shot. See better, says Kent, and keep me always in your view. ³ i. e. pride exorbitant;

pride passing due bounds. ⁴ i. e. our power to execute that sentence. ⁵ Quest of love is amour-

ous expedition. The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight

was engaged. ⁶ Seeming is specious. ⁷ i. e. is possessed of. ⁸ i. e. makes not advances. ⁹ Taint

is here used for corruption and for disgrace. ¹⁰ Entire for single.

And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutcheſs of Burgundy.

Leav. Nothing; I have ſworn: I am firm.

Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, be-
ing poor;

Moſt choice; forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!

Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:

Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.

Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt
neglect

My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—

Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy

Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—

Bid them farewel, Cordelia, though unkind:

Thou loſeſt here, a better where¹ to find.

Leav. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee

That face of her's again:—Therefore be gone,

Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—

Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt Leav, Burgundy, &c.*]

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are:

And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call

Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:

To your profeſſing botoms I commit him:

But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,

I would prefer him to a better place.

So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your ſtudy

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

At fortune's alms: You have obedience ſcanted,

And well are worth the want that you have wanted².

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaiſed³ cunning
hides,

Who cover faults, at laſt ſhame them derides.

Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France, and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Siſter, it is not a little I have to ſay, of
what moſt nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is;
the obſervation we have made of it hath not been
little: he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt; and with
what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off,
appears too groſſly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath
been but raſh; then muſt we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-en-
grafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly
waywardneſs that infirm and cholerick years
bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant ſtarts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-
taking between France and him. Pray you, let
us hit together⁴: If our father carry authority with
ſuch diſpoſitions as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of
his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat⁵.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of Gloſter.

Enter Edmund, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law

My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I

Stand in the plague⁶ of cuſtom; and permit

The curioſity⁷ of nations to⁸ deprive me,

For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-
ſhines

Lag of a brother? Why baſtard? wherefore

When my dimenſions are as well compact,

My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,

As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us

With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?

Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take

More compoſition and fierce quality,

Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,

Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,

Got 'tween aſleep and wake?—Well then,

Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land:

Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,

As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!

Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,

And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe

Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I proſper:—

Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

[*Enter Gloſter.*]

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! And France in choler
parted!

And the king gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd⁹ his power!
Confin'd to exhibition¹⁰! All this done

¹ Here and where have the power of nouns. Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence
in another place.

² The meaning is, "You well deſerve to meet with that want of love from
your husband, which you have profeſſed to want for our father."

³ i. e. complicated, involved can-
ning.

⁴ i. e. agree.

⁵ i. e. We muſt ſtrike while the iron's hot.

⁶ That is, Wherefore

ſhould I acquieſce, ſubmit tamely to the plagues and injuſtice of cuſtom?

⁷ Curioſity, in the ſense

of Shakspeare, was a word that ſignified an over-nice ſcrupuloſneſs in manners, dreſs, &c. The cur-
ioſity of nations means, the idle, nice diſtinctions of the world.

⁸ To deprive was, in our author's

time, ſynonymous to diſinherit.

⁹ Subſcrib'd, for transferred, alienated.

¹⁰ Exhibition is

allowance.

Upon the gad¹!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?
[Putting up the letter.]

Fdm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond² bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar—Hum—Conspiracy!—Sleep, 'till I wak'd him,—you shall enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents. [this business?]

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in

the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence³ of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution⁴.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey⁵ the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the frequent effects⁶: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollownests, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund: it shall cost thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange! [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the forfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains, by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-

¹ To do upon the gad, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly.

² i. e. weak and foolish.

³ Pretence is design, purpose.

⁴ The meaning is, according to Dr. Johnson, Do you frame the business, who can act with less emotion; I would unstate myself; it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, to be in a due resolution, to be settled and composed on such an occasion. Mr. Steevens comments on this passage thus:

"Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, i. e. to unstate him; and therefore his father says, he would unstate himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him. To enstate is to confer a fortune."

⁵ To convey here means, to manage artfully.

⁶ That is, though

natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences.

master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi—

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[Exit Edgar.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,

That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

The Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Goneril, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam. *[hour]*

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle: When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks
among you; *[to:]*
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my
sister,

To hold my very course:—Prepare for dinner.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse², my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd

Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand con-
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get
it ready.

How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

¹ The sense, according to Dr. Johnson, is this: "Old men must be treated with checks, when as they are seen to be deceived with flatteries: or, when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be used with checks. There is a play of the words *used* and *abused*. To *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive*." ² That is, If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress. To *diffuse* speech, signifies to *disorder* it, and so to *disguise* it.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse¹ with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish².

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call matter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How o'd art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me; if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

[Exit.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness

appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence³ and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pin'd away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I?

Stew. My lady's father. *[I, sir?*

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player. *[Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. *[Pushes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. *[Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. *[Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou can'st not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb⁴: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs⁵, and two daughters!

¹ To converse signifies immediately and properly to keep company, not to discourse or talk. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution; men who are no tattlers nor tale-bearers. ² In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish*; to signify he's a friend to the government, and a Protestant; the eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fish*. ³ Pretence for design. ⁴ Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. ⁵ Two fools caps, intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, firrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach¹ may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To Kent.]

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest²,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest³,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[To Kent.]

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear:
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't⁴: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'st little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

*Fools ne'er had less grace in a year*⁵; [Singing.]

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, firrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and putt'st down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.]

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, firrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometime, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet⁶ on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [To Goneril] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod⁷. [Pointing to Lear.]

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,

But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth

In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

¹ *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. English, is to possess.

² That is, do not lend all that thou hast. To owe, in old English, is to possess. ³ To *crow*, is an old word which signifies to believe.

⁴ A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee. *Monopolies* were in Shakspeare's time the common objects of satire.

⁵ The meaning is, There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Both the quarto editions read — *less wit for less grace*.

⁶ *Lear* alludes to the *frontlet*, which was anciently part of a woman's dress.

⁷ i. e. now a mere husk, which contains nothing.

By what your self too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on¹
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you throw, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws
the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee².

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is
not Lear: [eyes?]
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his
Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's
shadow?

I would learn that; for by the marks
Of sovereignty, of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir:
This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace³. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend⁴,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter. [rabble]

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—O, sir, are
you come?

Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—

[To Albany.]

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster⁵!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To Goneril.]

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew! [nature]
Which, like an engine⁶, wrench'd my frame of
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his head.]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature! hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility;
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate⁷ body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd⁸ torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent⁹ tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
a-ham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:

[To Goneril.]

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untented¹⁰ woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

¹ i. e. promote, push it forward.

from the burthen of an old song.

for continue in service.

⁵ Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hiero-

glyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says—"that he killeth his fire,

and ravisheth his own dam."

⁶ By an engine is meant the rack.

⁷ Derogate here means

degraded; blasted.

⁸ Disnatur'd is wanting in natural affection.

⁹ i. e. falling tears.

¹⁰ Un-

tented wounds, means wounds in their worst state, not having a tent in them to digest them.

² Mr. Stevens has been informed, that this is a quotation

³ A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign.

⁴ Depend,

⁵ Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hiero-

glyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, says—"that he killeth his fire,

and ravisheth his own dam."

⁶ By an engine is meant the rack.

⁷ Derogate here means

degraded; blasted.

⁸ Disnatur'd is wanting in natural affection.

⁹ i. e. falling tears.

¹⁰ Un-

To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
 That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you,

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*]

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
 And such a daughter,
 Should sure to the slaughter,
 If my cap would buy a halter;
 So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A
 hundred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep [dream,
 At point ¹, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have shew'd the unfitness,——How now,
 Oswald?

[*Enter Steward.*]

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
 Inform her full of my particular fear;
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more ². Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[*Exit Steward.*]

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task ³ for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
 Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then——

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Court-Yard before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

[*Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.*]

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these let-

ters: acquaint my daughter no further with any
 thing you know, than comes from her demand out
 of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I
 shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have de-
 livered your letter.

[*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wot
 not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall
 not go slipshod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
 kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab is
 like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does
 to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands
 i' the middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side
 one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he
 may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong ⁴:——

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail
 has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
 away to his daughters, and leave his horns without
 a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a fa-
 ther!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
 why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
 pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good
 fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce ⁵!—Monster, in-
 gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have
 thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old, before
 thou hadst been wife.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
 heaven! Keep me in temper; I would not be
 mad!——

[*Enter Gentleman.*]

How now? Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my
 Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
 shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ At point, probably means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. ² That is, Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make a confused account. ³ To be at task, is to be liable to reprehension and correction. ⁴ He is musing on Cordelia. ⁵ He is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. **S**AVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments¹?

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business!

My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy² question, Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter Edgar.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place; Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night:—Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither, now, 't the night, 't the haste, And Regan with him; Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well. *[here!]*

Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion *[Wounds his arm.]*

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloster, and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Ambling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could— *[means,—what?]*

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—By no

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine, Seeing how lothly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion, With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm: But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter, Or whether gasted³ by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master, My worthy arch⁴ and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it, That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks, Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him pight⁵ to do it, with curst⁶ speech I threaten'd to discover him: He replied, "Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, "If I would stand against thee, would the repofal "Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee "Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny, "As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce "My very character) I'd turn it all "To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice: "And thou must make a dullard of the world, "If they not thought the profits of my death "Were very pregnant and potential spurs "To make thee seek it." *[Trumpets within.]*

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter, said he?—I never got him. Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape; The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him: and of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable⁷.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,

¹ Ear-kissing arguments means, that they are yet in reality only whisper'd ones. ² Queazy means locate; what requires to be handled nicely. ³ i. e. frightened. ⁴ i. e. chief; a word now used only in composition, as arch-angel, arch-duke. ⁵ Pight is pitched, fixed, settled. ⁶ Curst is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. ⁷ i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the bar of thy illegitimacy.

(Which

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news. Your graces are right welcome. [Exeunt.]

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd! [life?]

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous That tend upon my father? [knights]

Glo. I know not, madam:

It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. 'Yes, madam, he was of that comfort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected; 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have the expence and waste of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions, That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice¹; and receiv'd This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose, How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund, Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours; Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize², Wherein we must have use of your advice:—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister, Of differences, which I best thought it fit To answer from our home³; the several messengers From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend, Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow Your needful counsel to our businesses, Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:

SCENE II.

Enter Kent and Steward severally.

Stew. Good even to thee, friend: Art of this Kent. Ay. [house?]

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury⁴ pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited⁵, hundred-pound⁶, filthy worsted-stocking⁷ knave; a lily-liver'd⁸, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would't be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou depy'st the least syllable of thy addition⁹.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a fop of the moonshine of you¹⁰: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger¹¹, draw. [Drawing his sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave¹², strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

¹ i. e. discover, betray. Practice is always used by Shakspeare for insidious mischief. ² Prize, or price, for value. ³ i. e. not at home, but at some other place. ⁴ Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as Lob's Pound. ⁵ Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than three suits would furnish him with. ⁶ A hundred pound gentleman is a term of reproach. ⁷ A worsted-stockinging knave is another term of reproach. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn, even by those who had not above forty shillings a year wages. ⁸ Lilly-liver'd is cowardly; white-blooded and white-liver'd are still in vulgar use. ⁹ i. e. titles. ¹⁰ This is equivalent to our modern phrase of making the sun shine through any one. ¹¹ Barber-monger may mean dealer in the lower tradesmen: a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family. ¹² You neat slave means no more than you finical rascal, you who are an assemblage of soppery and poverty.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; I come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;

He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord. [valour.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:

A tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter
could not have made him so ill, though they had
been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I
have spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard,——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed¹! thou unnecessary
letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I
will tread this unbolted² villain into mortar, and
daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my
grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a
sword, [these,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords³ in twain
Too 'intrinsicate' t'unloose: foath every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Reneg, affirm, and turn their halcyon⁴ beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic⁵ visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot⁶.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes⁷ me not. [or hers.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his,

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature⁸: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. [ness
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly⁹ ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely¹⁰.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering¹¹ Phoebus' front,——

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flat-
terer: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent,
was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will
not be, though I should win your displeasure to
entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool¹².

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho! [gart,
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend brag-
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:

Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:——

¹ Mr. Steevens observes, that Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonic.

² Unbolted mortar, according to Mr. Tollet, is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This unbolted villain is, therefore, this coarse rascal.

³ By these holy cords the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats.

⁴ The halcyon is the bird otherwise called the king-fisher. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would vary with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew.

⁵ The frightened countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit.

⁶ Camelot was the place where the romances say king Arthur kept his court in the West; so this alludes to some proverbial speech in those romances. In Somersetshire, adds Hammer, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers.

⁷ i. e. pleases me not.

⁸ i. e. forces his outside or his appearance to something totally different from his natural disposition.

⁹ Silly here means only simple, or rustic.

¹⁰ i. e. smoothly.

¹¹ Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary says this word means to flutter.

¹² Their fool means here, their butt, their laughing-stock.

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

Regan. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[Stocks brought out.]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so: His fault is much, and the good king his matter Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction

Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse, To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[Kent is put in the stocks.]

Come, my good lord; away.

[Exeunt Regan, and Cornwall.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, [thee. Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [Exit.]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw!

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun¹!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[Looking up to the moon.]

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost fees miracles;

But misery,—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[Reading the letter.]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course;—and shall find time

From this enormous state,——seeking to give

Losses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[He sleeps.]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; And, by the happy hollow of a tree, Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, That guard, and most unusual vigilance, Does not attend my taking. While I may scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought To take the basest and most poorest shape, That ever penury, in contempt of man, Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth; Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots²; And with presented nakedness out-face The winds, and persecutions of the sky.

The country gives me proof and precedent Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms Pins, wooden pricks³, nails, sprigs of rosemary; And with this horrible object, from low farms, Poor pelting⁴ villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, Sometime with lunatic bans⁵, sometime with prayers,

[Tom!]

Inforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel⁶ garters! Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over lusty⁷ at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks⁸. [mistook]

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place To set thee here?

¹ That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *that out of, &c.* That changeth better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was perhaps first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book ii. chap. 5.

“In your running from him to me, ye runne

“Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.”

² Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. ³ i. e. skewers. ⁴ i. e. *paltry*. ⁵ To *ban*, is to curse. ⁶ Mr. Steevens believes that a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* signifies *worsted*, of which stockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made.

⁷ *Over-lusty* in this place has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*. ⁸ *Nether-stocks* is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called “men's over-stocks.”

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't: [murder,
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
To do upon respect such violent outrage¹:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission²,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny³, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way⁴.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours⁵
from thy dear daughters, as thou can'st tell in a
year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for
that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that
follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty⁶, but
can smell him that's flinking. Let go thy hold,
when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break
thy neck with following it; but the great one that
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a
wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again: I would have none but knaves follow it,
since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
so. [man?

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall;
the dear father [service:

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office.

Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! where-
fore [Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice⁷ only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with

them, [me,
Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear

¹ That is, to violate the public and venerable character of a messenger from the king. ² Spight

³ i.e. people. ⁴ The

meaning is, If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. ⁵ A quibble is

intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. ⁶ The word *twenty* refers to the noses of the blind men,

and not to the men in general. ⁷ Practice is here used in an ill sense for unlawful artifice.

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, *Sleep to death.*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney¹ did to
the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she
rapt 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd,
'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother,
that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his
hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what
reason

I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—O, are you free?

[*To Kent.*

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here z,

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house³?

'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old:

'Age is unnecessary⁴: on my knees I beg,

[*Kneeling.*

'That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
Return you to my sister.

[*tricks:*

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

[*flames*

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall⁵ and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hefted⁶ nature shall not give [*thine*
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes⁷,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her: he follows:
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope

Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?
O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow⁸ obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—

[*To Gon.*

O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds⁹,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, fides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement¹⁰.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,

¹ i. e. probably a *cook* or *scullion*. ² Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. ³ *House* here signifies the order of families, duties of relation. ⁴ This may mean, *old people are useless*. ⁵ i. e. to humble, to pull down. ⁶ *Hefted*, Mr. Steevens says, seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. ⁷ i. e. to contract my allowances or proportions settled. *Sizes* are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in colleges are set down to the account of particular persons. ⁸ i. e. *approve*. ⁹ To find means little more than to thank. ¹⁰ By *less advancement* is meant, a still worse or more disgraceful situation; a situation not so respectable.

You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me ;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd ?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage ¹ against the enmity o' the air ;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch !—Return with her ?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot ² ;—Return with her ?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter ³
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir. [*me mad ;*]

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make
I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell :
We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine : thou art a bile,
A plague-fore, an embossed ⁴ carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :
Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers ?
Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd
to slack you,

We could controul them : If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty ; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number : What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more
with me. [*favour'd,*]

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-

When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[*To General.*]

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ?

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

[*need !*]

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age ; wretched in both !
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely ; touch me with noble anger !
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks !—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall,—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not ; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep :
No, I'll not weep :—

I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep :—O fool, I shall go mad !

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest heard.*]

Reg. This house is little ; the old man and his
people

Cannot be well bestow'd. [*rest,*]

Gon. 'Tis his own blame ; he hath put himself from
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster ?

Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ? [*whither.*]

Glo. He calls to horie ; but will I know not

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do forely ruffle ; for many miles about

'There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,

The injuries, that they themselves procure,

Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors ;

He is attended with a desperate train ;

¹ i. e. to make war. ² i. e. in a servile state. ³ Sumpter is a horse that carries necessities on a 'our-
try, though sometimes used for the case to carry them in. ⁴ Embossed is swelling, protuberant.

And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. [night;
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; tis a wild

My Regan counfels well : come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. WHO's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you; Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element:
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main¹,
That things might change, or cease: tears his
white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. [couch,
This night, wherein the cub-drawn² bear would
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note³,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high⁴) servants, who seem no less;
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings⁴ of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings⁵;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd⁶ kingdom; who already,
Wife in our negligence, have secret fee
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner,—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king. [say?

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet; [your pain

That, when we have found the king, (in which
That way; I'll this,) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath.

Storm still. Enter Lear, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!
rage! blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout [cocks!
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers⁷ to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once⁸,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water⁹ in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters blessing; here's
a night pities neither wife men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout,
rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription¹⁰; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul¹¹!

¹ The main seems to signify here the main land, the continent.
drawn dry by its young.

³ My observation of your character.
underhand contrivances.

⁵ i. e. colours, external pretences.

⁶ i. e. divided, unsettled.

⁷ i. e. divided, unsettled.

⁸ That is, "Crack nature's mould", and spill (or destroy) all the seeds of matter that

⁹ Court holy-water is a proverbial expression, meaning fair words.

¹⁰ Sub-

¹¹ i. e. shameful, dishonourable.

¹² i. e. shameful, dishonourable.

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in, has a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any :
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many ¹.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry, woe !
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece² ; that's a wife man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here ? things that love night,

Love not such nights as these ; the wrathful skies Gallow³ the very wanderers of the dark, And make them keep their caves : Since I was man, Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder, Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods, That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads, Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch, That hast within thee undivulged crimes, Unwhipt of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ; Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake, That under covert and convenient seeming⁴ Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts, Rive your concealing continents⁵, and cry These dreadful summoners⁶ grace.—I am a man, More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed !

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ; Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ; Repose you there : while I to this hard house, (More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ; Which even but now, demanding after you, Deny'd me to come in) return, and force Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ? I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ? The art of our necessities is strange, That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—

With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—

*Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. *[Exit.]*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan. I'll speak a prophecy ere I go : When priests are more in word than matter ; When brewers mar their malt with water ; When nobles are their tailors' tutors⁷ ; No heretics burn'd⁸, but wenches' suitors : Then comes the time, who lives to see't, That going shall be us'd with feet.— When every case in law is right ; No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ; When flanders do not live in tongues ; Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ; When usurers tell their gold i' the field ; And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;— Then shall the realm of Albion Come to great confusion. This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before his time. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

An Apartment in Gloster's Castle.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing : When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house ; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural !

Glo. Go to ; say you nothing : There is division between the dukes ; and a worse matter than that : I have received a letter this night ;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet : these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home ; there is part of a power already footed : we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him : go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived : If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund ; pray you, be careful. *[Exit.]*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know ; and of that letter too :— This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me That which my father loses ; no less than all : The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord, enter :

¹ i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. ² Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit, That there is no discretion below the girdle. ³ Gallow, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten. ⁴ Convenient seeming is appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy. ⁵ Contingent stands for that which contains or incloses. ⁶ Summoners mean here the officers that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. ⁷ i. e. invent fashions for them. ⁸ The disease to which wenches' suitors are particularly exposed, was called in Shakspere's time the *brenning* or *burning*.

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

[Storm still.]

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord,
enter.

[Storm]

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home :—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on ; I will endure :—
In such a night as this ! O Regan, Goneril !—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
all,—

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

[ease ;

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself ; seek thine own
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in :—
In, boy ; go first.—[To the Fool.] You houseless
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—

[Fool goes in.]

Poor naked wretches, whereof'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these ? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this ! Take physic, pomp ;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel :
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [within.] Fathom and half, fathom and
half ! Poor Tom !

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me ! [The Fool runs out from the house.]

Gent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there ?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit ; he says his name's poor
Tom.

[the straw ?

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'
Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguis'd as a madman.

Edg. Away ! the foul fiend follows me !—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph ! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ?
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ? whom
the foul fiend hath led through fire and through
flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and

quagmire ; that hath laid knives under his pillow,
and halters in his pew ; set ratbane by his por-
ridge ; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay
trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course
his own shadow for a traitor :—Bless thy five wits !
Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee
from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking ! Do
poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend
vexes :—There could I have him now,—and
there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[Storm still.]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to
this pass ?—

[all ?

Could'st thou save nothing ? Didst thou give them
Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had
been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendu-
lous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !
Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have sub-
du'd nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
Judicious punishment ! 'twas this flesh begot
those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill ;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo !

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend : Obey thy
parents ; keep thy word justly ; swear not ; com-
mit not with man's sworn spouse ; set not thy sweet
heart on proud array : Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been ?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind ;
that cur'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap⁴, serv'd
the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of
darkness with her : swore as many oaths as I
spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of
heaven : one that slept in the contriving of lust,
and wak'd to do it : Wine lov'd I deeply ; dice
dearly ; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk :
False of heart, light of ear⁵, bloody of hand ; Hog
in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in
madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of
shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor
heart to women : Keep thy foot out of brothels,
thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders'
books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through
the hawthorn blows the cold wind : Says fooly,
mun, ha nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy ; let
him trot by.

[Storm still.]

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than
to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity
of the skies.—Is man no more than this ? Consider
him well : thou owest the worm no silk, the beetle
no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—
Ha ! here's three of us are sophisticated :—Thou
art the thing itself : unaccommodated man is no

¹ So the five senses were called by our old writers.
ligniant influence.

³ The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood.

² To take is to blast, or strike with malice.

⁴ i. e. ready to receive malicious reports.

Dis-
verses w
formal c
forthwith
the peop
place, a
was divi
the old
their pro
ticularly
land, be
Child Ro

more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings :—Come ; unbutton here.—

[Tearing off his clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented ; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart ; a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet* : he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock ; he gives the web and the pin¹, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip ; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Witbold footed thrice the world² ;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold ;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee³ !

Kent. How fares your grace ?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seek ?

Glo. What are you there ? Your names ?

Edg. Poor Tom ; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt ; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for falllets ; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog ; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool ; who is whipt from tything to tything⁴, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd ; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer⁵,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower :—Peace, Smolkin ; peace, thou fiend !

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company ?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman ; Mado he's call'd, and Mahu. [vile,

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands : Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer ;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned

Theban :—

What is your study ?

[min.]

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill ver-

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him ?

[Storm fill.]

His daughters seek his death :—Ah, that good

Kent !—

He said it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself : I had a son, Now out-law'd from my blood ; he fought my life, But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend,—No father his son dearer : true to tell thee, The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this ! I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir :—

Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

[warm.]

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel : keep thee

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words ; hush.

Edg. Child⁶ Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—Fie, fob, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart this house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death ; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just ! This is the letter which he spoke

¹ Diseases of the eye.

² *Wold* signifies a down, or ground hilly and void of wood.

³ These

verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the *Epialtes* ; and the last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. Bedlams, gipsies, and such-like vagabonds, used to sell these kind of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders.

⁴ A *tything* is a division of a place, a district ; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*.

⁵ *Deer* in old language is a general word for wild animals. ⁶ In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the season of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoysels*, *Bacheliers* ; the most noble of the youth particularly, *Infans*. Here a story is told, in some old ballad, of the famous hero and giant-killer *Rowland*, before he was knighted, who is, therefore, called *Infans* ; which the ballad-maker translated, *Child Rowland*.

of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made the earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Afide.*] If I find him comforting¹ the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm House.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to a son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a where's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[*To Edgar.*]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, you the foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wankest thou eyes at trial, madam?

“Come o'er the bourn², Bessy, to me:—

Fool. “Her boat hath a leak,

“And she must not speak

“Why she dares not come over to thee.”

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring³. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To Edgar.*]

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*]

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [*To Kent.*]

Edg. Let us deal justly.

“Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

“Thy sheep be in the corn;

“And for one blast of thy minikin⁴ mouth,

“Thy sheep shall take no harm.”

Purrr! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it. [*Fool.*]

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-

Lear. And here's another, whose warpt looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Afide.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black⁶ or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mattiff, grey-hound, mungrel grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brache⁷, or lym⁸;

Or bobtail tike⁹, or trundle-tail;

Tom will make him weep and wail:

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Selfy, come, march to wakes and fairs,

And market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature, that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire; but let them be chang'd. [*To Edgar.*]

¹ i. e. supporting, helping. ² A bourn in the North signifies a rivulet or brook. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as *Milburn*, *Shirburn*, &c. ³ White herrings are pickled herrings. ⁴ Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. ⁵ This is a proverbial expression.

⁶ To have the roof of the mouth black is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. ⁷ A brache

is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and the female of it is called a *brache*.

⁸ A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chase, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. ⁹ *Tijk* is the Runic word for a little, or worthless dog.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest a while. [curtains:]

Leav. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the So, so, so: We'll go to supper 'i the morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my master? [are gone.]

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits

Glo. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy arms; I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:

There is a litter ready; lay him in't, [meet] And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;

If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps:—

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exit, bearing off the King.]

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most 'i the mind; Leaving free things¹, and happy shows behind: But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erstep, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away: Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee. What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king! Lurk, Lurk.— [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Gloster's Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster.

[Exit servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke,

when you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister;—farewel, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Hot questripts² after him, met him at gate; Who, with some other of the lord's dependants, Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exit Goneril, and Edmund.]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:— Though well we may not pass upon his life Without the form of justice; yet our power Shall do a courtesy to our wrath³, which men May blame, but not controul. Who's there?

The traitor?

Enter Gloster, brought in by servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky⁴ arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [They bind him.]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou shalt find— [Regan plucks his beard.]

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host; With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours⁵ You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? [truth.]

Reg. Be simple-answer'd⁶, for we know the

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom? [king?]

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down, Which came from one that's of a neutral heart, And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

¹ i. e. States clear from distress.

² A questripts is one who goes in search or quest of another.

³ To do a courtesy is to gratify, to comply with. To pass, is to pass a judicial sentence. ⁴ i. e. dry,

wither'd, husky arms.

⁵ Favours here means the same as features, i. e. the different parts of which

a face is compos'd. ⁶ Simple means plain.

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that. [the course ¹.

Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels else subscrib'd ²:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold
the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*Gloster is held down, while Cornwall treads
out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain ³! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance
of anger. [*Fight; Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. [*To another servant.*] Give me thy sword.—

A peasant stand up thus!

[*Comes behind, and kills him.*

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have
one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Left it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my
son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How
look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan;—Servants lead
Gloster out.*

1st Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2d Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters. [*Bedlam*

1st Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs, [*him!*

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
[*Exeunt severally.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

An open Country.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. YET better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;

The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter Gloster, led by an old man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age ⁴.

¹ i. e. the running of the dogs upon me. ² i. e. yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. ³ Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. ⁴ The sense of this obscure passage is, O world! so much are human minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not for those successive miseries, each worse than the other, which overload the scenes of life, we should never be willing to submit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chuse it as a proper asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity, which leaves the mind at ease, the body would generally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up long against the decays of time. These are the two reasons, it is supposed, why he said, "Life would not yield to age." And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind disorder the body's frame, is known to all.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, fir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen, Our mean¹ secures us; and our meer defects Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar, The food of thy abused father's wrath! Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O Gods! Who is't can say, I am at the worst?

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm: My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him; I have heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow, Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, prythee, get thee gone: If, for my Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, fir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that I Come on't what will. [*Exit.*]

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub² it further. [*Aside.*]

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbidance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women³. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance⁴, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully on the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,

With something rich about me: from that place

I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ i. e. moderate, mediocre condition. ² i. e. disguise. ³ Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of stile and composition by Dr. S. Harfenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intituled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates*: printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this: While the Spaniards were preparing their armado against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chamber-maids in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the chamber-maids and waiting-women; and they were generally so ridiculously nick-named, that Harfenet has one chapter on the strange names of their devils; *left*, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers.* ⁴ Superfluous is here used for one living in abundance. ⁵ To slave an ordinance, is to treat it as a slave, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

SCENE II.

*The Duke of Albany's Palace.**Enter Goneril, and Edmund.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband¹ [ter ?
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your mas-

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :

I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it : I told him you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [To Edmund.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes on the way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers ;
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us : ere long you are like to
If you dare venture in your own behalf, [hear,
A mistress's command. Wear this : spare speech ;

[Giving a favour.

Decline your head : this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air ;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster ! [Exit Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man !
To thee a woman's services are due ;
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle².

Alb. O Goneril !

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain³ in itself ;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use⁴.

Gon. No more ; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile :
Filths favour but themselves. What have you done ?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd ?
A father, and a gracious aged man,

Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate ! have you mad-
Could my good brother suffer you to do it ? [ded.
A man, a prince, by him so benefited ?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
Itself, like monsters of the deep⁵.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man !

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs ;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering ; that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum ?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land ;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats ;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still and cry'st,
Alack ! woe does he so ?

Alb. See thyself, devil !

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman⁶.

Gon. O vain fool !

[Shame,

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing⁷, for
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now !

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news ?

[Dead ;

Mef. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes !

[More,

Mef. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master ; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead :
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,

You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge !—But, O poor Gloster !
Lost he his other eye ?

Mef. Both, both, my lord.—

This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer ;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well ;

But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life : Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[Exit.

¹ It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude. ² This expression is a proverbial one. ³ Certain, for within the bounds that nature prescribes. ⁴ Alluding to the *use* that witches and enchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life. ⁵ Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species. ⁶ i. e. Diabolic qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in a woman who unnaturally assumes them. ⁷ By *self-cover'd* our author probably means, thou hast hid thyself from nature by wickedness ; thou that hast hid the woman under the fiend.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Meſ. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him; [ment

And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſh-
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Gloſter, I live

To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

The French Camp, near Dover.

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly
gone back
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd and
neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonſtration of grief? [my preſence;

Gent. Ay, ſir; ſhe took them, read them in
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tears
Were like a better day¹. Thoſe happy ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes: which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Yes; once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the
name of 'father'

Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart;
Cry'd, 'Sifters! ſifters!—Shame of ladies! ſifters!
'Kent! father! ſifters! What? i'the ſtorm?
i'the night?

'Let pity not be believed²!—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moiſten'd³ her: then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;

¹ A better day is the beſt day, and the beſt day is a day moſt favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and ſunſhine. ² i. e. Let not ſuch a thing as pity be ſuppoſed to exiſt! ³ i. e. her out-cries were accompanied with tears. ⁴ The ſame huſband and the ſame wife. ⁵ The metaphor is here preſerved with great knowledge of nature; the venom of poiſonous animals being a high cauſtic ſalt, that has all the effect of fire upon the part. ⁶ i. e. the reaſon which ſhould guide it.

Elſe one ſelf mate and mate⁴ could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her

Gent. No. [ſince?

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince. [town:

Kent. Well, ſir; the poor diſtreſſed Lear is i'the
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir? [unkindneſs,

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own
That ſtripp'd her from his benediſtion, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame⁵
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot. [Lear,

Kent. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cauſe
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

A Tent in the Camp at Dover.

Enter Cordelia, Phyſician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn.—A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—What can man's
wiſdom do,

In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?

He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foſter nurſe of nature is reſpoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſt ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
Left his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it⁶.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, madam;
The Britiſh powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,

It is thy business that I go about ;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important ¹ tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition ² doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right :
Soon may I hear, and see him !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Regan's Palace.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth ?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there ?

Stew. Madam, with much ado :

Your sister is the better soldier. [at home ?]

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady

Stew. No, madam. [him ?]

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to

Stew. I know not, lady. [ter.]

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious mat-

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live ; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us : Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life ³ ; moreover, to descry
The strength of the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with the ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather— [hand ;]

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband ;
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange celliads ⁴, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ? [it :]

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note ⁵ :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more ⁶.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam ! I would shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar as a peasant.

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill ? [labour.]

Edg. You do climb up it now : look, how we

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep :

Hark, do you hear the sea ?

Glo. No, truly. [feet]

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed :

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd ; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd ; in nothing am I chang'd

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir : here's the place :—stand still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew scarce so gross as beetles : Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire ⁷ ; dreadful trade !
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head :

The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice ; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock ⁸ ; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight : The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high :—I'll look no more ;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple ⁹ down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand. [a foot]

Edg. Give me your hand : You are now within
Of the extreme verge : for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright ¹⁰.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse ; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking : Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee ! Go thou further off ;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [Seems to go.]

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair ?—
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods !

This world I do renounce ; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off :

If I could bear it longer, and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should

¹ Important for importunate. ² i. e. no inflated, no swelling pride. ³ i. e. his life made dark as night by the extinction of his eyes. ⁴ Celliade, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye. ⁵ Note means in this place not a letter, but a remark. ⁶ i. e. You may infer more than I have directly told you. ⁷ Samphire grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country : it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air. Smith's Hist. of Waterford. ⁸ i. e. her cock-boat. ⁹ To topple is to tumble. ¹⁰ Upright has the same sense as the Latin *sapiens*

Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, blefs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*]

Edg. Gone, fir? farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft¹: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, fir! friend!—Hear you, fir?—speak!
Thus might he pass², indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, fir?

Glo. Away, and let me die. [*feathers, air,*

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer³,
So many fathom down precipitating, [*breathe;*
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
found.

Ten masts⁴ at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no? [*hourn*⁵:

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: [*stand.*
Up:—So:—How is't? Feel you your legs? You

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest⁶ gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,
Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But
who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dress'd up with flowers.
The safer sence will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow
like a crow-keeper⁷: draw me a clothier's yard.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece
of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet;
I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown
bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the
clout: hewgh!—Give the word⁸.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—
They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had
white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were
there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—
Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the
rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make
me chatter; when the thunder would not peace
at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt
them out. Go to, they are not men o' their
words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a
lie; I am not ague-proof. [*ber:*

Glo. The trick⁹ of that voice I do well remem-
ber: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause:—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury¹⁰, pell-pell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks¹¹ presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head

¹ i. e. when life is willing to be destroyed.

² Thus he might die in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell.

³ *Gossamer*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.

⁴ In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten masts at least*. ⁵ Dr. Johnson says, "*Bourn* seems here to signify a hill. Its common signification is a brook. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a boundary.

⁶ i. e. the purest, the most free from evil. ⁷ In several counties to this day, they call a stuffed figure representing a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, set up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *scare-crow*.

⁸ Lear supposes himself in a garrison, and, before he lets Edgar pass, requires the watch-word. ⁹ *Trick* (says Sir Tho. Hanmer) is a word frequently used for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from others. We still say "—he has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud, &c."

¹⁰ *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for incontinence. ¹¹ That is, according to Dr. Warburton, her hand held before her face in sign of modesty, with the fingers spread out, forky. Dr. Johnson believes, that the *forks* were two prominences of the ruff rising on each side of the face.

To hear of pleasure's name ;
The fitchew ¹, nor the soyled horse ², goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above :
But to the girdle do the gods inherit, [nefs,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's dark-
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption ;—Fie, fie, fie ! pah ! pah !
Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten my imagination ! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand !

Lear. Let me wipe it first ; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me ? No, do thy worst, blind Cup-
pid ; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge ;
mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters furs, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case ³ of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light :
Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how
this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine
ears : see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple
thief. Hark, in thine ear : Change places ; and
handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the
thief ?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a
beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ?
There thou might'st behold the great image of
authority : a dog's obey'd in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand :
Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own
back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs
the cozener.

Through tatter'd cloaths small vices do appear ;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em ⁴ :
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem [now, now :
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,
Pull off my boots ;—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloucester :
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark

Glo. Alack, alack the day ! [me.

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are
come [block ⁵ ?—

To this great stage of fools ;—This a good
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds ? All myself ?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt ⁶,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom ; what ?
I will be jovial ; come, come, I am a king,
My masters, know you that ?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an
you get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [Exit

¹ A polecat. ² *Soyled horse* is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. ³ The *case of eyes* is the socket of either eye. ⁴ This is an old phrase, signifying to qualify, or uphold them. ⁵ Dr. Johnson proposes to read, a *good flock*. "*Flocks* (he adds) are wool moulded together. It is very common for madmen to catch an accidental hint, and strain it to the purpose predominant in their minds. Lear picks up a *flock*, and immediately thinks to surprize his enemies by a troop of horse shod with *flocks* or *felt*. Yet *block* may stand, if we suppose that the sight of a block put him in mind of mounting his horse."—Mr. Steevens thinks Dr. Johnson's explanation is very ingenious ; but believes there is no occasion to adopt it, as the speech itself, or at least the action that should accompany it, will furnish all the connection which he has sought from an extraneous circumstance. Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom Mr. Steevens has seen so represented in ancient prints), till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself. ⁶ Mr. Malone believes a *man of salt* is a man made up of tears.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one
daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought¹.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all. [here,

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit *Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you? [blows;

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows²,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember³:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar opposes.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Durst thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, sir, without further 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait⁴, and let
your volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out
of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis
a fortnight. Nay, come not near the old
man; keep out, che vor'ye⁵, or ise try whether
your costard⁶ or my bat⁷ be the harder: Ch'ill
plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, sir: Come; no
matter vor your foyns⁸. [Edgar knocks him down.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take
my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death,
death!— [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

"Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd.
"You have many opportunities to cut him off:
"if your will want not, time and place will be
"fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he
"return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner,
"and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth
"whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
"your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate
"servant, "GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up⁹, the most unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the fight
Of the death-practis'd¹⁰ duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit Edgar, removing the body.

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling¹¹
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be fever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exit.

S C E N E VII.

A Tent in the French Camp.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,

¹ The main body is expected to be descry'd every hour. ² i. e. sorrows past and present.
³ i. e. quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. ⁴ Gang
gate is a common expression in the North. ⁵ i. e. I warn you. Edgar counterfeits the
modern dialect. ⁶ i. e. head. ⁷ i. e. club. ⁸ To foyn is to make what we call a thrust
encing. ⁹ i. e. I'll cover. In Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the
fire. ¹⁰ The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason. ¹¹ Inge-
nu feeling signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, repre-
senting things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me¹.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited²:
These weeds are memories³ of those worser hours;
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent⁴:
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed⁵ father!

Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Lear is brought in in a chair.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him. [him;

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [sic there!
Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the mu-

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration⁶, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess! [flakes

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning! to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty? [grave:—

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
Thou art a foul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears

Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me? [die?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?
Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd⁸.—I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. [weep not:

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me. [rage,

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish.

[Exit *Lear*, *Cordelia*, *Physician*, and attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

¹ i. e. All good which I shall allot thee, or measure out to thee, will be scanty.

² i. e. Be better

³ i. e. memorials, remembrances.

⁴ An intent *formed*. So we say in common language, to make a design, and to make a resolution.

⁵ i. e. changed to a child by his years and wrongs.

⁶ Restoration is recovery personified.

⁷ The allusion, Dr. Warburton says, is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon desperate

ventures, and called, in French, *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*.

⁸ I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty.

⁹ i. e. to recover

it to his apprehension.

Hi
speech
valiant
France
king, a
esteem
our land
my pur
partie, i

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about ; the powers o' the king-
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

[*dom*] Fare you well, fir. [*Exit.*]
Kent. My point and period will be throughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. **K**NOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold ;

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course : He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving :—bring his constant pleasure¹.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you :
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*way*]

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
To the fore-fended² place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

[*junct*]

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been con-
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not :—

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

[*Aside.*]

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—

³ Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out : Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not holds the king⁴ ; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us ?

Gon. No.

[*us.*]

Reg. 'Tis most convenient ; pray you, go with

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle : I will
go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it : wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove

What is avouched there : If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end,

And machination ceases. Fortune love you !

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well ; I will o'erlook
thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery ; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my
love ;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung

Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?

Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive : To take the widow,

Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;

And hardly shall I carry out my side⁵,

Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use

¹ His settled resolution. ² Fore-fended means prohibited, forbidden. ³ The meaning of this speech is, The king and others whom we have opposed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a just quarrel. We must distinguish ; it is just in one sense and unjust in another. As France invades our land, I am concerned to repel him ; but as he holds, entertains, and supports the king, and others whom I fear many just and heavy causes make, or compel, as it were, to oppose us, I esteem it unjust to engage against them. ⁴ This business (says Albany) touches us as France invades our land, not as it holds the king, &c. i. e. emboldens him to assert his former title. ⁵ i. e. bring my purpose to a successful issue, to completion. Side seems here to have the sense of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie*, to take his resolution.

His countenance for the battle; which, being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.¹ [Exit.]

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the stage; and exeunt.

¹ Enter Edgar, and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit Edgar.
[Alarum, and retreat within.]

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter taken:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness² is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund;
Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds in the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects³ of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes⁴. Wipe thine eyes;
The gougiers⁵ shall devour them, flesh, and fell⁶,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them
starve first.

Come. [Exeunt Lear, and Cordelia, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question⁷; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Capt.]

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our imprest⁸ lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

¹ Dr. Johnson thinks that *for* does not stand in this place as a word of inference or causality. The meaning is rather: *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* ² i. e. To be ready, prepared, is all. ³ Packs is used for combinations or collection, as is a pack of cards. For *sects*, *sets* might be more commodiously read. Thus we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. ⁴ It is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes. ⁵ i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. Gouge, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the gouges. ⁶ Flesh and skin. ⁷ The meaning is, that the important business he now had in hand, did not admit of debate: he must instantly resolve to do it, or not. ⁸ i. e. turn the *launcemen* which are *prest*^d into our service, against us.

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission¹ of my place and person;
The which immediacy² may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace³ he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-quint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine⁴:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will⁵.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine. [thee

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

[Pointing to Goneril.

This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoken.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
sound:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison. [Aside.

Edm. There's my exchange: what in the world
he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet.

[A trumpet sounds.

Herald reads.

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the
"lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund,
"supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold
"traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the
"trumpet: He is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound.

[1 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[2 trumpet.

Her. Again.

[3 trumpet.

[Trumpet answers, within.

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call of the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;

Yet am I noble, as the adversary

I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary? [of Gloster?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,

Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.

Behold, it is the privilege⁶ of mine honours,

My oath, and my profession:—I protest,—

Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,

Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;

And, from the extremest upward of thy head,

To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,

A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,

This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,

Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say⁷ of breeding breathes,

What safe and nicely I might well delay

¹ Commission, for authority.

² Immediacy implies supremacy, in opposition to subordination.

³ Grace here means accomplishments, or honours.

and signifying, to surrender at discretion.

⁴ A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp,

⁵ Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice.

⁶ The charge he is here going to bring against the Bastard, he calls the privilege, &c. to under-
stand which phraseology, we must consider that the old rites of knighthood are here alluded to;
whose oath and profession required him to discover all treasons, and whose privilege it was to have
his challenge accepted, or otherwise to have his charge taken *pro confesso*. For if one who was no
knight accused another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On
this account it was necessary, as Edgar came disguised, to tell the Bastard he was a knight. ⁷ Say,
for essay, some shew or probability.

By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
Back do I tofs these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[Alarum. Fight. Edmund falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him !

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster :

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite ; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it :—Hold, sir :—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil :—
No tearing, lady ; I perceive, you know it.

[Gives the letter to Edmund.]

Gon. Say, if I do ; the laws are mine, not thine :
Who shall arraign me for 't ?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper ?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit Gon.]

Alb. Go after her ; she's desperate ; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I
have done ;

And more, much more : the time will bring it out ;
'Tis past, and so am I : But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me ? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund ;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us :
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true ;
The wheel is come full circle ; I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness :—I must embrace thee :
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father !

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself ?

How have you known the miseries of your father ?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. Lift a brief
tale ;—

And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst !—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness !
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once !) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags ; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost ; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair ;
Never (O fault !) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage : But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support !)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. —This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but, another¹ ;—
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity :—
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him transcend.

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

It came even from the heart of—O ! she's dead !

Alb. Who, man ? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead !—

[Goneril and Regan's bodies brought out.]

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us
tremble,

Touches us not with pity.—

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O ! is this he ? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my king and master aye good night ;
Is he not here ?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot !—

Speak, Edmund, where's the king ? and where's
Cordelia ?—

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was lov'd :
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

¹ The sense may probably be this : *This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow ; but, another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.*

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life :—Some good I mean to do, Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,—Be brief in it,—to the castle ; for my writ Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run——

[*send*]

Edg. To whom, my lord ?—Who has the office ? Thy token of reprieve.

Edg. Well thought on ; take my sword, Give it the captain.

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me To hang Cordelia in the prison, and To lay the blame upon her own despair, That she fordid¹ herself.

Alb. The gods defend her ! Bear him hence awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl !—O, you are men of stones ; Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so That heaven's vault should crack :—O, she is gone for ever !——

I know when one is dead, and when one lives ; She's dead as earth :—Lend me a looking-glass ; If that her breath will mist or stain the stone, Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror ?

Alb. Fall, and cease² !

Lear. This feather stirs ; she lives ! if it be so, It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master !

[*Kneeling.*]

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all ! I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Gen. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

[*chion*]

I have seen the day, with my good biting faul—I would have made them skip : I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ? Mine eyes are none o' the best :—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated, One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight : Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ; your servant Kent :

Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ; He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight. [*cay 3,*]

Kent. That, from your first of difference and de—Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither. [*and deadly.*]

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd⁴ themselves, And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says ; and vain it is That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great decay⁵ may come, Shall be apply'd : For us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty, To him our absolute power :—You, to your rights ;

[*To Edgar.*]

With boot⁶, and such addition as your honours Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see ! [*life.*]

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd⁷ ! No, no, no Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, [*more,* And thou no breath at all ? O, thou wilt come no Never, never, never, never, never !——

Pray you, undo this button⁸ : Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this ? Look on her, look on her lips,

Look there, look there !—— [*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints ;—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart ; I pr'ythee, break !

Edg. Look up, my lord.

[*hates him,*]

Kent. Vex not his ghost : O, let him pass ! he That would upon the rack of this tough⁹ world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long : He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To Kent, and Edgar.*]

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go ;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey ; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most : we that are young, Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*]

¹ To *fordo* signifies to *destroy*. ² Mr. Steevens affixes the following meaning to this exclamation of Albany : " He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.*" ³ Decay for misfortunes. ⁴ That is, have anticipated their own doom. ⁵ i. e. to this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty. ⁶ With advantage, with increase.

⁷ Mr. Steevens remarks, that this is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia, (not his fool, as some have thought) on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there. ⁸ The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by this most expressive circumstance. ⁹ i. e. this *obdurate, rigid world*.

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ROMEO AND JULIET¹.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, <i>Prince of Verona.</i>	BALTHASAR, <i>Servant to Romeo.</i>
PARIS, <i>Kinsman to the Prince.</i>	SAMPSON, } <i>Servants to Capulet.</i>
MONTAGUE, } <i>Heads of two Houses, at variance</i>	GREGORY, }
CAPULET, } <i>with each other.</i>	ABRAM, <i>Servant to Montague.</i>
ROMEO, <i>Son to Montague.</i>	<i>Three Musicians.</i>
MERCUTIO, } <i>Friends of Romeo.</i>	PETER.
BENVOLIO, }	
TYBALT, <i>Kinsman to Capulet.</i>	<i>Lady MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.</i>
<i>An old Man, his Cousin.</i>	<i>Lady CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.</i>
FRIAR LAWRENCE, <i>a Franciscan.</i>	JULIET, <i>Daughter to Capulet, in love with Romeo.</i>
FRIAR JOHN, <i>of the same Order.</i>	<i>Nurse to Juliet.</i>

CHORUS,—*Page, Boy to Paris, an Officer, an Apothecary.*

Citizens of Verona, several Men and Women, Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watch and other Attendants.

The SCENE, in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in Mantua; during all the rest of the Play, at Verona.

PROLOGUE.

TWO househo'ds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their childrens' end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, two servants of Capulet.

Sam. GREGORY, o' my word, we'll not carry coals².

Greg. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Greg. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Greg. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

¹ The story on which this play is founded, is related as a true one in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*, and was well known to the English poets before the time of Shakspeare. ² Dr. Warburton observes, that this was a phrase formerly in use to signify the bearing injuries.

Greg. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant : when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids ; I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids ?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads ; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand : and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fish ; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool ; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balisafar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out ; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How ? turn thy back, and run ?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry ; I fear thee !

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides ; let them begin.

Greg. I will frown, as I pass by ; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them ; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir ?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay ?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, sir ?

Abr. Quarrel, sir ? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you ; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say—better ; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lye.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swathing¹ blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools ; put up your swords ; You know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds ?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace ; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace ? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee : Have at thee, coward.

Enter three or four Citizens, with clubs.

Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans ! strike ! beat them down !

Down with the Capulets ! down with the Montagues !

Enter Capulet, in his gown ; and Lady Capulet.
Cap. What noise is this ?—Give me my long sword², ho !

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch !—Why call you for a sword ?

Cap. My sword, I say !—old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter old Montague, and Lady Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—Will they not hear ?—what ho ! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mis-temper'd³ weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave befitting ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, Cankred with peace, to part your cankered hate : If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. For this time, all the rest depart away : You, Capulet, shall go along with me ; And, Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place. Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, Capulet, &c.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad ?—Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began ?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach :

I drew to part them ; in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd ; Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn : While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, 'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo !—saw you him to-day ?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad ; Where—underneath the grove of sycamore, That westward rooteth from the city's side— So early walking did I see your son :

¹ To *swash* seems to have meant to be a bully, to be noisily valiant. sword used in war, which was sometimes wielded with both hands. angry weapons.

² The long sword was the
³ Mis-temper'd weapons are

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must his humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: So please you, step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours? [them short.]

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see path-ways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewel, my coz.

[*Going.*]

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love?

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

O word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good marks-man!—And she's
fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not
be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bid the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,

That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store².

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still
live chaste? [waste;]

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair:

She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks³; that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:

¹ That is, tell me in *seriousness*. ² Mr. Theobald reads, "With her dies beauty's store."

³ i. e. the masks worn by female spectators of the play.

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me:—Go, firrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there; and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written
here? It is written—that the shoemaker should
meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last,
the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his
nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose
names are here writ, and can never find what
names the writing person hath here writ. I must
to the learned:—In good time.

Enter Benvolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning.

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good
fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:

But I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[*He reads the list.*]

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
"County Anselm, and his beauteous sisters; The
"lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and
"his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother
"Valentine; Mine uncle Capulet, his wife and
"daughters; My fair niece Rosaline; Livia;
"Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio,
"and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My
master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be
not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and
crush a cup of wine.² Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with untainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,³
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you saw her fair, none else being
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:

But in those crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love³ against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ This is a Gallicism: *Fille de terre* is the French phrase for an heiress. ² A cant expression which seems to have been once common among low people. We still say—to crack a bottle. ³ Your lady's love is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly used for the lady herself.

SCENE III.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird! God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here; what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter: Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again; I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel. Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen¹ be it spoken, I have but four,
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting i' the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it teachy, and fall out with the dug. [trow,
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years:

For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man;—took up the child;

'Yea,' quoth he, 'dost thou fall upon thy face?

'Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more
'wit;

'Wilt thou not, Jule?' and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—'Ay:'

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,

I never should forget it; 'Wilt thou not, Jule?'
quoth he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted², and said—'Ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace. [laugh,

Nurse. Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chuse but
To think it should leave crying, and say—'Ay:'

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.

'Yea,' quoth my husband, 'fall'st upon thy face?

'Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;

'Wilt thou not, Jule?' it stinted, and said—'Ay.'

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;—
younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer bath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gen-
tleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every several lineament,

And see how one another leads content;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin³ of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story.

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by
men. [love?

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
serv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the
nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in ex-
tremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you,
follow straight.

¹ i. e. to my sorrow. ² i. e. it stopped, it forbore from weeping.

³ The comments on an-

La. Cap.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity¹: We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf, Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper²; Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance: But, let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch³,—I am not for this ambling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light. [dance.]

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing-shoes,

With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead, So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft, To soar with his light feathers; and so bound, I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe: Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love? Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough, Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. Give me a case to put my visage in;

[Putting on a mask.]

A visor for a visor!—what care I, What curious eye doth quote⁴ deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in, But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels⁵;

For I am proverb'd with a grandfire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on⁶,

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse⁷, the constable's, own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire⁸, Or (save your reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light⁹, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day, Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask; But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night,

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed asleep; while they do dream things true. [you.]

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies¹⁰

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:

[straight:]

On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtiers

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

¹ It was a custom observed by those who came uninvited to a masquerade, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation, to preface their entry on these occasions by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies, or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions we believe Romeo is made to allude. ² See note 7, p. 957. ³ A torch-bearer seems to have been a constant attendant on every troop of masks.

⁴ To quote is to observe. ⁵ We have already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. The stage was also anciently strewn with *rushes*.

⁶ The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being an *idle spectator*. ⁷ *Dun's the mouse* is a proverbial expression, the precise meaning of which cannot be determined. ⁸ *Draw dun out of the mire*, seems to have been a game. ⁹ *To burn day-light* is a proverbial expression, used when candles

&c. are lighted in the day time. ¹⁰ *Atomies* is no more than an obsolete substitute for *atoms*.

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And cakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs;¹
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain phantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our
selves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to
take away? he shift a trencher²! he scrape a
trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one
or two men's hands, and they unwash'd too, 'tis a
foul thing.

1 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard³, look to the plate:—good
thou, save me a piece of march-pane⁴; and, as
thou lov'st me, let the porter let in Susan Grind-
stone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are look'd for, and call'd for, ask'd
for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—
Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer
liver take all.

[Exeunt.]

¹ This was a common superstition, and seems to have had its rise from the horrid disease called the *Plica Polonica*.

² Trenchers were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. They continued common much longer in many public societies, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are still retained at Lincoln's-Inn.

³ Meaning perhaps what we call at present the *side-board*. ⁴ March-pane was a confection made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakspeare's time. It was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors.

⁵ This exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and signifies, make room.

Enter Capulet, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

1 Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have
their feet

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you ail

Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a vifor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians,
play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[Musick plays, and they dance.]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is 't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By 'r lady, thirty years. [much:]

1 Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shines a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love 'till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—

Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What, dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore

storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb.

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a faucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you¹;—I know
what.—

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts:—You are a princox²; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler
meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To Juliet.*]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand
too much,

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saints, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for
prayers' sake. [*I take.*]

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.

[*Kissing her.*]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
Rom. What is her mother? [*you.*]

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wife, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards³.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, firrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. That, as I think, is young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would

Nurse. I know not. [*not dance?*]

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within, Juliet.*]

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter CHORUS.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, for which love groan'd fore, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe suppos'd he must complain, [*hooks:*]

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,

Temp'ring extremities with extrem sweet.

[*Exit Chorus.*]

¹ i. e. to do you an injury.
ready, at hand.

² A princox is a coxcomb, a conceited person.

³ Towards is

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The S T R E E T.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. CAN I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.

Enter Benvolio, with Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wife;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Why, Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ay me! couple but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name to her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid?—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spight: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those
To be comforted with the humourous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And with his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

But, soft! what light through yonder window
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!— [breaks?]

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady: O, it is my love:

O, that she knew she were!—

She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 'tis not to me it speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres 'till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As day-light doth a lamp: her eye in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,

As is the winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white up-turned wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

[Aside.]

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague³.

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part:

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet;

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name:

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

¹ Alluding to an old ballad preserved in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. ² Shakspeare means humid, the moist dewy night. ³ The sense is, Thou art thyself (i. e. a being of distinguished excellence), though thou art not what thou appearest to others, akin to thy family in malice.

Jul.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am :
My name, dear faint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound ;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague ?

Rom. Neither, fair faint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me ? and
wherefore ?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb ;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
these walls ;

For stony limits cannot hold love out :
And what love can do, that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack ! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
And, but thou love me, let them find me here ;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorog'd¹, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
place ?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to enquire ;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st, the mask of night is on
my face ;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have spoke ; But farewell compliment !
Dost thou love me ? I know, thou wilt say—Ay ;
And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false ; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo ; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light :
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heardest, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion : therefore pardon me ;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I vow,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by ?

Jul. Do not swear at all ;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear ; although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night :
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden ;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night !
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night ! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast !

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied ?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night ?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow
for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it :
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it ? for what pur-
pose, love ?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have :
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep ; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

I hear some noise within ; Dear love, adieu !

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse !—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again.

Rom. O blessed blessed night ! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite ;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

[*Within : Madam.*

I come, anon — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—[*Within : Madam.*] By and by,
I come :—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief :
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night !

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light.

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
[*books*]
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks

¹ i. e. delayed.

Re-enter Juliet again, above.

Jul. Hift ! Romeo, hift !—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle ¹ back again !
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud ;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name :
How silver-sweet found lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest musick to attending ears !

Jul. Romeo !

om. My sweet ?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee ?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail ; 'tis twenty years 'till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone :
And yet no further than a wanton's bird ;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I ;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night ! parting is such sweet
fellow,
That I shall say—good night, 'till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast !——

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest !
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell ;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,

Checking the eastern clouds with streaks of light ;
And flecked ² darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels :
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb :
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find ;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace ³, that lies
In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities :
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied ;
And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part ;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will ;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?——
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign :
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rouz'd by some distemp'ature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right——
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ? no ;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : But where hast thou
been then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy ;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded ; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physick lies :
I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo,
My intercession likewise pleads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift ;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love
is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage : When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change is here !
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Holy Saint Francis ! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy fallow cheeks for Rosaline !

¹ The tassel or tiercel (for so it should be spelt) is the male of the *goshawk* ; so called, because it is
thence or third less than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. ² Flecked is spotted,
dappled, streak'd, or variegated. ³ i. e. efficacious virtue.

How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste !
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet :
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline ;
And art thou chang'd ? Pronounce this sentence
then——

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not : she, whom I love
now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow ;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow ; They stumble, that run
fast. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Benvolus and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be ?—
Came he not home to-night ?

Ben. Not to his father's ; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,

Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a
letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master,
how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stab'd with a white wench's black eye, shot thorough
the ear with a love-song ; the very pin of his
heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft ;
And is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats¹, I can tell you.
O, he is the courageous captain of compliments :
he fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, di-
stance, and proportion ; he rests his minim, one,
two, and the third in your bosom : the very butcher
of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist ; a gentleman
of the very first house ;—of the first and second
cause² :—Ah, the immortal passado ! the punto re-
verso ! the hay³ !——

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lipping, affecting
fantasticoes ; these new tuners of accent :——
By—a very good blade !——a very tall man !——
a very good whore !——Why, is not this a la-
mentable thing, grandfire, that we should be thus
afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-
mongers, these Pardonnez-moy's, who stand so
much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease
on the old bench ? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's* !

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring :—
O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified !—Now is he
for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in : Laura,
to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench ;—marry, he
had a better love to be-rhyme her : Dido, a dowdy ;
Cleopatra, a gipsy ; Helen and Hero, biddings and
harlots ; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the
purpose.——Signior Romeo, *bon jour* ! there's a
French salutation to your French slop⁴. You gave
us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What coun-
terfeit did I give you ?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip⁵ ; Can you not conceive ?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was
great ; and, in such a case as mine, a man may
strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as
yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to curt'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd⁶ !

Mer. Well said : follow me this jest now, till
thou hast worn out thy pump ; that, when the
single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after
the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-sol'd jest, solely singular for the
singleness !

¹ Tybert, the name given to the Cat, in the story-book of *Reynard the Fox*. ² That is, a gentleman of the first rank, of the first eminence among these duellists ; and one who understands the whole science of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *first cause*, and the *second cause*, for which a man is to fight.

³ The *hay* is the word *hai*, you have it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist. ⁴ i. e. How ridiculous they make themselves in crying out *good*, and being in ecstasies with every trifle. ⁵ Slips are large loose breeches or trousers worn at present only by sailors.

⁶ To understand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *slip*, it should be observed, that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money distinguished by the name of a *slip*. ⁷ Dr. Johnson says, Here is a vein of wit too thin to be easily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit fain'ts.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweetening¹; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel², that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now thou art sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole³.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair⁴.

Ben. Thou would'st else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse, and Peter.

Mer. A fail, a fail, a fail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan⁵, Peter.

Mer. Do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den⁶, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no lets, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you fought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, fir; unless a hare, fir, in a lenten pye, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old bare boar?

And an old bare boar;

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is boar,

Is too much for a score,

When it boars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady⁸.

[Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.]

Nurse. I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant⁹ was this, that was so full of his ropery¹⁰?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates¹¹:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

¹ A bitter sweetening is an apple of that name. a kid, Fr.

² It has been already observed, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a bauble was one of the accoutrements of a licensed fool or jester.

³ "against the grain." ⁴ The business of Peter carrying the Nurse's fan seems ridiculous according to modern manners; but such was formerly the practice.

⁵ The burthen of an old song. ⁶ i. e. God give you a good even. ⁷ Hoar, or hoary, is often used for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding.

⁸ The burthen of an old song. ⁹ Mr. Steevens observes, that the term merchant, which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the lowest sort of dealers, seems anciently to have been used on these familiar occasions in contradistinction to gentleman; signifying that the person shewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term chap, i. e. chapman, a word of the same import with merchant in its less respectable sense, is still in common use among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any person of whom they mean to speak with freedom or disrespect.

¹⁰ i. e. roguery. ¹¹ A skain or skain was either a knife or a short dagger. By skains-mates the nurse means, none of his loose companions who frequent the fencing-school with him, where we may suppose the exercise of this weapon was taught.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and, as I told you, my young lady bade me enquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall at friar Laurence's cell
Be shriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. [Exit Nurse.]

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey—Within this hour my man shall be with thee; And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair¹, Which to the high top-gallant² of my joy Must be my convoy in the secret night. Farewel!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains. Farewel!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven blefs thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varfal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit Nurse.]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[Exit Nurse.]

SCENE V.

Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead:

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If good, thou shalt not flatter me with news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. What haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou
hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied; Is't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice;
you know not how to chuse a man: Romeo! no,
not he; though his face be better than any man's,
yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a
foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd
on, yet they are past compare: He is not the
flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle
as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—
What, have you din'd at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

¹ Like stairs of rope in the tackle of a ship.
mast of a ship.

² The top-gallant is the highest extremity of the

Nurse. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' the other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and
I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st?
Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultrice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have. [cell.]

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence:
There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you shall bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell. [Exit.]

SCENE VI.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo.

Friar. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire, and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Friar. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for
us both. [much.]

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Bags of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar. Come, come with me, and we will
make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exit.]

A C T III.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.

Ben. I PRAY thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,

And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there
is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in
thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon mov'd to
be moody, and as soon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.

Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast.

Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but be-
cause thou hast hazel eyes; what eye, but such
an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy
head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat;

and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou comfort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Comfort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddletick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, comfort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men: Either withdraw into some private place, Or reason coldly of your grievances, Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man. [*livery:*

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your Marry, go first to field, he'll be your follower; Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee Doth much excuse the appertaining rage To such a greeting:—Villain I am none; Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee; But love thee better than thou canst devise, 'Till thou shalt know the reason of my love: And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission! *A la stoccata*¹ carries it away.—

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of

your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher² by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

[*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, fir, your passado.

[*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons;—Gentlemen, for shame Forbear this outrage;—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*—The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets:—hold, *Tybalt*;—good *Mercutio*.

[*Exit Tybalt.*

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

[*enough.*

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses! What! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! abraggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worm's meat of me: I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio, and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally, My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt In my behalf; my reputation stain'd With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt*, that an hour Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet, Thy beauty hath made me effeminate, And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds, Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and *Mercutio* slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity, And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!—Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again, That late thou gav'st me; for *Mercutio's* soul Is but a little way above our heads, Staying for thine to keep him company;

¹ *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. ² Dr. Warburton says, we should read *pilche*, which signifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the scabbard. 3. i. e. This day's unhappy destiny hangs over the days yet to come. There will yet be more mischief.

Or thou, or I, or both shall follow him. [here,
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[They fight, Tybalt falls.

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain :—
Stand not amaz'd : the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—away !

Rom. O ! I am fortune's fool !

Ben. Why dost thou stay ? [Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio ?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

Cit. Up, fir, go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, their Wives, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray ?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin !—O my bro-
ther's child !—

O prince !—O husband !—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman !—Prince, as thou art true²,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin !

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray ?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand
did slay ;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice³ the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure : all this—utter'd
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast ;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity

Retorts it : Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends ! friends, part ! and, swifter than
his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes ; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled :

But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning ; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain ;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly :

This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true :
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life :
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give ;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio ;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe ?

La. Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mer-
cutio's friend ;

His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence :
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding ;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine :
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Capulet's House.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion ; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night !
That run-away's eyes may wink⁴ ; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen !—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties : or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil⁵ night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods :
Hood my unmann'd blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle ; 'till strange love grown
bold,

Thinks true love acted, simple modesty. [night !
Come, night !—Come, Romeo ! come, thou day in
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night ; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,

Give me my Romeo : and when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

¹ I am always running in the way of evil fortune, like the fool in the play. ² i. e. as thou art
just and upright. ³ i. e. how slight, how unimportant, how petty. ⁴ Juliet would have night's
darkness obscure the great eye of the day, the sun ; whom considering in a poetical light as Phœbus,
drawn in his car with fiery-footed steeds, and passing through the heavens, she very properly calls him,
with regard to the swiftness of his course, the run-away. ⁵ Civil is grave, decently solemn. ⁶ These
are terms of falconry. An unmanned hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. Bating is
fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away.

That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish¹ fun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am fold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
'the cords,

That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse Ay, ay, the cords.

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands? [dead!

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—

Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse Romeo can,

Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—

Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,

And that bare vowel *I*² shall poison more

Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:

I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;

Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.

If he be slain say—*I*; or if not, no:

Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,

All in gore blood:—*I* fownded at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break
at once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!

Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;

And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!

That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?

My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—

Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!

For who is living if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banish'd;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banish'd.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned faint, an honourable villain!

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitae*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband;

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;

And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,

That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:

Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;

That—banished, that one word—banished,

Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts³. Tybalt's death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there:

Or,—if four woe delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—

Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,

Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?

But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,

Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,

Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,

All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that word's death; no words can that
found.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

¹ *Garish* is gaudy, showy.

² In our author's time, the affirmative adverb *ay* was generally written *I*: and by this means it both becomes a vowel, and answers in sound to *eye*, upon which the conceit turns in the second line.

³ Hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maiden-head!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you;—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou
fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity. [*doom?*]
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Friar. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such four company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death; then banishment
Is death mis-term'd; calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship¹ lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin:
Flies may do this, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished.

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me?—banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide
thyself. [*Knock within.*]

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick
groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knock.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up:

[*Knock.*]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

[*Knock.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's
your will?

Nurse. [*within.*] Let me come in, and you shall
know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears
made drunk.

Nurse.

¹ *Validity* seems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*; and *courtship* the state of a *courtier* permitted to approach the highest presence.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!—

Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—death is the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and
weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curf'd hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself? [*earth?*]
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and
Since, birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do
meet

In thee at once; which thou at once would'st lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy nob'e shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in the skill-less soldier's flask²,
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence³.
What, ro use thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there too art thou happy:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis'hap'd and a sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not 'till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming. [*night,*]

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you,
sir:—

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night:—and here stands
all your state⁴,—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your
daughter. [*morrow;*]

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-
To-night she's mew'd⁵ up to her heaviness.

¹ That is, Thou art a beast of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.

² To understand the force of this allusion, it should be remembered that the ancient English soldiers, using *match-locks*, instead of locks with flints as at present, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder. ³ That is, And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons.

⁴ The whole of your fortune depends on this.

⁵ A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate¹ tender Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.— Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here with my son Paris' love; And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next— But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

[soon,

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her, She shall be married to this noble earl:— Will you be ready? do you like this haste? We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:— For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late, It may be thought we held him carelessly, Being our kinsman, if we revel much: Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends, And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

[morrow.

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to—
Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed, Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.— Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho! Fore me, it is so very late, that we May call it early by and by: Good night. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo, and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree: Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops; I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I; It is some meteor that the sun exhales, To be to thee this night a torch-bearer, And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death; I am content, if thou wilt have it so. I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex² of Cynthia's brow; Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads: I have more care to stay, than will to go;—

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.— How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away; It is the lark that sings so out of tune, Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps. Some say, the lark makes sweet division³; This doth not so, for she divideth us: Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes⁴; O, now I would they had chang'd voices too⁵! Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray, Hunting thee hence with hunts-up⁶ to the day. O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

[ber:

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber— The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[Exit Nurse.

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[Romeo descends.

Jul. Art thou gone so? Love! lord! ah, husband! friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour, For in a minute there are many days: O! by this count I shall be much in years, Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul; Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low, As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you: Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[Exit Romeo.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle: If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long, But send him back.

La. Cap. [within.] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother? Is she not down so late, or up so early? What unaccustom'd cause procures⁷ her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

¹ Desperate means only bold, adventurous.

² The appearance of a cloud opposed to the moon.

³ Division seems to have been the technical term for the pauses or parts of a musical composition.

⁴ The toad having very fine eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, was the occasion of a common saying amongst the people, that the toad and lark had changed eyes. To this the speaker alludes. ⁵ The meaning is this: The lark, they say, has lost her eyes to the toad, and now I would the toad had her voice too, since she uses it to the disturbance of lovers.

⁶ The hunt-up was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. ⁷ Procures for brings.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
 What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
 An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him [live;
 Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love;
 But much of grief shews still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the Which you weep for. [friend
Jul. Feeling to the loss,
 I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
 As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
 God pardon him! I do with all my heart;
 And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives. [hands:
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my 'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death! [not:
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua, Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,— That shall bestow on him so sure a draught, That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, 'till I behold him—dead— Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vext:— Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it; That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him;— To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt, Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
 But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time: What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
 One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy, That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
 The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The county Paris¹, at Saint Peter's church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
 I wonder at this haste; that I must wed Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
 I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
 And see how he will take it at your hands.
Enter Capulet, and Nurse.
Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
 But for the sun-set of my brother's son, It rains downright.—
 How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears? Evermore showering? In one little body Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind: For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is, Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs; Who,—raging with thy tears, and they win them, Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife? Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks:
 I would, the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
 How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest, Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
 Proud can I never be of what I hate;
 But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! chop legick?— What is this?
 Proud—and, I thank you—and, I thank you not— And yet not proud—Mistress minion, you, Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds, But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next, To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church, Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither. Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage! You tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie! fie! what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees, Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
 I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday, Or never after look me in the face:
 Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest, That God hath sent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,

¹ It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is most commonly stiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakspeare seems to have preferred, for some reason or other, the Italian *conte* to our *count*; perhaps he took it from the old English novel, from which he is said to have taken his plot." He certainly did so: Paris is there first stiled a *young earle*, and afterwards *counte*, *countee*, and *county*; according to the unsettled orthography of the time.

And that we have a curse in having her :
Out on her, hilding !

Nurse. God in heaven blefs her !—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom ? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence ; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den !

Nurse. May not one speak ?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool !

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread ! it makes me mad : Day,
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd : and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
Awhining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—' I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—
' I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me ;'—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you : [me ;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near ; lay hand on heart, advise :
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend ;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i'the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good :
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief ?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away !
Delay this marriage for a month, a week ;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word ;

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.

Jul. O God !—O nurse !—how shall this be
prevented ?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven ;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth ?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself !—
What say'st thou ? hast thou not a word of joy ?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis : Romeo
Is banished ; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you ;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.

Oh ! he's a lovely gentleman !
Romeo's a dish-clout to him ; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first ; or if it did not,
Your first is dead ; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nurse. And from my soul too ;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen !

Nurse. What ?

[much.

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous
Go in ; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will ; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.

Jul. Ancient damnation ! O most wicked fiend !
Is it more sin—to with me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times ?—Go, counsellor ;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy :
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [Exit.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, and Paris.

Par. ON Thursday, sir ? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so ;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind ;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore little have I talk'd of love ;

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.

Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she do give her sorrow so much sway ;
And, in his wisdom, hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears ;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society :
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should beflow'd.

[Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife !

Jul.

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thurs-

Jul. What must be shall be. [day next.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with
tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spight.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with
that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face. [it.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—

Are you at leisure, holy father, now;

Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now :—

My lord, we must intreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit *Paris*.

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast
done so, [help!

Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;

It strains me past the compass of my wits:

I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:

If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,

Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,

Shall be the label to another deed,

Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

Turn to another, this shall slay them both:

Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,

Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that

Which the commission¹ of thy years and art

Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Be not so long to speak; I long to die,

If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If, rather than to marry county Paris,

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;

Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake

A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud,
Things that, to hear them told, have made me

tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home; be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;

To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,

Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:

Take thou this phial, being then in bed,

And this distilled liquor drink thou off:

When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize

Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep

His natural progress, but surcease to beat:

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade

To pale ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,

Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,

Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,

And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

Then (as the manner of our country is)

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,

Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,

Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;

And hither shall he come; and he and I

Will watch thy waking, and that very night

Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.

And this shall free thee from this present shame;

If no unconstant toy², nor womanish fear,

Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and pro-
perous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed

To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewel, dear father! [Exit

SCENE II.

Capulet's House.

Enter *Capulet*, *Lady Capulet*, *Nurse*, and *Servants*.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ—

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

¹ Commission for authority or power.
hinder the performance.

² If no fickle freak, no light caprice, no change of fancy.

Jul. A
I pray the
For I have
To move

i. e. fr
quanto, i
that knives
To fester

Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [Exit Servant.]
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth. [her:]

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on a peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift¹ with merry look. [been gadding?]

Cap. How now, my head-strong? where have you

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the sin Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you! Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go, tell him of this; I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell; And gave him what becomed love I might, Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty. [up:]

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well, stand This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county; Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.— Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet, To help me sort such needful ornaments As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [Exit Juliet, and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision; 'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about, And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife: Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her; I'll not to-bed to-night;—let me alone: I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!— They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself To county Paris, to prepare him up Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light, Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[Exit Capulet, and Lady Capulet.]

S C E N E - III.

Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Juliet, and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night; For I have need of many orisons To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessities As are behoveful for our state to-morrow: So please you, let me now be left alone, And let the nurse this night sit up with you; For, I am sure, you have your hands full all, In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night! Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exit Lady, and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewel!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins, That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.— Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I of force be married to the count?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger².]

What if it be a poison, which the friar

Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;

Left in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth³,

Lies fest'ring⁴ in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught⁵,

Environd with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—

¹ i. e. from confession. ² This stage-direction has been supplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: "Knife, lie thou there." It appears from several passages in our old plays, that knives were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride. ³ i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. ⁴ To fester is to corrupt. ⁵ Distraught is distracted.

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

SCENE IV.

Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet, and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd
ere now

All night for a less cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in
your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet, and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now,
fellow,

What's there?

Enter three or four, with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not
what.

[*logs!*]

Cap. Make haste, make haste. Sirrah, fetch drier
Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mafs, and well said; A merry whorson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with musick straight,

[*Musick within.*]

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—
fast, I warrant her:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—
why, bride!—

What, not a word?—you take your penny-
worths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath fet up his rest¹,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I must needs wake her: Madam! madam! madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, 'faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—My lord!—my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. What's the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life!

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is
come.

[*day!*]

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her!—Out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Accur'd time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—

O son, the night before thy wedding-day

Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there the lies

Flower as the was, deflowered now by him.

Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,

And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a fight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that time e'er saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!

Most lamentable day! most woeful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spighted, slain!

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

¹ This expression, which is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, Mr. Steevens says, is taken from the manner of firing thearquebuses. This was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter called a *rest*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim.

Rom. I
My dreams

A dum
mournful
fadder is
Rebec, rebe
to be so nic

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure
lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to fullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*]

Mus. 'Faith we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's ease*;

O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's ease*.

Mus. Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of woe: O, play me some merry
dump, to comfort me.

Mus. Not a dump! we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek²:
I will give you the minstrel.

Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dag-
ger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll
re you, I'll fa you; Do you note me?

Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will
dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my
iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

When gripping grief the heart doth wound,

And doleful dumps the mind oppress,

Then musick, with her silver sound,

Why *silver sound*? why, *musick with her silver sound*?

What say you, Simon Catling³? [sound.]

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck⁴?

2 Mus. I say—*silver sound*, because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Sound-
post?

3 Mus. 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the finger: I
will say for you. It is—*musick with her silver
sound*, because such fellows as you have no gold for
founding:—

Then musick with her silver sound,

With speedy help doth lend redress. [*Exit, singing.*]

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

M A N T U A.

A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. IF I may trust the flattering truth of
sleep⁵,

My dreams preface some joyful news at hand:

My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;

(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,

That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

¹ A dump anciently signified some kind of dance, as well as sorrow. On this occasion it means a mournful song. ² To gleek is to scoff. ³ A catling was a small lutestring made of catgut. ⁴ The fiddler is so called from an instrument with three strings, mentioned by several of the old writers, *Rebec, rebeccin*. ⁵ The sense is, *If I may only trust the honesty of sleep*, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practise flattery. The oldest copy reads—*the flattering eye of sleep*.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Balth. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Balth. Pardon me, sir, I dare not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

[poor]

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar John.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! By my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice¹, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. *[Exit.]*

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will bethrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the
Capulets.*

Enter Paris, and his Page with a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and
stand aloof;—

¹ i. e. was not written on a trivial or foolish subject.

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves)
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard ; yet I will adventure.

[*Exit.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy
bridal bed : [*Strewing flowers.*

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb !

[*The boy whistles.*

The boy gives warning ; something doth approach.
What curst foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
What, with a torch !—Muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo, and Balthasar with a torch, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or see'st, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face :
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment¹ : therefore hence, be
gone :—

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
On what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs :
The time and my intents are savage-wild ;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Balth. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good fellow.

Balth. For all this fame, I'll hide me hereabout ;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Exit Balthasar.*

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking up the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin ;—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague ;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came I hi-
ther.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Pull not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !
By heaven, I love thee better than myself ;
For I come hither arm'd against myself :
Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjuration²,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then have at thee,
boy. [*They fight, Paris falls.*

Page. O lord ! they fight : I will go call the watch.

Par. O, I am slain !—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

Rom. In faith, I will :—Let me peruse this
face ;—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris :—
What said my man, when my betroffed soul
Did not attend him as we rode ? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet :
Said he not so ? or did I dream it so ?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so ?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in four misfortune's book !
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave ? O, no ; a lanthorn, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence³ full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying Paris in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry ? which their keepers call
A lightning before death : O, how may I
Call this a lightning ?—O, my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty :
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet ?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To funder his that was thine enemy ?
Forgive me, cousin !—Ah, dear Juliet,

¹ That is, *action of importance*. Gems were supposed to have great powers and virtues. ² Paris
conceived Romeo to have burst open the monument for no other purpose than to do *some villainous*
shame on the dead bodies, such as witches are reported to have practised ; and therefore tells him he
defies him, and the magic arts which he suspects he is preparing to use. To *defy*, also anciently meant
to *refuse* or *deny* ; therefore Paris may mean — I refuse to do as thou *conjur'st* me to do, i. e. to depart.
³ A *presence* is a *public room*.

Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe—
 I will believe (come lie thou in my arms)
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
 For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O, here
 Will I set up my everlasting rest¹;
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
 Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
 Come, bitter conduct², come, unfavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in:
 Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary!
 Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [Dies.]
Enter Friar Laurence, with a lantern, cross and spade.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
 Have my old feet stumbled at graves³?—Who's
 there?

Enter Balthasar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
 you well.

Lau. Blis be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
 What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
 To grubs and eyeless skulls? As I discern,
 It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
 One that you love.

Lau. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Lau. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Lau. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents. [me;]

Lau. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon
 O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
 I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Lau. Romeo?—

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
 The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
 What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?—
 Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
 And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
 Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
 The lady stirs.

Jul. [waking.] O, comfortable friar, where is
 my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
 And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

Lau. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
 nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural⁴ sleep;
 A greater power than we can contradict
 Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
 Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
 And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
 Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
 Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
 Come, go, good Juliet,—[noise again.] I dare stay
 no longer. [Exit.]

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
 What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
 Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
 O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
 To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
 Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
 To make me die with a restorative. [Kisses him.]
 Thy lips are warm!

Watch. [within] Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
 dagger! [Snatching Romeo's dagger.]
 This is thy sheath; [stabs herself.] there rust, and
 let me die.

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
 doth burn.

Watch. The ground is bloody; Search about the
 church-yard;
 Go, some of you, whome'er you find, attach.

[Exit some.]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
 And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
 Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
 Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
 Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—
 We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
 But the true ground of all these piteous woes
 We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found him
 in the church-yard.

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, 'till the prince
 come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence.

3 Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs,
 and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
 As he was coming from this church-yard side.

1 Watch. A great suspicion; Stay the friar too!

Enter the Prince, and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
 That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, and Lady Capulet, &c.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo
 Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,

¹ See a note on scene 5th of the preceding act. To set up one's rest is to be determined to any
 certain purpose, to rest in perfect confidence and resolution, to make up one's mind. ² Conduct the
 conductor. ³ This accident was reckoned ominous. ⁴ Shakspeare alludes to the sleep of
 Juliet, which was unnatural, being brought on by drugs.

With open out-cry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears ?

Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain ;
And Romeo dead ; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man ;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven !—O, wife ! look how our daughter bleeds !

This dagger hath mista'en, for, lo ! his house
Lies empty on the back ³ of Montague,
And it mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me ! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague, for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night ;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath :
What further woe conspires against my age ?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught ! what manners is in this,
To preface before thy father to a grave ?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent ;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death : Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

La. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder ;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

La. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :
I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.

You—to remove that siege of grief from her—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris :—Then comes she to me ;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell, there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion ; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death : mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident ; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back : Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault ;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
'Till I conveniently could send to Romeo :
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience :
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb ;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know : and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy : And, if aught in this
Miscarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—

Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

Balth. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father ;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch ?—
Sirrah, what made your matter in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave ;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb ;
And, by and by, my master drew on him ;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love !
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen :—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand :
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more ;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

³ It appears that the dagger was anciently worn behind the back.

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with
 it brings ;
 The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head :
 Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :
 For never was a story of more woe,
 Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

* Mr. Steevens says, that this line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing her marriage ; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders ; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged ; while Friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace.

HAMLET

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H A M L E T.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.	Another Courtier.
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.	A Priest.
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.	MARCELLUS, } Officers.
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.	BERNARDO, }
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.	FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
LAERTES, Son to Polonius.	REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND,	A Captain; An Ambassador.
CORNELIUS,	Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
ROSENCRANTZ,	GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.
GUILDENSTERN,	OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius.
OSTRICK, a Courtier.	

Lords, Ladies, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinour.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

ELSINOUR.

A Platform before the Palace.

Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me²: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch³, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leigemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. [Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus. [night?

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our phantasy;

And will not let belief take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have intreated him along,

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

¹ The original story on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Danish historian.

² i. e. me who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word.

³ Rivals for partners, according to Warburton. Hamner says, that by rivals of the watch are meant those who were to watch on the next adjoining ground. Rivals, in the original sense of the word, were proprietors of neighbouring lands, parted only by a brook, which belonged equally to both.

He may approve our eyes¹, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while:

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, [pole,
When yon same star, that's westward from the
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it
comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Ho-
ratio. [wonder.

Hor. Most like: it harrows² me with fear and

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio. [night,

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of
Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of bury'd Denmark [speak.

Did sometime march? By heaven I charge thee,

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak; I charge thee, speak.

[Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and
look pale:

Is not this something more than phantasy?

What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged Polack³ on the ice.
'Tis strange. [hour,

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this dead
With martial stalk he hath gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work⁴, I
know not;

But, in the gross and scope⁵ of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?

Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose fore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,

Had he been vanquisher; as, by that covenant,
And carriage of the articles design'd⁶,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved⁷ mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up⁸ a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
That hath a stomach⁹ in't; which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands

So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage¹⁰ in the land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
Well may it fort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy¹¹ state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
Disasters¹² veil'd the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce¹³ events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen¹⁴ coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

¹ i. e. add a new testimony to that of our eyes. ² To harrow is to conquer, to subdue. The word is of Saxon origin. ³ He speaks of a prince of Poland whom he slew in battle. Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: Polaque, French. A sled, or sledge, is a carriage made use of in the cold countries. ⁴ i. e. what particular train of thinking to follow. ⁵ i. e. general thoughts, and tendency at large. ⁶ Carriage is import: design'd, is formed, drawn up between them. ⁷ Unimproved, for unrefined. ⁸ To shark up may mean to pick up without distinction, as the shark-fish collects his prey. ⁹ Stomach, in the time of our author, was used for constancy, resolution. ¹⁰ i. e. tumultuous hurry. ¹¹ Palmy for victorious, flourishing. ¹² Disasters is here finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. ¹³ Fierce, for conspicuous, glaring. ¹⁴ Omen, for fate.

Re-enter Ghost.

Bat, foft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll crofs it, though it blaft me.—Stay, illufion!
 If thou haft any found, or ufe of voice,
 Speak to me:
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do eafe, and grace to me,
 Speak to me:
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which, haply, foreknowing may avoid,
 O, fpeak!
 Or, if thou haft uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they fay, you fpirits oft walk in death,

[Cock crows.

Speak of it:—fay, and fpeak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I ftrike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ftand.

Hor. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being fo majestic,al,
 To offer it the fhew of violence;
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Hor. It was about to fpeak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ftarted like a guilty thing
 Upon a fearful fummons. I have heard,
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-founding throat
 Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
 Whether in fea or fire, in earth or air,¹
 The extravagant² and erring fpirit hies
 To his confine³: and of the truth herein
 This prefent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock⁴.

Some fay, that ever 'gainft that feafon comes
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning fingeth all night long:
 And then, they fay, no fpirit dares ftir abroad;
 The nights are wholefome; then no planets ftrike,
 No fairy takes⁵, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallow'd and fo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

Bat, look, the morn, in ruffet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
 Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have feen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
 This fpirit, dumb to us, will fpeak to him:
 Do you confent we fhall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning
 know

Where we fhall find him moft convenient. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Room of State.

Enter the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Volti-
 mand, Cornelius, Lords and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's
 death

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet fo far hath difcretion fought with nature,
 That we with wifeft forrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourfelves.
 Therefore our fometime fiftter, now our queen,
 The imperial jointrefs of this warlike ftate,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal fcale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wifdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
 Holding a weak fupposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our ftate to be disjoint and out of frame,—
 Collegued with this dream of his advantage⁶,
 He hath not fail'd to peltter us with meffage
 Importing the furrender of thofe lands
 Loft by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our moft valiant brother.—So much for him.
 Now for ourfelf, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the bufinefs is: We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, fcarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpofe,—to fuppreff
 His further gait⁷ herein; in that the levies,
 The lifts, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his fubject:—and we here difpatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further perfonal power
 To bufinefs with the king, more than the fcope
 Of thefe dilated articles⁸ allows.

Farewel; and let your hafte commend your duty.

Vol. In that and all things will we fhew our
 duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[Exit Voltimand, and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of fome fuit; What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot fpeak of reafon to the Dane,
 And lofe your voice: What would'ft thou beg,
 Laertes,

That fhall not be my offer, not thy asking?

¹ According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of fpirits, who had difpofitions different, according to their various places of abode. ² i. e. got out of its bounds. ³ Bourne of Newcaftle, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, informs us, "It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing the midnight fpirits forfake thefe lower regions, and go to their proper places." ⁴ This is a very ancient fuperftition. ⁵ No fairy ftrikes with lamencels or difeafes. ⁶ The meaning is, He goes to war fo indifferently, and unprepared, that he has no allies to fupport him but a dream, with which he is collegued or confederated. ⁷ Gate or gait is here ufed in the northern fenfe, for proceeding, paffage. ⁸ i. e. the articles when dilated.

The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more influential to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father¹.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France; [mark,
From whence though willingly I came to Den-
To shew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius? [slow leave,

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my
By labour some petition: and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind².
[Aside.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on
you? [sun 3.

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled⁴ lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust: [die,

Thou know'st, 'tis common: all, that live, must
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee? [seems.

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,

That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your na-

ture, Hamlet,

To give those mourning duties to your father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his⁵; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious⁶ sorrow: but to persevere
In obstinate condolement⁷, is a course

Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief:

It shews a will most incorrect⁸ to heaven;

A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what, we know, must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we, in our peevish opposition,

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,

From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,

This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us

As of a father: for, let the world take note;

You are the most immediate to our throne;

And, with no less nobility⁹ of love

Than that which dearest father bears his son,

Do I impart¹⁰ toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire:

And, we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,

No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;

And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away.
[Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve¹¹ itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon¹² 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

¹ The sense is, The head is not formed to be more useful to the heart, the hand is not more at the service of the mouth, than my power is at your father's service.

² Hammer observes, It is not unreasonable to suppose that this was a proverbial expression, known in former times for a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it. Dr. Johnson asserts *kind* to be the Teutonic word for *child*: Hamlet therefore, he adds, answers with propriety, to the titles of *cousin* and *son*, which the king had given him, that he was somewhat more than *cousin*, and less than *son*. Mr. Steevens says, that a jingle of the same sort is found in another old play, and seems to have been proverbial, as he has met with it more than once.

³ Mr. Farmer questions whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended. ⁴ With *lowering* eyes, cast-down eyes. ⁵ That is, *Your father lost a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *lost grandfather* also lost his father. ⁶ *Obsequious* is here from *obsequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. ⁷ *Condolement*, for *sorrow*. ⁸ *Incorrect*, for *unfortify'd*. ⁹ *Nobility* here means *generosity*. ¹⁰ i. e. *communicate* whatever I can bestow.

¹¹ *Resolve* means the same as *dissolve*. ¹² i. e. *that he had not restrained suicide by his express law and peremptory prohibition*.

That grows to feed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was to this,
Hyperion to a satyr¹: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't:—Frailty, thy name is woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She marry'd.—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity in incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself? [ever.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that
name with you².

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio?*—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,— [sir.—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it trustful of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinour?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral. [student;

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio!* The funeral bak'd
meats³

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest⁴ foe in heaven,

Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio!*—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season⁵ your admiration for a while

With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Arm'd at all points, exactly cap-à-pé,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd

Almost to jelly, with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes: I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this? [watch'd.

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,

It lifted up its head, and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak:

But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty,

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

¹ By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music.

² i. e. I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. ³ It was anciently the general custom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In distant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry.

⁴ Dearest is most immediate, consequential, important. ⁵ That is, temper it.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like : Stay'd it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste
Might tell a hundred.

Bth. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A fable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night ;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : So, fare you well :
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were
come !

'Till then sit still, my soul : Foul deeds will rise
(Though all the earth o'erwhelm them) to men's
eyes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd ; farewel :
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance ¹ of a minute ;
No more.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews ², and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now ;
And now no foil, nor cautel ³, doth befmirch
The virtue ⁴ of his will : but, you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state ;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head : Then if he says, he
loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed ; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs ;
Or lose your heart ; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd ⁵ importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The charest ⁶ maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blights are most imminent.
Be wary then : best safety lies in fear ;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart : But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read ⁷.

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long ;—But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace ;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for
shame ;

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for : There,—my blessings with
you ; [*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade ⁸. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :

¹ i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. ² i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. ³ i. e. no fraud, deceit. ⁴ Virtue seems here to comprise both excellence and power, and may be explained the pure effect. ⁵ i. e. incontinent. ⁶ Chary is cautious. ⁷ That is, heeds not his own lessons. ⁸ The literal sense is, Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be, Do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insensible to the difference of characters.

Take each man's censure¹, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select, and generous chief² in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewel; my blessing season³ this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord. [tend⁴.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants

Laer. Farewel, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key⁵ of it.

Laer. Farewel. [Exit *Laertes*.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the
lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many
Of his affection to me. [tenders

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green
girl,
Unfitted⁶ in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should
think. [baby;

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
Wronging it thus⁷, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion⁸ you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks⁹. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: These blaze, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments¹⁰ at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether¹¹ may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers;
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But meer implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile¹². This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws
near the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of music within.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse¹³, [reels;

Keeps wassel¹⁴, and the swaggering up-spring¹⁵
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

¹ Censure is opinion. ² Chief is an adjective used adverbially, a practice common to our author. Chiefly generous. ³ That is, infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. ⁴ i. e. your servants are waiting for you. ⁵ The meaning is, that your counsels are as sure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if you yourself carried the key of it. ⁶ Unfitted, for untried. Untried signifies either not tempted, or not refined; unfitted, signifies the latter only, though the sense requires the former. ⁷ That is, if you continue to go on thus wrong. ⁸ She uses fashion for manner, and he for a transient practice. ⁹ A proverbial saying. ¹⁰ Entreatments here means company, conversation, from the French *entretien*. ¹¹ Tether is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds uninclosed, is confined within the proper limits. ¹² Do not believe (says Poisonius to his daughter) Hamlet's amorous vows made to you; which pretend religion in them (the better to beguile) like those sanctified and pious vows [or bonds] made to heaven. ¹³ A rouse is a large dose of liquor, a debauch. ¹⁴ See Macbeth, Act I. ¹⁵ That is, the blustering upstart, according to Dr. Johnson; but Mr. Steevens says, that up-spring was a German dance; and that the spring was also anciently the name of a tune.

But,

But, to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
By the o'er-growth of some complexion¹,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out²,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, [hell,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape³,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearf'd in death,
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel⁴,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature⁵
So horribly to shake our disposition⁶,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee⁷;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord?

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive⁸ your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys⁹ of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:—

Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

Still am I call'd—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets¹⁰ me:
I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost, and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-

Hor. Heaven will direct it. [mark.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

A more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll
go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear. [hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,

¹ i. e. humour; as sanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, &c. ² The dram of base means the least alloy of baseness or vice. To do a thing out, is to extinguish it, or to efface or obliterate any thing painted or written. ³ i. e. in a shape or form capable of being conversed with. To question, certainly, in our author's time signified to converse. ⁴ It was the custom of the Danish kings to be buried in that manner. ⁵ The expression is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make sport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain searches into her mysteries. ⁶ Disposition, for frame. ⁷ i. e. the value of a pin. ⁸ i. e. take away. ⁹ Toys for whims. ¹⁰ i. e. hinders, or prevents me.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres;

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—Lift, lift, O lift!—
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven! [der.]

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural mur-

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation¹, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-
mark is by a forged process of my death [mark]
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick soul! my uncle?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air—
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard²,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curfed hebenon³ in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,

That, swift as quick-silver, it coursed through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth poise
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd⁴:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd⁵, disappointed⁶, unaneal'd⁷;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury⁸ and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire⁹:

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What
else? [heart:]

And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe¹⁰. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word¹¹;

It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*

I have sworn it.

Hor. My lord, my lord,—

[Within.]

Mar. Lord Hamlet,—

[Within.]

Hor. Heaven secure him!

[Within.]

Ham. So be it!

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

[Within.]

¹ This similitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is consecrated, by the mystics, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that Hamlet, considering with what to compare the swiftness of his revenge, chooses two of the most rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*. ² Orchard for garden. ³ That is, *hebenone*. ⁴ Dispatch'd for *herse*. ⁵ i. e. without the sacrament taken; from the old Saxon word for the sacrament, *houfel*. ⁶ *Disappointed* is the same as *unprepared*. ⁷ i. e. *unappointed*, not having the extreme unction. ⁸ i. e. for *lewdness*. ⁹ i. e. fire that is no longer seen when the light of morning approaches. ¹⁰ i. e. in this head confused with thought. ¹¹ Hamlet alludes to the watch-word given every day in the military service, which at this time he says is, *Adieu, adieu, remember me.*

Ham.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come ¹.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of man
once think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
mark he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire, shall point you;—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. There are but wild and whirling words,
my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and foldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
there, true penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellaridge,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword ².

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work i' the
earth so fast? [*friends*]

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange! [*come*]

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it wel-
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

(With arms encumber'd thus; or this head-shake;

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we*
would;—or, *If we list to speak*;—or, *There be, an*
if they might;—

Or such ambiguous giving out) denote

That you know aught of me: This do ye swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friendship to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spight!

That ever I was born to set it right!—

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exit*]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Enter Polonius, and Reynaldo.

Pol. **G**IVE him this money, and these notes,
Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Rey-
Before you visit him, to make enquiry [*naïve*]
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you
Enquire me first what Danes ⁴ are in Paris;

¹ This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. ² It was common to swear upon the sword, that is, upon the cross which the sword always had upon the hilt. ³ i. e. receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say, *Keep it secret*—alluding to the laws of hospitality. ⁴ *Danske* is the ancient name of Denmark.

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer;
Then your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*

And, in part, him,—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord. [well:]

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say,—not
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;

Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency; [quaintly,

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so

That they may seem the taints of liberty;

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;

A savageness¹ in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault².

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight follies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,

Mark you, Your party in converse, him you would
found,

Having ever seen, in the prenominate³ crimes,

The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,

He closes with you in this consequence;

Good sir, or so⁴; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord. [was I]

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—What

About to say? I was about to say

Something: Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;

He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

there was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;

there falling out at tennis: or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

¹ Savageness, for wildness.

² i. e. such as youth in general is liable to.

³ i. e. crimes al-

ready named.

⁴ It is a common mode of colloquial language to use, or so, as a slight intima-

tion of more of the same, or a like kind, that might be mentioned.

⁵ i. e. in your own person,

by spies.

⁶ Down-gyved means hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters

and the ancles.

⁷ To fordo is to destroy.

⁸ To quote here means to reckon, to take au-

(*Videlicet, a brothel*) or so forth.—See you now;

Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlances, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out;

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself⁵.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel.—How now, Ophelia? what's the
matter? [frighted!]

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so af-

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved⁶ to his ancle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face,

As he would draw it. Long staid he so;

At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,

And end his being: That done, he lets me go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their helps,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love;

Whose violent property foredoes⁷ itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and deny'd

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry, that with better heed, and judgment,

I had not quoted⁸ him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love¹.
Come. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of so young days brought up with him,
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry², and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent³,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern. [Rosencrantz:]

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our
practices,

Pleasant and helpful to him!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
Queen. Ay, amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embassadors from Norway, my good
lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good
news. [He goes.]

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail⁴ of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the embassadors;
My news shall be the fruit⁵ to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
in. [Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,
That to his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand⁶,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him threescore thousand crowns in annual
fee⁷;

And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol. This business is well ended.

¹ i. e. This must be made known to the king, for (being kept secret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from Hamlet.

application.

² Gentry, for complaisance

³ Bent, for endeavour

⁴ The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the scent.

⁵ The dessert after the

⁶ i. e. deceived, imposed on.

⁷ Fee in this place signifies reward, recompense.

¹ To
conveyed
table-book
with my
ing the
thought

My liege, and madam, to expostulate¹
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
 I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.—
 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains,
 That we find out the cause of this effect;
 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
 For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus perpend.
 I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautify'd*
 Is a vile phrase; but you shall hear:

These in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.—

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [Reading.
 Doubt, that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have
 not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best,
 O most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shewn me.
 And, more above², hath his solicitings
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
 Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
 you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me) what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
³ If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
 Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?

What might you think? No, I went round to
 work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
*Lord Hamlet is a prince:—out of thy sphere;
 This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
 And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make)
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain
 know that)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,

When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
 [Pointing to his head and shoulder.

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
 together,
 Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
 Be you and I behind an arras then:
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
 And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
 Let me be no assistant for a state,
 But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
 comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
 I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—
 [Exit King, and Queen.

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a'-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well;

You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord? [goes,

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world
 is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breeds maggots in a dead
 dog,

¹ To expostulate, for to enquire or discuss. ² i. e. moreover, besides. ³ i. e. if either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours, [play'd the desk or table-book] or had connived at it, only observed them in secret, without acquainting my daughter with my discovery [given my heart a mute and dumb working]; or, lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue, and overlooked it [looked upon this love with idle sight]; what would you have thought of me?

Being a god, kissing carrion¹,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive²: friend, look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this.—I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue³ says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. [*Aside.*]

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant⁴ sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is. [*Exit.*]

Ros. God save you, sir!

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the foals of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doom's-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

¹ Dr. Warburton's comment (which Dr. Johnson says almost sets the critic on a level with the author) on this passage is as follows: "The illative particle [for] shews the speaker to be reasoning from something he had said before: what that was we learn in these words, *To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thousand.* Having said this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring against Providence from the circumstance of abounding evil. In the next speech therefore he endeavours to answer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a supposition of the fact, that almost all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in question is to this purpose, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which though a god, yet shedding its heat and influence upon carrion—* Here he stops short, lest talking too consequentially the hearer should suspect his madness to be feigned; and so turns him off from the subject, by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpose: If this (says he) be the case, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [*a god*], why need we wonder, that, the supreme cause of all things diffusing its blessings on mankind, who is, at it were, a dead carrion, dead in original sin, man, instead of a proper return of duty, should breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the schools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors say, but with what they think. The sentiment too is altogether in character; for Hamlet is perpetually moralizing, and his circumstances make this reflection very natural." ² The meaning, says Mr. Steevens, seems to be, *Conception* (i. e. understanding) is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive, (i. e. be pregnant) friend, look to't, i. e. have a care of that. ³ By the *satirical rogue* he means Juvenal in his tenth satire. ⁴ Pregnant is ready, dexterous, apt.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ref. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars' bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Ref. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am; I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ref. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserv'd love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ref. What say you?

[To Guilden.]

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you¹;—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul

and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ref. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said *Man delights not me*?

Ref. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten² entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted³ them on the way; and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil, and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere⁴; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ref. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanced it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ref. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of their late innovation⁵.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Ref. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ref. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, fir, an airy of children, little eyases⁶, that cry out on the top of question⁷, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they children? Who maintains 'em? how are they escoted⁸? Will they pursue the quality⁹ no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ref. Faith, there has been much to do on both

¹ An eye of you means, I have a glimpse of your meaning. ² i. e. sparing, like the entertainments given in Lent. ³ To cote is to overtake. ⁴ i. e. (says Mr. Steevens) those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy, which is the case with those whose lungs are tickled by the sere or serum. ⁵ i. e. (says Mr. Steevens) their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies. Several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice. ⁶ The poet here steps out of his subject to give a lash at home, and sneer at the prevailing fashion of following plays performed by the children of the chapel, and abandoning the established theatres. Little Eyases mean young nestlings, creatures just out of the egg. ⁷ Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered. ⁸ i. e. paid; from the French *fact*, a shot or reckoning. ⁹ Quality for profession.

sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre¹ them on to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Gail. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ref. Ay, that they do, my lord; ² Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father liv'd, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little³. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets.]

Gail. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinour. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceiv'd.

Gail. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw⁴.

[Enter Polonius.]

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: That great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ref. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: on Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.—When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz⁵!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass⁶,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for

tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light: For the law of writ⁷, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephtha, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,—One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

[Aside.]

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *By lot, God wot*,—and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*⁸,—The first row of the pious chanson⁹ will shew you more; for look, where my abridgment¹⁰ comes.

[Enter four or five Players.]

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine¹¹. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring¹².—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

¹ *Play.* What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million: 'twas caviare¹³ to the general: but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine¹⁴) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty¹⁵ as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no fallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affection¹⁶:

¹ To provoke any animal to rage is to tarre him.

² i. e. They not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too; alluding to the story of Hercules's relieving Atlas; or the allusion may be to the *Globe* playhouse, on the Bankside, the sign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*. ³ i. e. in miniature.

⁴ This was a common proverbial speech. ⁵ *Euz. buz!* are, probably, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. ⁶ This seems to be a line of a ballad. ⁷ *Writ*, for writing, composition.

⁸ These were quotations from an old song. ⁹ Mr. Steevens explains this allusion thus: "The pious chansons were a kind of Christmas Carols, containing some scriptural history thrown into loose rhymes, and sung about the streets by the common people when they went at that season to solicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating some scraps from a song of this kind; and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the first row (i. e. division) of one of these, to obtain the information he wanted."

¹⁰ i. e. as Dr. Johnson thinks, those who will shorten my talk. An abridgment is used for a dramatic piece in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. I.

¹¹ A chioppine is a high shoe worn by the Italians. ¹² That is, crack'd too much for use.

¹³ The caviare is the spawn of the *Sturgeon*, a fish of the sturgeon kind, which seldom grows above thirty inches long. It is found in many of the rivers of Russia. The general means the people, or multitude. ¹⁴ i. e. were higher than mine.

¹⁵ Modesty, for simplicity. ¹⁶ i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer.

but call'd it, an honest ¹ method; as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter; If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus—like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couch'd in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules ²; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impast with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandfire Priam seeks:—So, proceed you.*

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

*1 Play. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon, the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on; come to Hecuba.

*1 Play. But who, a woe! had seen the mobled ³
queen,—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

*1 Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening
the flames*

*With biffon ⁴ rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's star would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, wher he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikins, man, much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, firs.

[Exit Polonius.]

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.—My good friends, [to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern] I'll leave you 'till night: you are welcome to Elsinour.

Ros. Good, my lord. [Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone, O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

¹ Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. One said, there was no salt in the lines, &c. but called it an honest method. The author probably gave it, But I called it an honest method, &c. ² Gules is a term in heraldry, and signifies red. ³ According to Warbarton, mobled, or mabled, signifies veiled; according to Dr. Johnson, it is huddled, grossly covered. Mr. Steevens says, he was informed that mah-led in Warwickshire (where it is pronounced mob-led) signifies led off by a will o' the wisp, an ignis fatuus. Mr. Tollet adds, that in the latter end of the reign of king Charles II. the rabble that attended the earl of Shaftsbury's partizans was first called mobile vulgus, and afterwards, by contraction, the mob; and ever since, the word mob has become proper English. ⁴ Biffon or beeffen, i. e. blind; a word still in use in some parts of the North of England.

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue¹ for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause²,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat³ was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? give me the lye i' the
throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh!
About, my brains! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, fitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent⁶ him to the quick; if he do blench⁷,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative⁸ than this; The play 's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
and Guildenstern.*

King. AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught⁹ on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court;
And, as I think, thy have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much
content me
To hear him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exit Ros. and Guil.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront¹⁰ Ophelia.

¹ i. e. the hint, the direction. ² i. e. not quickened with a new desire of vengeance;
not teeming with revenge. ³ Defeat, for dispossession. ⁴ i. e. unnatural. ⁵ The meaning
is, Wits, to your work. Brain, go about the present business. ⁶ i. e. search his wounds.
⁷ i. e. if he shrink, or start. ⁸ Relative, for convictive, according to Warburton. Relative is, nearly
related, closely connected, according to Dr. Johnson. ⁹ Over-raught is over-reached, that is, over-took.
¹⁰ To affront is only to meet directly.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials¹)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:—
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Opb. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so
please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;

[*To Ophelia.*]
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*]
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with platt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King, and Polonius.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die;—to sleep;—
No more?—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die;—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance, to dream;—Ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil²,
Must give us pause: 'There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time³,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus⁴ make
With a bare bodkin⁵? who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickly'd o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

[*Secing Ophelia.*]

The fair Ophelia?—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Opb. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Opb. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Opb. My honour'd lord, you know right well,
you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Opb. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Opb. What means your lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest, and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Opb. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a
bawd, than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into its likeness: this was some time a pa-
radox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

Opb. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me: for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Opb. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indif-
ferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better, my mother had not
borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambi-
tious; with more offences at my beck, than I
have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give
them shape, or time to act them in: What should
such fellows as I do crawling between earth and
heaven? We are arrant knaves, all, believe none

¹ i. e. spies. ² i. e. turmoil, bustle. ³ Dr. Warburton remarks, that "the evils here com-
plained of are not the product of time or duration simply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We
may be sure, then, that Shakspeare wrote, "the whips and scorns of th' time." And the description
of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation". ⁴ This expression pro-
bably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights who
personally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This discharge was called a *Quietus*. It is
at this time the term for the acquittance which every sheriff receives on settling his accounts at the
treasury. ⁵ A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a small dagger.

of us : Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him ; that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewel.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry ; Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery ; farewel : Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough ; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another : you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance¹ : Go to ; I'll no more on't ; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit Hamlet.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown ! The courtier's, foldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form²,
The observ'd of all observers ! quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatched'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy³ : O, woe is me !
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Re-enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger ; Which, for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down ; He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute :
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-fetted matter in his heart ;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't ?

¹ i. e. you mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance. ² The model by whom all endeavoured to form themselves. ³ The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to signify some degree of alienation of mind. ⁴ To be round with a person, is to reprimand him with freedom. ⁵ This is a ridicule on the quantity of false hair worn in Shakspeare's time, for wigs were not in common use till the reign of Charles II. Players, however, seem to have worn them most generally. ⁶ The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. ⁷ *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. ⁸ The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one. ⁹ i. e. resemblance, as in a print. ¹⁰ Any gross or indelicate language was called *profane*.

Pol. It shall do well : But yet do I believe The origin and commencement of his grief Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia ? You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said ; We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please ; But, if you hold it fit, after the play, Let his queen mother all alone entreat him To shew his grief ; let her be round with him⁴ ; And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear Of all their conference : If she find him not, To England send him ; or confine him, where Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so :

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated⁵ fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings⁶ ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant⁷ ; it out-herods Herod⁸ : Pray you, avoid it.

1 Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : For any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature ; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure⁹. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely¹⁰, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellow'd, that I have

¹ The the four the due m Johnson t to fit in y may-gam and discre ridiculous

thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.
How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

Will you two help to hasten them? [*Exit Pol.*]

Bob. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Ho. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, To feed, and cloath thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant¹ hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled²,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pry'thee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a dammed ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy³: Give him heedful note:

¹ The sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* ² According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire and confidence* were seated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. ³ *Stithy* is a smith's anvil. ⁴ Dr. Johnson thinks we must read, *Do you think I meant country manners?* Do you imagine that I meant to sit in your lap, with such rough gallantry as clowns use to their lasses? ⁵ Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two.

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft. [*Idle:*]

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish:
I eat the air, promise-cramm'd: You cannot feed
capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you play'd
once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord: and was accounted
a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i'
the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so
capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters⁴?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. [*legs.*]

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids'

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should
a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how
cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died
within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a suit of fables. O heavens!
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then
there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build
churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking
on, with the hobby-horse⁵; whose epitaph is,
For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Trumpets

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mates, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling a while, but, in the end, accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mitching malicho¹; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him: Be not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,

"Here stooping to your clemency,

"We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King, and a Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart² gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrowed sheen³
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women fear too much, even as they love.
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither ought, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

[*shortly too;*]

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and

My operant⁴ powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood.

[*move,*]

P. Queen. The instances⁵, that second marriage
Are hate respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you
speak:

But, what we do determine, oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;

Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy,

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes
change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor
heaven light!

Sport, and repose, lock from me, day, and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's⁶ cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [To *Oph.*]

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me
here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep.

[*Sleeps.*]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

¹ Hanmer tells us, that *mitching malicho* signifies *mischief lying hid*, and that *malicho* is the Spanish *malicco*. ² A chariot was anciently so called. ³ Splendor, lustre. ⁴ Operant is *admi-*

⁵ The *metives*. ⁶ Anchor is for *anchoret*. This abbreviation of the word is very ancient.

And never come mischance betwixt us twain!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap¹. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the duke.

Opb. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret² between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Opb. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Opb. Still better, and worse³.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.

Begin, murderer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin. [venge.]

Come—The croaking raven doth bellow for re-

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic, and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into his ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.

His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Opb. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt All but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play: [sleep;

For some must watch, whilst some must

Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk⁴ with me) with two Provencial roses on my rayed shoes⁵, get me a fellowship in a cry⁶ of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon⁷ Dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—peacock⁸.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy⁹.

Enter Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

[you.]

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

¹ He calls it the *mouse-trap*, because it is—the thing, in which he'll catch the conscience of the king. ² This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all *motions* or *puppet-shows*, and interpreted to the audience. ³ i. e. according to Mr. Steevens, better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning. ⁴ Means, probably, no more than to change condition fantastically. ⁵ When shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband gathered into the form of a rose. *Rayed shoes*, are shoes *braided* in lines. ⁶ The allusion is to a pack of hounds. A *pack* of hounds was once called a *cry* of hounds. ⁷ Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in allusion to the celebrated friendship between *Damon* and *Pythias*. ⁸ A *peacock* seems proverbial for a fool. Mr. Steevens, however, believes *paddock* (or toad) to be the true reading. ⁹ *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ref. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade¹ with us?

Ref. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers².

Ref. Good my lord, what is your cause of discontenter? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders³.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly⁴.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages⁵ with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Why, do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. [*Enter Polonius*].—God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weazel⁶.

Pol. It is back'd like a weazel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent⁷.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ref. Guil. Hor. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night; When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot And do such business as the bitter⁸ day Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom: Let me be cruel, not unnatural: I will speak daggers to her, but use none; My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: How in my words soever she be shent⁹, To give them seals¹⁰ never, my soul, consent!

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you; I your commission will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you: The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunies¹¹.

Guil. We will ourselves provide: Most holy and religious fear it is To keep those many many bodies safe, That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ref. The fingle and peculiar life is bound, With all the strength and armour of the mind, To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more, That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw What's near it, with it: It is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, Each small annexment, petty consequence, Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy For we will fetters put upon this fear, [*voyage*]; Which now goes too free-footed.

¹ i. e. further business, further dealing. ² i. e. by these hands. ³ i. e. a kind of flute.
⁴ i. e. If my duty to the king makes me press you a little, my love to you makes me still more importunate. If that makes me bold, this makes me even unmannerly. ⁵ The holes of a flute. ⁶ The weasel is remarkable for the length of its back. ⁷ i. e. They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer. ⁸ The bitter day is the day rendered hateful or bitter by the commission of some act of mischief. ⁹ To shent, is to reprove harshly, to treat with injurious language. ¹⁰ i. e. put them in execution. ¹¹ i. e. his madness, frenzy.

Both. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet ;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself, [home :
To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage ¹. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ² ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-stalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed ³ soul ; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well ! [*The King kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ;—And so he goes to heaven :
And so am I reveng'd ? That would be scann'd ⁴ :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;

With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.
Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent ⁵ :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven ;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The King rises.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below :

Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

The Queen's Closet.

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay
home to him : [with ;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here ⁶.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [within.] Mother, mother, mother !—

Queen. I'll warrant you ; fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides himself.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife ;
And—'would it were not so !—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that
can speak. [not budge ;

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall
You go not, 'till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not mur-
der me ?

Help, help, ho !

Pol. [behind] What, ho ! help !

Ham. How now ! a rat ?

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

¹ i. e. by some opportunity of secret observation.
alludes to bird-time.

² Will is command, direction.

³ This

⁴ i. e. that should be considered, estimated.

⁵ Hent is hold, or seizure.

Lay hold on him, sword, at a more horrid time.

⁶ i. e. I'll use no more words.

[*Hamlet*

[Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the arras.]

Pol. [Behind] O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To Polonius.]

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose¹

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister² there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,

As from the body of contraction³ plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the Herald Mercury,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,

Else, could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;

¹ It was once the custom of those who were conspicuous mark of their mutual engagement. *ria & contr. &c.*

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling fans ail,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

etrothed, to wear some flower as an external and
² See note 3, p. 389. ³ Contraction for marriage.

Ham.

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Left, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!¹

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatness of these purpy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb², and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next, more easy:
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And either master the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!

And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—

To punish him with me, and me with this,—

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again good night!

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse³;

And let him, for a pair of reechy⁴ kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib⁵,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions⁶, in the basket creep,

And break your neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd⁷,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist⁸ with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet!—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, add most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:—

Good night, mother.

[*Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*]

¹ Ecstasy in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. ² That is, bend and truckle. Fr. courber. ³ Mouse was once a term of endearment. ⁴ Reechy is smoky.

⁵ Gib was a common name for a cat.

⁶ i. e. experiments.

⁷ That is, adders with their fangs, or poisonous teeth, undrawn.

⁸ Hoist for hoisted; as past for possessed.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*A Royal Apartment.**Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

King. **T**HERE's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves ;
You must translate ; 'tis fit we understand them :
Where is your son ?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

[*To Ros. and Guil. who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night ?

King. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier : In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat ! a rat !*
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :

His liberty is full of threats to all ;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?

It will be laid to us ; whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt ¹,

This mad young man : but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit ;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd :

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore ²,

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shews itself pure ; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away !

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence : and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho ! Guildenstern !

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid :

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him :

Go, seek him out ; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends ;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what 's untimely done : for haply, slander,

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.—O, come away !

My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Another Room.**Enter Hamlet.*

Ham. —Safely stow'd. But soft, —

Ros. &c. within. Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !

Ham. What noise ? who calls on Hamlet ? O,
here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body ?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis ; that we may take it
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what ?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge !
—what replication should be made by the son of a
king ?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord ?

Ham. Ay, sir ; that soaks up the king's coun-
tenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such
officers do the king best service in the end : He
keeps them, like an ape ³, in the corner of his jaw ;
first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd : When he
needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : A knavish speech sleeps
in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body
is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king
is not with the body ⁴. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him. Hide
fox ⁵, and all after. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Another Room.**Enter King.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the
body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose ?

Yet must not we put the strong law on him :

¹ *Out of haunt* means *out of company*.

Base metals have *ore* no less than precious.

² Shakspeare seems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold.
³ Hammer has illustrated this passage with the follow-
ing note : " It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food which they take up
first, into a pouch they are provided with on the side of their jaw, and there they keep it till they
have done with the rest."

⁴ This answer Dr. Johnson says he does not comprehend. Perhaps
it should be, *The body is not with the king, for the king is not with the body.*

⁵ There is a play
among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.*

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes ;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause : Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.—How now ? what hath befallen ?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my lord ; guarded, to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern ! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten :
a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en
at him. Your worm is your only emperor for
diet : we eat all creatures else, to fat us ; and we
eat ourselves for maggots : Your fat king, and your
lean beggar, is but variable service ; two dishes,
but to one table ; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas !

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that
hath eat of a king ; and eat of the fish that hath
fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king
may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In heaven ; send thither to see : if your
messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other
place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not
within this month, you shall nose him as you go
up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee
hence

With fiery quickness : Therefore, prepare thyself ;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help¹,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But,
come ; for England !—Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother :—Father and mother is man
and wife ; man and wife is one flesh ; and, so,

my mother. Come, for England.

[Exit.]

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with
speed aboard ;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night :

Away ; for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair : Pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

And, England ! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense ;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set²
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hēctic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me : 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

The Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, with an Army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king ;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. *[Exe. Fortinbras, &c.]*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good fir, whose powers are these ?

Capt. They are of Norway, fir.

Ham. How purpos'd, fir, I pray you ?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, fir ?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, fir,
Or for some frontier ?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it ;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will de-
fend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-
sand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw :
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace ;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, fir.

Capt. God be wi' ye, fir. *[Exit Captain.]*

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord ?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little
before. *[Exeunt Ros. and the rest.]*

¹ Dr. Johnson supposes it should be read, *The bark is ready, and the wind at helm.*
an expression taken from the gaming-table.

² To set, is

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,¹
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fast in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do 't. Examples, grofs as earth, exhort me:
Witness, this army, of such mass, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
Is not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent²,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

S C E N E V.

Elfinour. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, and Horatio.

Queen. —I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate: indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears, [heart;

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her
Spurs enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection³; they aim⁴ at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them, [thought,

Indeed would make one think, there might be
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily⁵.

Queen. 'Twere good, she were spoken with;
for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as fin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat, and staff,

And by his sandal shoos⁶. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl
was a baker's daughter⁷. Lord, we know what
we are, but know not what we may be. God be
at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but
when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and don'd⁸ his clo⁹,

And dup't⁹ the chamber door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

¹ i. e. such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past, and anticipating the future.
² Continent, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloses. ³ i. e. to deduce consequences from such premises. ⁴ To aim is to guess. ⁵ i. e. Though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it. ⁶ This is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The cockle-shell hat was one of the essential badges of this vocation; for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. ⁷ This alludes to a legendary story, where our Saviour being refused bread by the daughter of a baker, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl. ⁸ To don, is to do on, to put on; as doff is to do off, put off. ⁹ To dup, is to do up; to lift the latch.

¹⁰ This is a
of judgment.
barrels. It is
the barriers w
securities that n
trace the trail

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end
of it.

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;

By cock¹, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed: He answers,

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch,

I pray you. *[Exit Horatio.]*

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

All from her father's death: And now, behold,

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions! First, her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and he most violent author

Of his own: just remove: The people muddy'd,

Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and
whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but
greenly²,

In hugger-mugger³ to inter him: Poor Ophelia,

Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;

Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France:

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering piece⁴, in many places

Gives me superfluous death! *[A noise within.]*

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend. Where are my Switzers? Let

them guard the door:—

What is the matter?

Gen. Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, over-peering of his list⁵,

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every ward⁶,

They cry, Choose we; Laertes shall be king!

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. *[Noise within.]*

Enter Laertes, with others.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all
without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will. *[Exeunt.]*

Laer. I thank you:—Keep the door.—O thou
vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, pro-
claims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirch'd⁸ brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Ger-
trude;—

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill. *[with:]*

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty *[venge,*

Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your re-

That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then? *[arms:]*

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child, and a true gentleman.

¹ This is a corruption of the sacred name. See note 4, page 48.

² That is, without maturity

of judgment. ³ i. e. in private to inter him.

⁴ Such a piece as assassins use, with many

bands. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude.

⁵ The lifts are

the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass.

⁶ i. e. of every one of those

securities that nature and law place about the person of a king.

⁷ Hounds run counter when they

trace the trail backwards.

⁸ i. e. clean, not defiled.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear¹,
As day does to your eye.

Crowd within. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be pay'd with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves².

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And on his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

[*revenge,*

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call
him a-down-a.*

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter³.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary⁴, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies⁵,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and
remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines⁶:
There's rue for you;—and here's some for me.
—we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—
you may wear your rue with a difference⁷.—There's
a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but
they wither'd all, when my father died:—They
say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy⁸,—

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God a' mercy on his soul!

And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be
wi' you. [Exit *Oph.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Another Room.

Enter Horatio, with a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;

¹ This is an elision of the verb to appear. ² Dr. Johnson explains this passage thus: "Love (says Laertes) is the passion by which nature is most exalted and refined; and as substances, refined and subtilised, easily obey any impulse, or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and refined, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves."

³ Mr. Steevens says, the wheel may mean no more than the burthen of the song, which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. Dr. Johnson says, "The story alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady stolen by the steward was reduced to spin." ⁴ Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings.

⁵ Pansies is for thoughts, because of its name, *Pensies*. ⁶ Mr. Steevens says, Greene, in his *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620, calls fennel, women's weeds: "fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens, they wish wantonly." Mr. Steevens adds, that he knows not of what columbines were supposed to be emblematical; but that Gerard, and other herbalists, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be stiled thankless, because they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

⁷ Dr. Warburton says, that herb of grace is the name the country people give to rue; and the reason is, because that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the Romish priests used to force the possessed to swallow down when they exorcised them. Now these exorcisms being performed generally on a Sunday, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reason why she says, we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. Mr. Steevens believes there is a quibble meant in this passage; rue anciently signifying the same as Ruth, i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a proportion of it for herself. There may, however, be somewhat more implied here than is expressed. You, madam (says Ophelia to the queen), may call your RUE by its Sunday name, HERB OF GRACE, and so wear it with a difference to distinguish it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely RUE, i. e. sorrow.

⁸ This is part of an old song.

They

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too:

Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore¹ of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Another Room.

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender² bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Work, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again³,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—
Leave us. [*Exit Mess.*]

HIGH and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—

And, in a postscript here, he says, alone:

Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,—

As how should it be so?—how otherwise?

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choofe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

¹ The bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (says Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* ² i. e. The common race of the people. ³ i. e. If I may praise what has been, but is now to be found no more.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege ¹.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than fettle age his fables and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his feat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demy-natur'd
With the bravé beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence ²,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'Twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers ³ of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
father;
But that I know, love is begun by time ⁴;
And that I see, in passages of proof ⁵,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh ⁶
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To shew yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church. [*Enter;*

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctua-
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss ⁷,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated ⁸, and, in a pass of practice ⁹,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;

Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape ¹⁰: If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad per-
formance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof ¹¹. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,—
I ha' 't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,

¹ i. e. of the lowest rank. *Siege, for feat, place:* ² That is, in the science of defence. ³ The

fencers. ⁴ Dr. Johnson says, this is obscure; and adds, "The meaning may be, Love is not innate in us, and co-essential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from some external cause, and, being always subject to the operations of time, suffers change and diminution." ⁵ i. e. in transactions of daily experience. ⁶ i. e. a sigh that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame.

It is a notion very prevalent, that sighs impair the strength, and wear out the animal powers. ⁷ i. e. not vigilant or cautious. ⁸ i. e. not blunted as foils are. ⁹ Dr. Johnson observes,

that practice is often by Shakspeare, and other writers, taken for an insidious stratagem, or *pry* reason, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet he rather believes, that nothing more is meant than a thrust for exercise. ¹⁰ i. e. may enable us to assume proper characters, and to act our part.

¹¹ This metaphor is taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often blast or burst in the proof.

Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt¹ the brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, the chaunted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. *[Exit.]*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

A Church-yard.

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.

1 Clown. **I**S she to be bury'd in christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is; therefore, make
her grave straight²: the crowner hath sat on her,
and finds it christian burial.

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drown'd
herself in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches³; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:—
Argal, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 Clown. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: If the man
go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he,
nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the wa-
ter come to him, and drown him, he drowns not
himself: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own
death, shortens not his own life.

2 Clown. But is this law?

1 Clown. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 Clown. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
bury'd out of christian burial.

1 Clown. Why, there thou say'st: And the
more pity; that great folk should have counte-
nance in this world to drown or hang themselves,

more than their even christian⁴. Come; my spade.
There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners,
ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's
profession.

2 Clown. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clown. Why, he had none.

1 Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the scripture?—The scripture says,
Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll
put another question to thee: if thou answer'st me
not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clown. Go to.

1 Clown. What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpen-
ter?

2 Clown. The gallows-maker; for that frame
out-lives a thousand tenants.

1 Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the
gallows does well: But how does it well? it does
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say,
the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal,
the gallows may do well to thee. To't again;
come.

2 Clown. Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke⁵.

2 Clown. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clown. To't.

2 Clown. Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it;
for your dull afs will not mend his pace with beat-

¹ i. e. *afide, sideways.* ² i. e. *make her grave immediately.* ³ Ridicule on scholastic divisions
without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. ⁴ This is an old English expression
for fellow-christians. ⁵ i. e. When you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with these riddles.
The phrase is taken from husbandry.

ing; and, when you are ask'd this question next, say, a grave-maker; the houses that he makes, last 'till doomsday. Go, get thee to Youghan, and fetch me a stoop of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

He digs, and sings ¹.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my bebove
O, methought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, 'Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that prais'd my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it: might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady worm's ²; chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to fee't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats ³ with them? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrowding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

¹ The three stanzas, sung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a slight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of King Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a strained accusation of treason. The entire song is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Antient English Poetry*.

² i. e. The scull that was my lord Such-a-one's, is now my lady Worm's.
³ Dr. Johnson says, this is a play, in which pins are set up to be beaten down with a bowl. We have been informed, however, that the reverse is true: that the bowl is the mark, and the pins are pitched at it; and that the game is well known in the neighbourhood of Norwich. Mr. Steevens observes, that "this is a game played in several parts of England even at this time.—A stake is fixed into the ground; those who play throw *loggats* at it, and he that is nearest the stake wins:—I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep-shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat, and on condition that she knelt down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rusticks present." ⁴ i. e. subtilties. ⁵ i. e. the head. ⁶ A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are usually written on parchment, are called the common *assurances* of the kingdom. ⁷ The card is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described. To do any thing by the earth is, to do it with nice observation.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits ⁴ now, his quillets, his cafes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce ⁵ with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Ham! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance ⁶ in that. I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this, firrah?

Clown. Mine, fir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made—

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, fir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'st.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lye, fir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, fir.

Ham. What woman, then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a woman, fir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card ⁷, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have

taken
the toe
courtier
been a
Clown
that day
tinbras.
Ham.
Clown
tell that
was born
Ham.
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Clown.
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Ham. This
Clown. E'en
Ham. Alas,
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fancy: he hath
times; and now
it is! my gorge
that I have kifs
be your gibes no

So smart,
that time, a pick
likewise to be m
Hoff. 3 i. e. i
of high rank.
the Saxons. To
the practice in r
Regium is a mal

taken note of it; the age is grown so pick'd¹, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

Clown. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corsees now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain you i' the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whorson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs?

your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. It were to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!²
But soft! but soft, aside;—Here comes the king.
Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia,
with Lords and Priests attending.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites³! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Fordo⁴ its own life. 'Twas of some estate⁵:
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground un sanctify'd have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, [her:
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants⁶,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial⁷.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done;
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem⁸, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

¹ So smart, so sharp, says Hanmer, very properly; but there was, Dr. Johnson thinks, about that time, a pick'd shoe, that is, a shoe with a long pointed toe, in fashion, to which the allusion seems likewise to be made. Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion. ² Winter's wiff. ³ i. e. imperfect obsequies. ⁴ To fordo, is to undo, to destroy. ⁵ i. e. some person of high rank. ⁶ Crants is the German word for garlands, and it was probably retained by us from the Saxons. To carry garlands before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is still the practice in rural parishes. ⁷ Burial, here, signifies interment in consecrated ground. ⁸ A Requiem is a mass performed in Popish churches for the rest of the soul of a person deceased.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth ;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia !

Queen. Sweets to the sweet : Farewel !

[*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife ;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[*Laertes leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead ;
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis ? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? this is I,

[*Hamlet leaps into the grave.*]

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul !

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat ;
For though I am not spleenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear : Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them afunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet !

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,

Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son ! what theme ?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her ?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou'lt do :

Woo't weep ? woo't fight ? woo't fast ? woo't
tear thyself ?

Woo't drink up Eisel ? eat a crocodile ?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine ?

To out-face me with leaping in her grave ?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I :

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us ; 'till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart ! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness :

And thus a while the fit will work on him :

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden complets are disclos'd²,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir ;

What is the reason that you use me thus ?

I lov'd you ever : But it is no matter ;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon
him.—

[*Exit Hor.*]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech ;

[*To Laertes.*]

We'll put the matter to the present push.—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument :

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;

'Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir ; now shall you see
the other ;—

¹ Mr. Theobald comments on this passage thus : " This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italic characters, as if it were the proper name of some river ; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark ; and there is none there so called ; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yffel*, from which the province of Overysfel derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be : but he rather seems to mean, wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature ? and, behold, I am as resolute. The poet wrote : *Wilt drink up Eisel ? eat a crocodile ?* i. e. wilt thou swallow down large draughts of vinegar ? The proposition, indeed, is not very grand : but the doing it might be as distasteful and unfavoury, as eating the flesh of a crocodile." On this comment Mr. Steevens remarks as follows : " Hamlet certainly meant (for he says he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural ; and might safely promise to follow the example his antagonist was to set, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal whose scales are supposed to be impenetrable. Had Shakspeare meant to make Hamlet say—*Wilt thou drink vinegar ?* he probably would not have used the term *drink up* ; which means *totally to exhaust* ; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adversary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the cholic. The commentator's *Yffel* would serve Hamlet's turn or mine. In an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces I find the names of several rivers little differing from *Eisel*, or *Elfill*, in spelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Esso*, the *Oyfel*, and some others." ² Mr. Steevens says, to *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch*. To *exclude* is the technical term at present. During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *complets* (for she lays no more than *two* eggs), she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself ; as all her young require in that early state, is to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male.

You do
Hor.
Ham.

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Rough-her
Hor. T
Ham. U

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Hor. Is't
Ham. Her

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But wilt thou
Hor. Ay,

Ham. 5 Be
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thought that, in a
This (he adds) is

You do remember all the circumstance ?

Hor. Remember it, my lord !

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep ; methought, I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes ¹. Rashly, And prais'd be rashness for it—Let us know, Our indiscretion sometime serves us well, When our deep plots do fail : and that should

teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will ².

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them : had my desire ;
Finger'd their packet ; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again : making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission ; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery ; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho ! such bugs ³ and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated ⁴,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible ?

Ham. Here's the commission ; read it at more leisure—

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. ⁵ Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play ;—I sat me down ;

Devis'd a new commission ; wrote it fair :

I once did hold it, as our statists ⁶ do,

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much

How to forget that learning ; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service ⁷ : Wilt thou know

The effect of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—

As England was his faithful tributary ;

As love between them like the palm might flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,

And stand a comma ⁸ 'tween their amities ;

And many such-like as's of great charge,—

That on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more, or less,

He should the bearers put to sudden death,

Not thriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd ;

I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal :

Folded the writ up in form of the other ;

Subscrib'd it ; gave 't the impression ; plac'd it safely ;

The changeling ⁹ never known : Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight ; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment ;

They are not near my conscience ; their defeat

Doth by their own insinuation ¹⁰ grow :

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

¹ *Mutines*, the French word for seditious or disobedient fellows in an army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the ship's prison. Mr. Steevens adds, that "the *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakspeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep. Every motion of one must disturb his partner in confinement.

² Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus : "Hamlet delivering an account of his escape, begins with saying, That he *rashly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakness of human wisdom. I *rashly*—praised be rashness for it—Let us not think these events casual ; but let us know, that is, take notice and remember, that we sometimes succeed by indiscretion, when we fail by deep plots, and infer the perpetual superintendence and agency of the Divinity. The observation is just, and will be allowed by every human being who shall reflect on the course of his own life."

³ A *bug* was no less a terrific being than a goblin. We call it at present a *bugbear*. ⁴ *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate* signifies to *deduct* ; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made, is called an allowance. Hence our author takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*.

⁵ Dr. Johnson explains the following lines thus : "Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out ; he groped out their commission in the dark without waking them ; he found himself doomed to immediate destruction. Something was to be done for his preservation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the comparison of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of consequences, but before he could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play. Before he could summon his faculties, and propose to himself what should be done, a complete scheme of action presented itself to him. His mind operated before he had excited it."

⁶ A *statist* is a statesman. ⁷ i. e. did me eminent service. ⁸ Dr. Johnson explains this expression thus : "The *comma* is the note of connection and continuity of sentences ; the *period* is the note of abruptness and disjunction. Shakspeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unless England complied with the mandate, war should put a period to their amity ; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an opposite sense, he might put, that Peace should stand a comma between their amities." This (he adds) is not an easy stile ; but is it not the stile of Shakspeare ?

⁹ A *changeling* is a child which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. ¹⁰ *Insinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popt in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit¹ him with this arm; and is 't not to be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

[England,

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours²:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Ofr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know
this water-fly³?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious: for 'tis a
vice to know him: He hath much land, and fer-
tile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mews: 'Tis a chough⁴; but, as
I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Ofr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at lei-
sure, I should impart a thing to you from his
majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for
the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind
is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and
hot; or my complexion—

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—
as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his ma-
jesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a

great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.

Ofr. Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good
faith.—Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes:
believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most
excellent differences⁵, of very soft society, and great
shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is
the card or calendar of gentry⁶; for you shall find
in him the continent of what part a gentleman
would see⁷.

Ham. ⁸ Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in
you;—though, I know, to divide him inventori-
ally, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and
yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail⁹.
But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be
a foul of great article; and his infusion of such
dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of
him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else
would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Ofr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap
the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Ofr. Sir.

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this
gentleman?

Ofr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Ofr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you
did, it would not much approve¹⁰ me:—Well, sir.

Ofr. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should com-
pare with him in excellence; but, to know a man
well, were to know himself.

Ofr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the
imputation laid on him by them, in his meed¹¹
he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Ofr. The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six
Barbary horses: against the which he has impon'd¹²,

¹ i. e. to requite him; to pay him his due.
upon them, value them.

³ A water-fly skips up and down upon the surface of the water, without
any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler.

⁴ A kind of
jackdaw. ⁵ i. e. full of distinguishing excellencies. ⁶ i. e. the general preceptor of elegance: the
card by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the calendar by which he is to choose his time;

that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. ⁷ i. e. You shall find him containing and
comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation.

⁸ Dr. War-
burton says, this is designed as a specimen and ridicule of the court-jargon amongst the present of
that time. The sense in English is, "Sir, he suffers nothing in your account of him, though to enu-
merate his good qualities particularly would be endless; yet when we had done our best, it would
still come short of him. However, in strictness of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character
rarely to be met with, that to find anything like him we must look into his mirror, and his imi-
tators will appear no more than his shadows."

⁹ Raw signifies unripe, immature, thence unformed, im-
perfect, unskilful. The best account of him would be imperfect, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase
quick sail was, I suppose, a proverbial term for activity of mind.

¹⁰ To approve, is to recommend
to approbation. ¹¹ i. e. in his excellence. ¹² Dr. Johnson conjectures that imponed is pledged
impawned, so spelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering English words with French pronunciation.

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¹ Dr. Warburton
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action of Provide

I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent¹, ere you had done.

Ofr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane² to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bett against the Danish: Why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Ofr. The king, sir, hath lay'd, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath lay'd on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought: the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head³.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug, before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the droffy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions⁴; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out⁵.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all, are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment⁶ to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [Exit Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds⁷. But thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving⁸, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes⁹? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Ofrick, and attendants with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

¹ Dr. Warburton very properly observes, that in the old books the gloss or comment was usually printed on the margin of the leaf. ² More *a-kin*. ³ The meaning, Mr. Steevens believes, is—This is a forward fellow.

⁴ The meaning is, "These men have got the cant of the day, a superficial readiness of flight and cursory conversation, a kind of frothy collection of fashionable prattle, which yet carries them through the most select and approved judgments. This airy facility of talk sometimes imposes upon wise men." ⁵ i. e. These men of show, without solidity, are like bubbles raised from soap and water, which dance, and glitter, and please the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, separate into a mist; so if you oblige these specious talkers to extend their compass of conversation, they at once discover the tenuity of their intellects. ⁶ i. e. mild and temperate conversation. ⁷ Hamlet means to say, I shall succeed with the advantage which I am allowed; I shall make more than nine hits for Laertes' twelve. ⁸ Gain-giving is the same as *mis-giving*.

⁹ Dr. Johnson comments on this passage thus: "Since no man knows aught of the state of life which he leaves, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of leaving life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity? I despise the superstition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence."

How I am punish'd with a fore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
'Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: but, 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. [*range*]

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine igno-
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand. [*Cousin Hamlet,*

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:—
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: these foils have all a
length? [*They prepare to play.*]

Ofs. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups¹ of wine upon that
table:—

If Hamlet give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ord'nance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union² shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Ofs. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again,—

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl³
is thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound; shot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.

[*They play.*]

Come, another hit; What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[*Aside.*]

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afraid, you make a wanton⁴ of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

[*Play.*]

Ofs. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds
Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.

Ofs. Look to the queen there, ho!

[*The Queen falls.*]

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it,
my lord?

Ofs. How is't, Laertes?

[*Osrick;*]

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own i'prings;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my
dear Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd—

[*The Queen dies.*]

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

[*Alone;*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

¹ A *stoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*.

² An *union* is the finest sort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns and coronets.

³ Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be sup-
posed to drop some poisonous drug into the wine. Hamlet seems to suspect this, when he afterwards
discovers the effects of the poison, and tauntingly asks him,—*Is the union here?*

⁴ A *wanton*

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—

Then, venom, to thy work. *[Stabs the king.]*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is the union here?

Follow my mother. *[King dies.]*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me! *[Dies.]*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.

O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.—

[March afar off, and shot within.]

What warlike noise is this?

Off. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit;

I cannot live to hear the news from England:

But I do prophesy, the election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents¹, more or less,

Which have solicited²,—The rest is silence. *[Dies.]*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, sweet prince;

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—

Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, the English Embassadors, and others.

For. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries, on havock!—O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine infernal cell,

That thou so many princes, at a shot,

So bloodily hast struck?

Emb. The fight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late:

The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing,

To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his³ mouth,

Had it the ability of life to thank you;

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, to jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England

Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,

How these things came about: So shall you hear

Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I

Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,

Even while men's minds are wild; lest more

mischance

On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains

Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,

Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—Such a fight as this

Becomes the field, but here shews much amis.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[Exeunt: after which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.]

¹ i. e. incidents. The word is now disused. the king's.

² Solicited, for brought on the event.

³ i. e.

O
Duke of
BRABAN
Two other
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LODOVIC
tiano.
OTHELLO
CASSIO,
IAGO, b
RODERIC

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Mr. Tyrwh
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OTHELLO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Duke of VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Brother to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio and Gratiano.
OTHELLO, the Moor.¹
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.

MONTANO, the Moor's Predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
ÆMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, in Cyprus.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

V E N I C E.

A Street.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Rod. NEVER tell me:—I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me:

If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,

Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Non-suits my mediators; for, *certes*², says he,
I have already chosen my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,

One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife³;

That never set a squadron in the field,

Nor the division of a battle knows

More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric⁴,

Wherein the tog'd consuls⁵ can propose

As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,

Is all his foldiership. But he, sir, had the election:

And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,

At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds

Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster⁶;

He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

¹ The story is taken from *Cynthia's Novels*. ² i. e. certainly, in truth. Obsolete. ³ On these lines Dr. Johnson observes, "This is one of the passages which must for the present be resigned to corruption and obscurity. I have nothing that I can, with any approach to confidence, propose." Mr. Tyrwhitt ingeniously proposes to read, "damn'd in a fair life;" and is of opinion, that "Shakspeare alludes to the judgment denounced in the gospel against those of whom all men speak well." He adds, that "the character of Cassio is certainly such, as would be very likely to draw upon him all the peril of this denunciation, literally understood. Well-bred, easy, sociable, good-natured; with abilities enough to make him agreeable and useful, but not sufficient to excite the envy of his equals, or to alarm the jealousy of his superiors. It may be observed too, that Shakspeare has thought it proper to make Iago, in several other passages, bear his testimony to the amiable qualities of his rival." ⁴ Theoric, for theory. ⁵ Consuls, for counsellors. ⁶ It was anciently the practice to reckon up sums with counters.

And I, fir, (blefs the mark ¹!) his Moor-ſhip's
ancient. [hangman.]

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his
Iago. But there's no remedy; 'tis the curſe of
ſervice;

Preferment goes by letter ², and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, fir, be judge yourſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd
To love the Moor ³.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O, fir, content you;

I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old,
caſhier'd;

Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves ⁴: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd
their coats, [ſoul;]

Do themſelves homage: theſe fellows have ſome
And ſuch a one do I profeſs myſelf.

For, fir,

It is as ſure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:

In following him, I follow but myſelf;

Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,

But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:

For when my outward action doth demonſtrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve

For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune ⁵ does the thick lips
If he can carry 't thus! [owe,

Iago. Call up her father,

Rouſe him: make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinfmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on 't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire

Is ſpy'd in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! ſignior Brabantio,
ho! [thieves!]

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, above, at a window.

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for ſhame, put on
your gown;

Your heart is burſt ⁶, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arife, arife;
Awake the ſnorring citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandfire of you:
Arife, I ſay.

Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?

Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I; What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worſe welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee: and now, in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering dranghts,
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, fir, fir,—

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good ſir. [Venice;]

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is
My houſe is not a grange ⁷.

Rod. Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

Iago. Sir, you are one of thoſe, that will not
ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come
to do you ſervice, you think we are ruſſians:
You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary
horſe: you'll have your nephews ⁸ neigh to you:
you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets ⁹ for
germans.

Bra. What profane ¹⁰ wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, fir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt
with two ¹¹ backs.

¹ It has been obſerved, that the Scots, when they compare perſon to perſon, uſe this exclamation.
² i. e. by recommendation from powerful friends. ³ The meaning is, *Do I ſtand within any ſuch*
terms of propinquity or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him? ⁴ *Knave* is here uſed for
ſervant, but with a mixture of ſly contempt. ⁵ *Full fortune* may mean a complete piece of good
fortune. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to poſſeſs. ⁶ i. e. broken. ⁷ That is, "You
are in a populous city, not in a *lone houſe*, where a robbery might eaſily be committed." *Grange* is
ſtrictly and properly the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious repoſited their corn. But in Lin-
colnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone houſe, or farm which ſtands ſolitary,
a *grange*. ⁸ *Nephew*, in this inſtance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and ſignifies a grand-
ſon, or any lineal deſcendant, however remote. ⁹ A *jennet* is a Spaniſh horſe. ¹⁰ That is,
what wretch of groſs and licentious language? ¹¹ This is an ancient proverbial expreſſion in the
French language, whence Shakspeare probably borrowed it.

Bra.
Iago.
Bra.
Rod.

If't be y
(As part
At this o
Transpor
But with
To the g
If this be
We then
But, if yo
We have
That from
I thus wo
Your daug
I ſay again
Tying her
To an ext
Of here an
If ſhe be i
Let looſe o
For thus d

Bra. St
Give me a
This accide
Belief of it
Light, I ſa
Iago. Fa
It ſeems no
To be pro
Againſt the
However th
Cannot with
With ſuch l
(Which eve
Another of
To lead the
Though I do
Yet, for nee
I muſt ſhew
Which is inc
fi
Lead to the
And there w

Enter,
Bra. It is
And what's t
Is nought bu
Where didſt
With the M
fat

¹ Dr. John
parts. Mr. S
wanted; and
travagant is h
⁴ *Deſpised tim*
ated, and mac
or eſſence, of t
ſia, i. e. magn
bly has a doub

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator. [*Roderigo.*]

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee,

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd¹ even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor :—
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and faucy wrongs ;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
To an extravagant² and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where : Straight satisfy yourself :
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ;—call up all my people :—

This accident is not unlike my dream,

Belief of it oppresses me already :—

Light, I say ! light !

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you :

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor : For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast³ him ; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' war,
(Which even now stands in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business : in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely
find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search ;

And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter, below, Brabantio, and Servants.

Bra. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;

And what's to come of my despised⁴ time,

Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,

Where didst thou see her ? O unhappy girl !—

With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a
father ?—

How did'st thou know 'twas she ?—O, thou de-
ceiv'st me

Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more
tapers ;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think
you ?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven !—how got she out ?—O treason
of the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd⁵ ? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing ?

Rod. Yes, sir ; I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, 'would you had
had her !—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor ?

Rod. I think, I can discover him ; if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At every house I'll
call ;

I may command at most :—Get weapons, ho !

And raise some special officers of might.—

On, good Roderigo ; 'I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff⁶ o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service : Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the
ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,

And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms

Against your honour,

That, with the little godliness I have,

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,

Are you fast marry'd ? for, be sure of this,—

That the magnifico⁷ is much belov'd ;

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential

As double⁸ as the duke's : he will divorce you ;

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law (with all his might to enforce it on)

Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite :

My services, which I have done the signiory,

Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,

(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,

I shall promulgate) I fetch my life and being

¹ Dr. Johnson observes, that the *even* of *night* is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. Mr. Steevens thinks that *odd* is here ambiguously used, as it signifies *strange*, *uncouth*, or *unwanted* ; and as it is opposed to *even*, but acknowledges that the expression is very harsh. ² *Extravagant* is here used in the signification of *wandering*.

³ That is, *dismiss* him ; *reject* him. ⁴ *Despised time*, is *time of no value*. ⁵ i. e. by which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and to false imagination. ⁶ *Stuff of the conscience* is, *substance*, or *essence*, of the conscience.

⁷ The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnificos*, i. e. *magnificoes*. ⁸ *Double* has here its natural sense. The president of every deliberative assembly has a *double* voice. For example : the lord mayor in the court of aldermen has a double voice.

From men of royal siege¹; and my demerits²
May speak, unbonnetted³, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused⁴ free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights
come yonder?

Enter Cassio, with others.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends;
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat: the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls⁵, rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
call'd for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests⁶,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land-
carrack⁷;

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you⁸.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, with Officers.

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd⁹;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Hola! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

[They draw on both sides.]

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew
will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled¹⁰ darlings of our nation,—
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the footy bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear¹¹, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion¹²:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;—
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison; 'till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans, shall our statefemen be.

[Exeunt]

¹ i. e. men who have sat upon royal thrones. ² Demerits here has the same meaning as merits.
³ i. e. without taking the cap off. ⁴ i. e. free from domestic cares: a thought natural to an ad-
venturer. ⁵ Consuls seems to have been commonly used for counsellors, as before in this play.
⁶ Quests are searches. ⁷ A carrack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps
what we now call a galleon. ⁸ This expression denotes readiness. ⁹ i. e. be cautious; be dis-
creet. ¹⁰ Curled is elegantly and ostentatiously dressed. ¹¹ i. e. to terrify. ¹² Theobald pro-
poses, and we think justly, to read, "That weaken notion, instead of motion." i. e. that weaken her
apprehension, right conception and idea of things, understanding, judgment, &c." Hamner would read,
perhaps with equal probability, "That waken motion;" and it is to be observed, that Motion in a
subsequent scene of this play is used in the very sense in which Hamner would employ it: "But
we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts."

S C E N E III.

*A Council-chamber.**Duke and Senators, sitting.*

Duke. There is no composition¹ in these news,
That gives them credit.

¹ *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

² *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where they aim² reports
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor within. What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

¹ *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question³ bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace⁴,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,
To wake, and wage⁵, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after-fleet.

¹ *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mes. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchese, is not he in town?

¹ *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him, post, post-
haste: dispatch. [*Moor.*

Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and
Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
ploy you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; [*To Brab.*
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the ge-
neral care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And yet is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stoln from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul pro-
ceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action⁶.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
this? [*To Othello.*

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest⁷ action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

¹ Composition, for consistency, concordancy. ² To aim is to conjecture. ³ i. e. more easy en-
deavour. ⁴ i. e. State of defence. To arm was called to brace on the armour. ⁵ To wage here, as
in many other places in Shakspeare, signifies to fight, to combat. ⁶ i. e. were the man exposed
to your charge or accusation. ⁷ That is, dear for which much is paid, whether money or labours
Dear action, is action performed at great expence, either of ease or safety.

Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test¹,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But, Othello, speak;—

Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary²,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

[*Exeunt Two or Three.*]

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know
the place.— [Exit Iago.]

And, 'till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How did I thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd:
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.

Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes³ the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres⁴ vast, and defarts idle⁵,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders⁶. These things
to hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:

But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively⁷: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she
thank'd me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

[*Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.*]

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter
too.—

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,

¹ i. e. open proofs, external evidence.

called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. ³ i. e. caves, dens. Dr. Warburton remarks, that "Discourses of this nature made the subject of the politest conversations, when voyages into, and discoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Bastard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, describes the behaviour of upstart greatness, he makes one of the essential circumstances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The fashion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality should be struck with the history of an adventurer." Dr. Johnson adds, that "Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shews his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity." ⁴ i. e. wild, useless, uncultivated.

⁵ Dr. Johnson says, "Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time." ⁶ *Intention and attention* were once synonymous.

Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Def. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty,
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my
husband;

And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeak like yourſelf; and lay a
ſentence,

Which, as a griſe¹, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the
thief;

He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So let the Turk, of Cyprus us beguile;
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.

He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears²;
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words: I never yet did hear,
That the bruiz'd heart was pierced through the ear³.
I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of
ſtate.

Duke. The Turk with a moſt mighty prepara-
tion makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of

the place is beſt known to you: And though we
have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allow'd ſufficiency,
yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws
a more ſafe voice on you: you muſt therefore be
content to ſlubber⁴ the gloſs of your new fortunes,
with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Orb. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven⁵ bed of down: I do agnize⁶
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the Ottomites.

Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;
Due reference of place⁷, and exhibition⁸;
With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you pleaſe,
Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Orb. Nor I.

Def. Nor I; I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice⁹,
To aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, Deſdemona?

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind¹⁰;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.

Orb. Your voices, lords:—I do beſeech you, let
Her will have a free way.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, (the young affects,
In me deſunct) and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind¹¹:
And heaven defend¹² your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me; No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid ſeek with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and active inſtruments¹³,

¹ Grize, from degrees. A griſe is a ſtep. ² Meaning, the moral precepts of conſolation, which are libe-
rally beſtowed on occaſion of the ſentence. ³ Dr. Johnson obſerves, that the conſequence of a *bruise*
is ſometimes matter collected, and this can no way be cured without *piercing*, or letting it out.

⁴ To *slubber* here means to *obſcure*. ⁵ A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are ſelected,
by *driving* with a fan, which ſeparates the light from the heavy. ⁶ i. e. acknowledge, confeſs,

⁷ i. e. precedence ſuitable to her rank. ⁸ *Exhibition* is *allowance*, and here implies
revenue. ⁹ i. e. Let your favour *privilege* me. ¹⁰ i. e. The greatneſs of his character re-

conciled me to his form. ¹¹ *Affects* ſtands in this paſſage not for *love*, but for *paſſions*, for that by
which any thing is affected. *I aſk it not*, ſays Othello, *to pleaſe appetite, or ſatisfy looſe deſires*, the
paſſions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myſelf, but merely that
I may indulge the wiſhes of my wiſe. ¹² To defend, is to forbid, from *deſendre*, *to*. ¹³ All

theſe words mean no more than this: *When the pleaſures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for
ſeeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them.*

That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine in the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To Brab.*

If virtue no delighted¹ beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye
to see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, and Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pry thee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage².—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello, and Desdemona.*

Rod. Iago,—

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:
and then have we a prescription to die
when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the
world for four times seven years: and since I could
distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never
found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I
would say, I would drown myself for the love of
a Guinea hen³, I would change my humanity
with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my

shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to
amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we
are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to
the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we
will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and
weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of
herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril
with idleness, or manur'd with industry; why, the
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale
of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood
and baseness of our natures would conduct us to
most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason,
to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings,
our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you
call—love, to be a sect⁴ or scyon.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown
thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have
profess'd me thy friend, and I confess me knit to
thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;
I could never better stead thee than now. Put
money in thy purse: follow thou these wars; defeat⁵
thy favour with an usurped beard: I say,
put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona
should long continue her love to the Moor,
—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it
was a violent commencement in her, and thou
shalt see an answerable sequestration⁶;—put but
money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable
in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the
food that to him now is as luscious as locusts⁷, shall
be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She
must change for youth: when she is sated with
his body, she will find the error of her choice.—
She must have change, she must: therefore put
money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn
thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning.
Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony
and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian and a
super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits,
and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;
therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself!
it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather
to be hang'd in compassing thy joy, than to be
drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:
—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again
and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted;
thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive
in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold
him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport.

¹ *Delighted*, for *delighting*, or *delightful*. Shakspeare often uses the active and passive participles
indiscriminately.

² i. e. fairest opportunity.

³ A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term

for a prostitute.

⁴ A *sect* is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*.

⁵ To *defeat*,

is to *undo*, to *change*.

⁶ The poet probably here uses *sequestration* for *sequel*. *Sequestration*, how-

ever, may mean no more than *separation*.

⁷ The fruit of the locust-tree is a long black pod,

which contains the seeds, among which there is a very sweet luscious juice of much the same con-

sistency as fresh honey.

There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd. I'll go sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell; put money enough in your purse. *[Exit Roderigo.]*

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I should time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport, and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not, if 't be true;

But I for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will,

A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife:—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

I have 't;—it is engender'd: Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's

light.

[Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

The Capital of Cyprus.

A Platform.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mont. **W**HAT from the cape can you discern at sea? *[flood;*

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main, Descrie a sail. *[land;*

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, Can hold the mortice? What shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet: For do but stand upon the foaming shore, The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds; The wind-shak'd furge, with high and monstrous Seems to cast water on the burning bear, *[main,* And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole¹: I never did like molestation view On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the Turkish fleet Benot inshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd; It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done: The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks, That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance On most part of their fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in, A Veronese²: Michael Cassio, Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello, Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea, And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mont. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,

Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly, And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted With foul and violent tempest.

Mont. Pray heaven he be;

For I have serv'd him, and the man commands Like a full foldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!

As well to see the vessel that's come in, As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello; Even 'till we make the main, and the aerial blue, An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so:

For every minute is expectancy Of more arrivance.

Enter Cassio.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle, That so approve the Moor; O let the heavens Give him defence against the elements, For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mont. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot Of very expert and approv'd allowance³; Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, Stand in bold cure⁴.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

¹ Alluding to the star *Arctophylax*. ² By a *Veronese* a ship of Verona is denoted. ³ *Expert* and *approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd* and *approv'd expertness*. ⁴ The meaning, Mr. Steevens thinks, is, Therefore, my hopes, not being destroyed by their own excess, but being reasonable and moderate, are likely to be fulfilled.

Cas.

Caf. What noise?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a fail.

Caf. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends, at least. [*Guns heard.*]

Caf. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

Gent. I shall. [*Exit.*]

Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wiv'd?

Caf. Most fortunately: he hath atchlev'd a maid
That paragon's description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency¹.—How now? who has
put in?

Re-enter Gentleman.

Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Caf. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,—
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mont. What is she? [*Captain,*]

Caf. She that I spake of, our great captain's
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A fennight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,
Enter Desdemona, Iago, Roderigo, and Emilia.
The riches of the ship is come on shore!—
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Def. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Def. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Caf. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a fail.

Within. A fail, a fail! [*Guns heard.*]

Gent. They give this greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Caf. See for the news.— [*An attendant goes out.*]
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome,
mistress. [*To Emilia.*]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy.

[*Kisses her.*]

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her
lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Def. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep;
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out
of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in
your beds.

Def. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical².

Def. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to
the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Def. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Def. Well prais'd! How if she be black and
witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness
fit.

Def. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Def. These are old fond paradoxes, to make
fools laugh i'the alehouse. What miserable praise
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise
ones do.

Def. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the
worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow
on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch
of very malice itself³?

¹ That is, She excels the praises of invention, and in *real* (the author seeming to use *essential* for *real*)
qualities, with which *creation* has invested her; bears all excellency. ² That is, *caustic*. ³ Dr.
Johnson says, *To put on the vouch of malice*, is to assume a character vouched by the testimony of
malice itself.

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I*
may; [nigh,
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure
fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's
tail;¹ [mind,
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight
were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To fuddle fools, and chronicle small beer.²

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—
Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy
husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most
profane³ and liberal⁴ counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay,
well said, whisper: with as little a web as this,
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay,
smile upon her, do; I will gyve⁵ thee in thine
own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed:
if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieu-
tenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your
three fingers so oft, which now again you are
most apt to play the fir in. Very good; well
kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so indeed.
Yet again your fingers to your lips? 'would, they
were clyster-pipes for your sake!— [*Trumpet.*
The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calmsness,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should encrease,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;

And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll let down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks
are drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—

Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion⁶, and I dote

In mine own comforts.—I pry'thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel;

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant; as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them,—list
me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the
court of guard⁷:—First, I must tell thee this,
—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus⁸, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first
lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her
fantastical lies: And will she love him still for
prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.
Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she
have to look on the devil? When the blood is
made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—
again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh ap-
petite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years,
manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is de-
fective in: Now, for want of these required con-
veniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself
abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and ab-
hor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in
it, and compel her to some second choice. Now,
sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and un-
forc'd position) who stands so eminently in the
degree of this fortune, as Cassio does; a knave
very voluble; no farther conscionable, than in
putting on the mere form of civil and humane
seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and
most hidden loose affection? Why, none; why,
none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out
of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and coun-
terfeit advantages, though true advantage never
present itself: A devilish knave! Besides, the
knave is handsome, young; and hath all those re-
quisites in him, that folly and green minds⁹ look
after: A pestilent complete knave; and the wo-
man hath found him already.

¹ i. e. to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. ² i. e. to keep the accounts of a household. ³ i. e. gross of language, of expression broad and brutal. ⁴ i. e. a licentious talker. ⁵ i. e. catch, shackle. ⁶ i. e. out of method, without any settled order of discourse. ⁷ i. e. the place where the guard musters. ⁸ i. e. on thy mouth, to stop it while thou art listening to a wiser man. ⁹ Minds not yet fully formed.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blest condition ¹.

Iago. Blest figs' end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blest'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: Blest'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle in the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand! an index, and obscure prologue ² to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities foreshadow the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you rul'd by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline ³; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden ⁴ in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature; And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: The thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards: And nothing can or shall content my soul, 'Till I am even with him, wife for wife;

Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— If this poor trash ⁶ of Venice, whom I trash ⁷ For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip ⁸; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb ⁹;— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd; Knavery's plain face is never seen, 'till us'd. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Herald, with a proclamation.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the mere ¹⁰ perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, 'till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

The Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your ear—

lieft,

[love;

Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[To Desdemona.

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you— Good night.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us ¹¹ thus early, for the love of his Desdemona: whom let us not there—

¹ i. e. qualities, disposition of mind. ² Indexes were formerly prefixed to books. ³ i. e. throwing a slur upon his discipline. ⁴ Sudden, is precipitately violent. ⁵ i. e. whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered, as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness. ⁶ A trifling, insignificant fellow may, in some respects, very well be called trash. ⁷ To trash a hound is a term of hunting still used in the North, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to correct, to rate. ⁸ A phrase from the art of wrestling. ⁹ Rank garb may mean gressful, i. e. without mincing the matter. ¹⁰ Mere in this place signifies entire. ¹¹ That is, appointed us to our stations, according to Dr. Johnson; whereas Mr. Steevens thinks, that cast us only means dismissed us, or got rid of our company.

fore blame : he hath not yet made wanton the night with her ; and she is sport for Jove.

Caf. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caf. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks, it founds a parley of provocation.

Caf. An inviting eye ; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love ?

Caf. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Caf. Not to-night, good Iago ; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking : I could well with courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup : I'll drink for you.

Caf. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too¹, and, behold, what innovation it makes here : I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man ! 'tis a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Caf. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Caf. I'll do 't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit Cassio.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep ; and he's to watch :

Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,

The very elements of this warlike isle²,—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,

And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action

That may offend the isle.—But here they come :

If consequence do but approve my dream,

My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

Caf. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse³ already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, As I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[*Iago sings.*]

And let me the canakin clink, clink ;

And let me the canakin clink :

A soldier's a man ;

A life's but a span ;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys !

Caf. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting : your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho !—are nothing to your English.

Caf. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking ?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caf. To the health of our general.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

⁴ *King Stephen was a worthy peer⁵,*

His breeches cost him but a crown ;

He held them six-pence all too dear,

With that he call'd the taylor—⁶ down.

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree :

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho !

Caf. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again ?

Caf. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all ; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caf. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so I do too, lieutenant.

Caf. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this : let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk ; this is my ancient ;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand :—I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Caf. Why, very well then : you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

Mont. To the platform, masters ; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before ;—He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar

And give direction : and do but see his vice ;

¹ i. e. sily mixed with water.

² i. e. As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum* ; as quick in opposition as fire and water.

³ A rouse appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large.

⁴ These Ranzas are taken from an old song, which the reader will find in Percy's *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*.

⁵ i. e. a worthy fellow.

⁶ i. e. sorry fellow, paltry wretch.

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him,
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle¹.

Mont. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he fees it not; or his good-nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit Rod.*]
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity²:
It were an honest action to say so
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within,—Help! help!*]

Re-enter Cassio, driving in Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen³ bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk? [*They fight.*]

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Rod.*
Exit Roderigo.]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—
Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

[*Bell rings.*]

The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—
he dies⁴.

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,
—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for
shame! [*this?*]

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth
Are we turn'd Turks: and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety⁵.—What is the matter,
masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now,
even now,

In quarter⁶ and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitting men)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had lost
These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus
forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,
That you unlace⁸ your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion⁹, for the name
Of a night-brawler? Give me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now of-
fends me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity¹⁰ be sometime a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied¹¹,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd¹² in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

¹ i. e. If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. ² i. e. an infirmity rooted, settled in his constitution. ³ A twiggen bottle is a weaker'd bottle. ⁴ i. e. he shall die. He may be supposed to say this as he renews the fight. ⁵ i. e. from her regular and proper state. ⁶ i. e. in their quarters; at their lodging. ⁷ i. e. you have thus forgot yourself. ⁸ i. e. slacken, or loosen, put in danger of dropping; or perhaps strip of its ornaments. ⁹ i. e. throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. ¹⁰ Care of one's self. ¹¹ Othello means, that passion has discoloured his judgment. To colly anciently signified to besmear, to blacken as with coal. The word is still used in the midland counties. ¹² i. e. he that is convicted, by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

Mon. If partially affin'd¹, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near:

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Left, by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that with them best,—
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting: Come away to bed.

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:—
Lead him off.— [*To Montano, who is led off.*]

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Ex. Mount Iago and Cassio.*]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal
part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—
My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought
you had receiv'd some bodily wound; there is
more offence in that, than in reputation. Repu-
tation is an idle and most false imposition; oft
got without merit, and lost without deserving:
You have lost no reputation at all, unless you re-

pute yourself such a loser. What, man! there
are ways to recover the general again: You are
but now cast in his mood², a punishment more in
policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his
offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue
to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to de-
ceive so good a commander, with so slight, so
drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk?
and speak parrot³? and squabble? swagger?
swear? and discourse fustian with one's own sha-
dow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast
no name to be known by, let us call thee—
devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your
sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing
distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—
O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
to steal away their brains! that we should, with
joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform our-
selves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough;
How came you thus recover'd?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the devil, drunkenness, to
give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness
shews me another, to make me frankly despise
myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler: As
the time, the place, and the condition of this
country stands, I could heartily wish this had not
befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your
own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he
shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many
mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them
all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool,
and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inor-
dinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good fami-
liar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more
against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you
think I love you.

Cas. I have well approv'd it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk
at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do.
Our general's wife is now the general;—I may
say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and
given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and
denotement, of her parts and graces:—confess
yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll
help to put you in your place again: she is of so
free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that
she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more
than she is requested: This broken joint, between
you and her husband, intreat her to splinter; and,
my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this
crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was
before.

¹ Affin'd is bound by proximity of relationship; but here it means related by nearness of office.

² i. e. ejected in his anger.

³ A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago. *[Exit Cassio.]*

Iago. And what's he then, that says—I play the villain?

When this advice is free¹ I give, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and (indeed) the course
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements²: And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetted to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel³ course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shews,
As I do now: For, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence⁴ into his ear,—
That she repeals⁵ him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh⁶ them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.—My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience! What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio: Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning:

Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone.— *[Exit Roderigo.]*

Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. *[Exit.]*

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, with Musicians.

Caf. **M**ASTERS, play here, I will content your pains, *[general.]*
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow,
[Musick plays, and enter Clown.]

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, fir, how!

Clown. Are these, I pray you, call'd wind instruments?

Mus. Ay, marry, are they, fir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Clown. Marry, fir, by many a wind instrument

that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

Mus. Well, fir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the general does not greatly care.

Mus. We have none such, fir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away.

[Exeunt Mus.]

Caf. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman

¹ i. e. has an appearance of honest openness, of frank good-will. ² Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. ³ i. e. a course level, and even with his design.

⁴ Pestilence, for poison.

⁵ That is, recalls him.

⁶ A metaphor from taking birds in meshes.

⁷ The venereal disease first appeared at the siege of Naples.

that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit Clown.]

Enter Iago.

Caf. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caf. Why, no; the day had broke before we parted. I have made bold, Iago, to send in for your wife: My suit to her is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently: And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor out of the way, that your converse and business may be more free. [Exit.]

Caf. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry for your displeasure; but all will soon be well. The general, and his wife, are talking of it; And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies, That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus, And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom, He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings, To take the safest occasion by the front, To bring you in again.

Caf. Yet, I beseech you,— If you think fit, or that it may be done,— Give me advantage of some brief discourse With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in; I will bestow you where you shall have time To speak your bosom freely.

Caf. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot; And, by him, do my duties to the state: That done, I will be walking on the works, Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't. [See't?]

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do All my abilities in thy behalf. [husband,]

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again As friendly as you were.

Caf. Bounteous madam, Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio, He's never any thing but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord, [assur'd,

You have known him long; and be you well He shall in strangeness stand no farther off Than in a politic distance.

Caf. Ay, but, lady, That policy may either last so long, Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed itself so out of circumstance, That, I being absent, and my place supply'd, My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here, I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee, If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it To the last article: my lord shall never rest; I'll watch him tame¹, and talk him out of patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; I'll intermingle every thing he does With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello, and Iago, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes my lord.

Caf. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Caf. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease, Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say? [what.]

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like, Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe, 'twas he.

Des. How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here, A man that languishes in your displeasure:

Oth. Who is't, you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you, His present reconciliation take;

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,

That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning²,

I have no judgment in an honest face:

I pray thee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me; To suffer with him: Good love, call him back.

¹ It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. ² Cunning, for design, or purpose, simply.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home.

I meet the captains at the citadel. [morn;

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;

I pray thee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make ex-

amples

Out of their best) is not almost a fault

To incur a private check: When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on¹. What! Michael

Cassio, [time,

That came a-wooing with you; and so many a

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,

Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Tr'ythee, no more: let him come when

he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poize² and difficulty,

And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,—

To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my Desdemona: I will come to

thee straight. [teach you;

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Exit with Emil.

Oth. Excellent wretch³! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again⁴.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago? [lady,

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my

Know of your love? [ask?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted
with it.

Oth. O yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed;—Discern'st thou
aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Honest! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord;—By heaven, he echoes [me,

As if there were some monster in his thought,

Too hideous to be shewn.—Thou dost mean some-

thing:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife; What didst not like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst,

Indeed?

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou do'st;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and ho-

nesty, [breath,—

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,

They are close delations⁵, working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem

none⁶!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then, I think Cassio's an honest

man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of

The worst of words. [thoughts

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.

¹ To hesitate, to stand in suspense. ² i. e. of weight. ³ The word *wretch*, in some parts of England, is a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. ⁴ i. e. *When I cease to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. ⁵ i. e. *occult and secret accusations, working involuntarily from the heart*, which, though resolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its passion of resentment. ⁶ i. e. *would they might no longer seem, or bear the shape of men*.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful¹?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his
A stranger to thy thoughts. [ear

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I—perchance, am vicious in my guesses²,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear
my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your
hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock³
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er, [loves!
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless⁴, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good heaven, the foulds of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exuffolate and blown surmises⁵,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy. [reason

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty⁶, be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best
conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most⁷.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To feel her father's eyes up, close as oak⁸,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much
to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love:—But, I do see, you are
mov'd;—

¹ The poet's meaning is, "Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul suspicions will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended?" ² i. e. am apt to put the worst construction on every thing. ³ i. e. loaths that which nourishes and sustains it. This being a miserable state, Iago bids him beware of it. ⁴ i. e. unbounded, endless, unnumbered treasures. ⁵ The allusion is to a bubble. ⁶ Self-bounty, for inherent generosity. ⁷ Dr. Johnson observes, that "this and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness was sought, puts an end to confidence. The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue." ⁸ Close as oak, means, close as the grain of the oak. To feel is an expression taken from falconry.

I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues¹, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success²
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to
think so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold
with you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank³,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless, [*folds.*]

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
Iago. My lord,—I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means⁴:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment⁵
With any strong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government⁶.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned⁷ spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard⁸,
Though that her jesses⁹ were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune¹⁰. Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers¹¹ have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:

'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague¹² is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello?

Your dinner, and the generous islanders¹³
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame. [*well?*]

Des. Why is your speech so faint?—are you not

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away
again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin¹⁴ is too little;

[*She drops her handkerchief.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exit Des. and Oth.*]

Emil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it;—but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his phantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

¹ *Issues*, for conclusions. ² *Iago* means, "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." ³ A *rank will*, is *self-will* overgrown and exuberant. ⁴ i. e. You shall discover whether he thinks his best means, his most powerful interest, is by the solicitation of your lady. ⁵ i. e. press hard his re-admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. ⁶ i. e. do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. ⁷ *Learned*, for experienced. ⁸ A *haggard* hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk difficult to be reclaim'd. It appears also, that *haggard* was a term of reproach sometimes applied to a wanton. ⁹ *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. ¹⁰ Dr. Johnson observes, that the falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and prey'd at fortune. ¹¹ i. e. men of intrigue. ¹² In allusion, according to Dr. Johnson, to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. Or, according to Dr. Percy, the *forked plague* may mean the *cuckold's horns*. ¹³ The *generous islanders* are the islanders of rank, distinction. ¹⁴ i. e. your pocket handkerchief.

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you. [thing.]
Iago. You have a thing for me?—it is a common
Emil. Ha!
Iago. To have a foolish wife. [now]
Emil. O, is that all? what will you give me
 For that same handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Emil. What handkerchief?
 Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
 That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Haft stolen it from her?
Emil. No; but she let it drop by negligence;
 And, to the advantage, I, being here, took it up.¹
 Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with it, that you have
 been so earnest
 To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [Snatching it.]
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
 Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
 When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't; I have use for it.
 Go, leave me. [Exit *Emil.*
 I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
 And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
 The Moor already changes with my poison:—
 Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
 Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
 But, with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—
 Enter *Othello*.
 Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-
 dragora²,
 Nor all the drowfy syrups of the world,
 Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
 Which thou ow'dst³ yesterday.
Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on
 the rack:—
 I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
 Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
 I slept the next night well, was free, and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
 Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
 Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
 Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!

Farewel the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner; and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
 And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!
Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
 Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
 [Catching hold on him.]
 Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
 Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is it come to this?
Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so
 prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
 To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
 Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate;
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
 Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
 God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
 fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
 I thank you for this profit: and, from hence,
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.
Oth. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
 I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it.—'Would, I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
 I do repent me, that I put it to you.
 You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, I will. [Lord?
Iago. And may; But, how? how satisfied, my
 Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
 Behold her tupp'd⁴?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
 To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
 If ever mortal eyes do see them bolter,
 More than their own! What then? how then?
 What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
 It is impossible, you should see this,

¹ i. e. I being opportunely here, took it up. ² The mandragoras, or mandrake, has a soporific quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. ³ i. e. possessed, or hadst. ⁴ i. e. pity. ⁵ A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a tupp.

Were they as prime ¹ as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you might have it.

Oth. Give me a living ² reason that she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office :

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty, and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves !

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand ;
Cry,—*O sweet creature !* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips : then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh, and kiss ; and then
Cry,—*Cursed fate ! that gave thee to the Moor !*

Oth. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ³ ;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing
done ;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand ?

Oth. I gave her such a one ; twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that : but such a handkerchief
(I am sure, it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge !
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven :
'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne ⁴,
To tyrannous hate ! swell, bosom, with thy fraught ⁵,
For 'tis for aspics' tongues !

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood ! [change.]

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind, perhaps, may

Oth. Never, Iago : Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on

To the Propontic, and the Hellespont ;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable ⁶ and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yon marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [He kneels,
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Iago kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above !
You elements that clip us round about !
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever ⁷.

Oth. I greet thy love, [ous,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounte-
And will upon the instant put thee to 't :
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive. [quest :

Iago. My friend is dead ; 'tis done at your re-
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx ! O, damn her !
Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know, firrah, where lieutenant
Cassio lies ?

Clown. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Def. Why, man ?

Clown. He's a soldier ; and for me to say a sol-
dier lies, is stabbing.

Def. Go to ; Where lodges he ?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell
you where I lie.

Def. Can any thing be made of this ?

Clown. I know not where he lodges ; and for
me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or
he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out ? and be edify'd
by report ?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him ;
that is, make questions, and make them answer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither : tell him,
I have mov'd my lord in his behalf, and hope, all
will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's
wit ; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [Exit.]

Def. Where should I lose that handkerchief,
Emilia ?

Emil. I know not, madam.

¹ Prime is prompt, from the Celtic or British *prim*. ² Living for speaking, manifest. ³ Con-
clusion, for fact. ⁴ Hearted throne, is the heart on which thou wait enthroned. ⁵ i. e. fraught,
because the fraught is of poison. ⁶ i. e. ample ; capacious. ⁷ Mr. Tollet explains this
passage thus : " Let him command any bloody business, and to obey shall be in me an act of pity
and compassion for wrong'd Othello. Remorse frequently signifies pity, mercy, compassion, or a
tenderness of heart, unattended with the stings of a guilty conscience.

Def.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Fell of cruzadoes¹: And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was
born,
Drew all such humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, 'till Cassio be
Call'd to him.—How is it with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hard-
ness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; This hand is moist,
my lady. [*forrow.*]

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts, of old, gave
hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and fullen² rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault: That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give:

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people; she told her, while she
kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Intirely to her love; but, if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't, or give't away, were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course³ two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;
And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maiden's hearts.

Des. Indeed! is it true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to it well.

Des. Then 'would to heaven, that I had ne-
ver seen it!

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and⁴ rash?

Oth. Is it lost? is it gone? speak, is it out of
the way?

Des. Heaven blefs us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; But what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick to put me from my suit;
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind
misgives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth you are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit Othello.*]

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief:
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Æmil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news
with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,
Intirely honour; I would not be delayed:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be by benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,

¹ A Portuguese coin, (so called from the cross stamped upon it) in value three shillings sterling.
² i. e. a rheum obstinately troublesome. ³ i. e. number'd the sun's courses. ⁴ i. e. vehement,
violent.

And shut myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms¹.

Def. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour², as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best;
And stood within the blank of his displeasure³,
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare; let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *[Exit.]*

Def. I prythee, do so.—Something, sure, of
state,—

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice⁴,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object.
'Tis even so; for let our finger ach,
And it endues our other healthful members
Even to that sense of pain: Nay, we must think,
Men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Æmilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior⁵ as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indited falsely.

Æmil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you
think;

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Def. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.

Æmil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Def. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
mind!

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Def. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

*[Exeunt Desdemona and Æmilia.
Enter Bianca.]*

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eightscore eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eightscore times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd:
But I shall, in a more continue time⁶,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.]
Take me this work out⁷.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my with,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd⁸.

¹ The meaning, according to Mr. Steevens, is, "I will put on a constrained appearance of being contented, and shut myself up in a different course of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity." We think, however, it means no more than that he would try what Fortune would do for him in some other course of life. ² In look, in countenance. ³ i. e. within the shot of his anger. ⁴ Some treason that has not taken effect. ⁵ Unhandsome warrior, is unfair assailant. ⁶ i. e. a time less interrupted, time which I can call more my own. ⁷ i. e. "Copy this work in another handkerchief." ⁸ i. e. Your civility is now grown conditional.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter Othello, and Iago.*

Iago. **W**ILL you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,
 To kifs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kifs.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
 An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?¹
 It is hypocrisy againſt the devil:
 They that mean virtuously, and yet do ſo,
 The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt
 heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial flip:
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then? [hers,

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being
 She may, I think, beſtow 't on any man.

Oth. She is proteſtrefs of her honour too;
 May ſhe give that?

Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
 They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would moſt gladly have for-
 got it:—

Thou ſaidſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
 As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
 Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do
 you wrong?

Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
 Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,
 Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
 Convinced² or ſupplied them, cannot chooſe
 But they muſt blab.

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but, be you well aſſur'd,

No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We ſay, lie
 on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's
 fulſome. Handkerchief,—confeſſions,—handker-
 chief.—To confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour.
 —Firſt, to be hang'd, and then—to confeſs:—I
 tremble at it.—Nature would not inveſt herſelf in
 ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome inſtruction.
 It is not words, that ſhake me thus³:—Piſh!—
 Noſes, ears, and lips⁴:—Is it poſſible?—Confeſs!
 —Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,
 My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are
 caught;

And many worthy and chaſte dames, even thus,
 All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
 My lord, I ſay! Othello!—How now, Caſſio?

Enter Caſſio.

Caf. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepſy;
 This is his ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caf. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
 If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
 Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirſ:
 Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
 He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
 I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—

[Exit Caſſio.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven:

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

¹ This obſervation, Dr. Warburton ſays, ſeems ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that Iago had, before they appear in this ſcene, been applying caſes of falſe comfort to Othello; as that though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romiſh ſaint, Robert D'Arbriffel and his nuns. To this we muſt ſuppoſe Othello here replies; and like a good proteſtant. For ſo the ſentiment does but ſuit the character of the ſpeaker, Shakspeare little heeds how theſe ſentiments are circumſtanced. ² Convinced, for conquer'd, ſubdued. ³ Dr. Johnson's comment on this paſſage is as follows; "There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a diſtance, notice is given of it to the ſufferer by ſome dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he diſcovers no external cauſe. This is aſcribed to that general communication of one part of the univerſe with another, which is called ſympathy and antipathy; or to the ſecret monition, inſtruction, and influence of a ſuperior Being, which ſuperintends the order of nature and of life. Othello ſays, Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion without inſtruction. It is not words that ſhake me thus. This paſſion, which ſpreads its clouds over me, is the effect of ſome agency more than the operation of words; it is one of thoſe notices which men have of unſeen calamities." ⁴ Othello is imagining to himſelf the familiarities which he ſuppoſes to have paſſed between Caſſio and his wife.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper¹ beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wife; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart:

Confine yourself but in a patient list².

Whilst you were here, ere while, mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man) —

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy³;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself⁴,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew, —
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello withdraws.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio, — as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter: — Here he comes: —

[*Enter Cassio.*]

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish⁵ jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. — How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*]

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor catiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*]

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, indeed, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*]

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman⁶? do you triumph? [*Aside.*]

Cas. I marry her! — what? a customer⁷? I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh, that win. [*Aside.*]

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you shall marry her,

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scor'd me⁸? Well. [*Aside.*]

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. [*Aside.*]

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the hauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck; —

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*]

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha! —

Oth. Now he tells, how she pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*]

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

[*Enter Bianca.*]

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew⁹! marry, a perfume'd one. — What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work. — A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

¹ *Unproper*, for common.

within the bounds of patience.

⁵ *Unbookish*, for ignorant.

⁶ Othello calls him *Roman* ironically.

⁷ To *score*, says Mr. Stevens, originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any substance; but it was soon figuratively used for setting a brand or mark of disgrace on any one.

⁸ A polecat.

A polecat was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

² *List*, or *lists*, is barriers, bounds. Keep your temper, says Iago,

³ i. e. *trance*.

⁴ i. e. hide yourself in a private place.

⁵ *Unbookish*, for ignorant.

⁶ Othello calls him *Roman* ironically.

⁷ A common woman, one that invites custom.

⁸ A polecat.

A polecat was anciently one of the cant terms for a strumpet.

Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief !

[Aside.

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may : an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

[Exit.

Iago. After her, after her.

Caf. I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there ?

Caf. I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you ; for I would very fain speak with you.

Caf. Pr'ythee, come ; Will you ?

Iago. Go to ; say no more.

[Exit Cassio.

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago ?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice ?

Oth. O, Iago !

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief ?

Oth. Was that mine ?

Iago. Yours, by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife ! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing :—A fine woman ! a fair woman ! a sweet woman !

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night ; for she shall not live : No, my heart is turn'd to stone ; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature : she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him talks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her ! I do but say what she is :—So delicate with her needle !—An admirable musician ! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear !—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention !—

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times :—And then, of so gentle a condition !—

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain : But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend ; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes :—Cuckold me !

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer !

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago ; this night :—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again :—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison ; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good : the justice of it pleases ; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker : You shall hear more by midnight.

[A trumpet within.

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same ?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,

[him.

Come from the duke : and, see, your wife is with

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general !

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Gives him a letter.

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you : How does lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach : but you shall make all well ;

Oth. Are you sure of that ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'

[Reads.

Lod. He did not call ; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio ?

Des. A most unhappy one ; I would do much To atone them¹, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Are you wife ?

Des. What, is he angry ?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him ; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed ?

Des. My lord ?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweet Othello ?

Oth. Devil !

[Striking her.

Des. I have not deserv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice, Though I should swear I saw it : 'Tis very much ; Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil !

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile :—Out of my sight !

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

[Going.

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady :—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress,——

Des. My lord ?

Oth. What would you with her, sir ?

Lod. Who, I, my lord ?

[turn :

Oth. Ay ; you did wish, that I would make her Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ; And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—Very obedient ;—Proceed you in your tears.—Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion !—I am commanded home :—Get you away ; I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

¹ i. e. to reconcile them.

And will return to Venice ;—Hence, avaunt !—

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night, I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys ! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient ? This the noble nature Whom passion could not shake ? whose solid virtue The shot of accident, nor dart of chance, Could neither graze, nor pierce ?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe ? is he not light of brain ?

Iago. He is that he is ; I may not breathe my censure².

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,— I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife ! [knew,

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well ; yet 'would I That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use ?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,

And new-create this fault ?

Iago. Alas, alas !

It is not honesty in me, to speak [him ;

What I have seen and known : You shall observe

And his own courses will denote him so,

That I may save my speech : Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Oth. You have seen nothing then ?

Emil. Nor ever heard ; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emil. But then I saw no harm ; and then I heard

Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper ?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way ?

Emil. Never. [nothing ?

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mark, nor

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,

Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.

If any wretch hath put this in your head,

Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse ! For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true, There's no man happy ; the purest of their wives Is foul as slander.

Oth. Bid her come hither ;—go—[Exit Emilia.]

She says enough ;—yet, she's a simple bawd, That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore, A closet lock and key of villainous secrets : [do't.

And yet she'll kneel, and pray ; I have seen her

Re-enter Emilia, with Desdemona.

Des. My lord, what is your will ?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure ?

Oth. Let me see your eyes ;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this ? [mistress ;

Oth. [To Emilia.] Some of your function,

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door ;

Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come :

Your mystery, your mystery ;—nay, dispatch.

[Exit Emilia.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import ?

I understand a fury in your words,

But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou ?

Des. Your wife, my lord ;

Your true and loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;

Left, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves [damn'd,

Should fear to seize thee : therefore be double-swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it. [heil.

Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as

Des. To whom, my lord ? With whom ? How am I false ?

Oth. O Desdemona !—away ! away ! away !

Des. Alas, the heavy day !—Why do you weep ? Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord ?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me ; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd

All kind of sores, and shames, on my bare head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn³

² Mr. Malone remarks, that " in this exclamation Shakspeare has shewn great art. Iago, in the first scene in which he endeavours to awaken his suspicion, being urged to give some evident proof of the guilt of Cassio and Desdemona, tells him it were impossible to have ocular demonstration of it, though they should be " as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys."—These words, we may suppose, fill ring in the ears of Othello, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, rushes out with this emphatic exclamation :—Iago's words were but too true—now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as " goats and monkeys." ² i. e. my opinion. ³ Mr. Rowe reads " hand of scorn," and succeeding editors have followed him. Mr. Steevens, however, would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy—" the time of scorn ;" and adds, " We call the hour in which we are to die, the hour of death—the time when we are to be judged—the day of judgment—the instant when we suffer calamity—the moment of evil ; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of the time of scorn ?"

To point his flow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd¹ up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads [there!
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed²!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deed.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—Im-
pudent strumpet!

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a christian:

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Enter Emilia.

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with
my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. With my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here is a change indeed. [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse.

Enter Iago, with Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is
it with you? [*babes,*

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his
drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet³.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Emil. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one
weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Has not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his
bones! [*company?*
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her
What place? what time? what form? what like-
lihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious⁴ knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions⁵ thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door⁶.

[*was,*

Emil. O, fie upon him! some such squire he
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without⁷,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

¹ i. e. treasured up my heart. ² This word in Shakspeare's time, besides its general signifi-
cation, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often
repeated by Othello. ³ Callet is a lewd woman. ⁴ Notorious, for gross, not in its proper mean-
ing for known. ⁵ Companions, i. e. fellows. ⁶ i. e. do not clamour so as to be heard beyond
the house. ⁷ That is, inside out.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?

Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse, or thought, or actual deed ;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form ;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, where ;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word ;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 'tis but his humour ;

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. *[Trumpets.]*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !

And the great messengers of Venice stay :

Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona, and Emilia.]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo ?

[me.]

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device,
Iago ; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st
from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with
the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no
longer endure it : Nor am I yet persuaded, to
put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much ; for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half
have corrupted a votarist : You have told me—
she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations
and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance ;
but I find none.

Iago. Well ; go to ; very well.

Rod. Very well ! go to ! I cannot go to, man ;
nor 'tis not very well : By this hand, I say, it is
very scurvy ; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will
make myself known to Desdemona : if she will
return me my jewels, I will give over my suit,
and repent my unlawful solicitation ; if not, assure
yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing but what I
protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee ;

and even from this instant do build on thee a better
opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo :
Thou hast taken against me a most just exception ;
but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd ; and
your suspicion is not without wit and judgment.
But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed,
which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour—
this night shew it : If thou the next night following
enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with
treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? is it within reason and compass ?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come
from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true ? why, then Othello and Desdemona
return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no ; he goes into Mauritania, and
taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless
his abode be linger'd here by some accident ; wherein
none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him ?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's
place ; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do ?

Iago. Ay ; if you dare do yourself a profit, and
a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither
will I go to him ;—he knows not yet of his honourable
fortune : if you will watch his going thence, (which I
will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may
take him at your pleasure ; I will be near to second your
attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not
amaz'd at it, but go along with me ; I will shew you
such a necessity in his death, that you shall think
yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high
supper-time, and the night grows to waste : about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no
further.

Oth. O, pardon me ; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night ; I humbly thank you
ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir ?—O, Desdemona !

Des. My lord ?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant ; I will be
return'd forthwith : dismiss your attendant there ;
look it be done. *[Exit Desdemona.]*

Des. I will, my lord. *[She dies.]*

Emil. How gets it now ? he looks gentler than

Des. He says, he will return incontinent :

He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Æmil. Dismiss me!

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmi-*
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Æmil. I would, you had never seen him!

Def. So would not I; my love doth so approve
him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in
them.

Æmil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on

Def. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are
our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Æmil. Come, come, you talk.

Def. My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad¹,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all o' one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsome man.

Def. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in Venice, would have
walk'd barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his
nether lip.

Def. ² *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow; [Singing.

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her
moans;*

Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Lay by these:

Sing willow, &c.

Willow, willow, &c.

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

2.

Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that
knocks?

Æmil. It is the wind.

Def. I call'd my love, false love; but what said
he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone; good night.—Mine eyes do
itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so.—O, these men,
these men!—

Doth thou in conscience think,—tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heavenly light!

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

Def. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the
world? [price

Æmil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great
For a small vice.

Def. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Æmil. In troth, I think I should; and undo't,
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a
thing for a joint ring; nor for measures of lawn;
nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty
exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why,
who would not make her husband a cuckold, to
make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory
for't.

Def. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the
world; and, having the world for your labour,
'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might
quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any such woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the van-
tage³, as

Would store the world they play'd for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,

If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;

Or else break out in peevish jealousies, [us,

Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike

Or scant our former having⁴ in despight;

Why, we have galls; and, though we have some
grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them; they see, and
smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,

When they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is; And doth affection breed it?

I think it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?

Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Def. Good night, good night: Heaven me such
usage⁵ send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[Exit.

¹ i. e. wild, frantick, uncertain. We still call a wild girl a mad-cap. ² This song is printed in
the first volume of Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. ³ i. e. to boot, over and above.

⁴ i. e. our former allowance of expence. ⁵ Usage is an old word for custom.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*A Street.**Enter Iago, and Roderigo.*

Iago. **H**ERE, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Stands apart.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat¹ almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much
peril.

No,—he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.

[He runs at Cassio, and wounds him.]

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.

[Fight. Cassio wounds Roderigo; Iago cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exits.]

Rod. O, I am slain!

Cas. I am main'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Othello, above.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate lies apace: Strumpet, I come:

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are
blotted;

Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be
spotted. *[Exit Othello.]*

Enter Lodovico, and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder! *[Exit.]*

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very dire.

Cas. O help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans; it is a heavy night:
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light
and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries
out murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help. *[Exit.]*

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done

Cas. I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!

What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[To Lod. and Gra.]

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[Iago stabs him.]

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O!
O, O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these
bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

[villains.]

Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by
Gra. Cassio!

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

¹ This is a passage much controverted among the editors, who variously propose to read *quail*, (*gudgeon*) *quail*, *gnat*, and *knot*. Dr. Johnson, however, adopts *quat*, which he says in the midland counties is a *pimple*, that by rubbing is made to smart, or is *rubbed to sense*. Roderigo, he adds, is called a *quat* by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *scab*. *To rub to the sense*, is to *rub to the quick*. ² i. e. no passengers? nobody going by?

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

Iago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

[*suspect*]

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

[*to seek you.*]

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

I i n. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman, Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon; Their bloody accidents must excuse my manners, That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:—

[*A chair brought in.*]

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[*To Bianca.*]

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,

[*you?*]

Was my dear friend; What malice was between

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bianca.*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.—

[*Cassio is borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistresses?

Do you perceive the greatness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark, By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scap'd; He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

Emil. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aside.*]
That either makes me, or fordoes¹ me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Bed-chamber: Desdemona in bed, asleep. A light burning.

Enter Othello.

Oth. ² It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

[*Takes off his sword.*]

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men³.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light⁴!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat,

That can thy light relumine.—When I have pluck'd thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,

It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade

¹ To *fordo*, as has been before observed, is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. ² Dr. Johnson assigns the following meaning to this soliloquy: "I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause." Mr. Steevens adds, that "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself the cause, i. e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. ³ "This is the second attempt of Othello (continues Mr. Steevens) to justify what he has undertaken. First he says, *It is the cause*, i. e. his own cause; now he is willing to suppose himself the preventer of succeeding mischief to others." ⁴ Dr. Farmer observes, that "this has been considered as a very difficult line. Fielding makes *Betterton* and *Booth* dispute about it with the author himself in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, (and which we have adopted) gives a spirit to it which I fear (adds he) was not intended. It seems to have been only a play upon words. To put the light out was a phrase for to kill.

Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—Once more, and this the
last:

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by [that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No—Heaven forefend! I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, heaven

Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Hum!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I
know not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I
fear.

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so: What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and
gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul;

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. O, heaven, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, Amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his
hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—us'd thee,

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. O, my fear interprets then,—What, is he
dead? [revenge

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great
Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to
my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [He smother's her.

Emilia within.

My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you. [dead.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's

'Tis like, she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good!

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best!

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:—

My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife:

O insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks, it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. I do beseech you I may speak with you

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:

Soft, by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

¹ The meaning is, (says Dr. Johnson, who adds, that this dreadful scene is not to be endured)
"Thou hast harden'd my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to
have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim." ² i. e. has taken
measures.

Where art thou?—What's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the door.]

Enter Emilia

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder

Oth. What is now? [done.]

Emil. But now, my lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd!

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

[tune,

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done

This deed?

Des. No body; I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [Dies.]

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;

'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rasi as fire, to say

That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world

Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,

I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;

An honest man he is, and hates the slime

That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?

I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks

with love!

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband; Do'st understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul

Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,

Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me

harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—

I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,

Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress; Murder!

murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, and others.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, are you come; Iago? you have done

well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this, villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;

I know, thou did'st not, thou'rt not such a villain;

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought: and told no more

Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie: an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say, with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your

tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am

bound to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

¹ Mr. Steevens is of opinion, "that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says, Not dead? not yet quite dead? I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—So, so—he then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. After a repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire. The first resolution of Othello was to poison her; but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations, and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,—I'll not shed her blood, nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster: And this resolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averse to employing those means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect." ² As water that will support no weight, nor keep any iron from. ³ Villainy has taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion. ⁴ She means to say, *Thave in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict.* ⁵ i. e. Apply some power, strong as a charm would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility.

All. O heavens forefend !

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act !

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy !—

I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't ;—O villainy !

I thought so then ;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now :—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O ! O ! O ! [*Othello looking on his wife.*]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul !—

[*Rising.*]

I scarce did know you, uncle : There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd :

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead ;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain : did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn ;

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful : but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it ;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I once gave her ; I saw it in his hand ;

It was an handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven ! O heavenly powers !

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out :—I hold my peace, fir ? no,

No, I will speak as liberal¹ as the north ;

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not. [*Iago offers to stab his wife.*]

Gra. Fie !

Your sword upon a woman ?

Emil. O thou dull Moor ! that handkerchief, thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband ;

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore !

Emil. She gave it Cassio ! no, alas ; I found it,

And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not ; I do not, gentlemen :

O murd'rous coxcomb ! what should such a fool Do with so good a wife ?

[*Iago stabs his wife, then runs out.*]

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder ?—Precious villain !

Gra. The woman falls ; sure he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay ; O, lay me by my mistress' side !

Gra. He's gone ; but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor :

Come, guard the door without ; let him not pass,

But kill him rather : I'll after that same villain,

For 'tis a damned slave. [*Exeunt Mon. and Gra.*]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword :—

But why should honour out-live honesty ?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady ?

Hark, can'st thou hear me ? I will play the swan,

And die in music. *Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste ; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor :

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true ;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*]

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper² ;—

O, here it is :—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear ;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Oth. Behold ! I have a weapon :

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop :—But, O vain boast !

Who can controul his fate ? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

The very sea-mark of my utmost fail.

Do you go back dismay'd ? 'tis a lost fear ;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires ;—Where should Othello go ?

Now, how dost thou look now ? O ill-starr'd wench³ ?

Pale as thy smock ! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl ?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave !—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight !

Blow me about in winds ! roast me in sulphur !

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire !—

O Desdemona ! Desdemona ! dead ?

Dead ? O ! O ! O !

¹ *Liberal* is free, under no controul. ² Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. ³ *Wench* originally signified only a young woman.

Enter Lodovico, Cassio brought in; Montano, with Iago, prisoner; and Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet¹;—but that's a fable.

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago.]

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, fir; but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live; For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that wast once so good, Fall'n in the practice² of a curst slave, What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;

For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil, Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n, Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; And here, another: the one of them imports The death of Cassio to be undertook By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper, Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems, Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain; But that, belike, Iago in the interim Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:

And he himself confess'd, but even now, That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose, Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,— How he upbraids Iago, that he made him Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came That I was calt: And even but now he spake, After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him, Iago set him on.

[us:]

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with Your power and your command is taken off, And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,— If there be any cunning cruelty, That can torment him much, and hold him long, It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest, 'Till that the nature of your fault be known To the Venetian state—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go. I have done the state some service, and they know it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters, When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate, Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well; Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought, Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand, Like the base Judean³, threw a pearl away Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood, Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees Their medicinal gum: Set you down this: And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once, Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state, I took by the throat the circumcised dog, And smote him—thus.

[Stabs himself.]

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this,

[Falling upon Desdemona.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

[Dies.]

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog⁴,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea! Look on the tragic loading of this bed; *[To Iago.]* This is thy work: the object poisons sight;— Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house, And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor, For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor, Remains the censure⁵ of this hellish villain; The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it! Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state, This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. ² i. e. in the *snare*, by the *stratagem*. ³ By the *Judean* (which is the reading of the elder quarto, and adopted by Theobald and Warburton), the latter says, is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in Hamlet, where an ill player is described, "— to out-herod Herod." The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. ⁴ The dogs of Spartan race, says Hanner, were reckoned among those of the most fierce and savage kind. ⁵ i. e. the sentence.

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